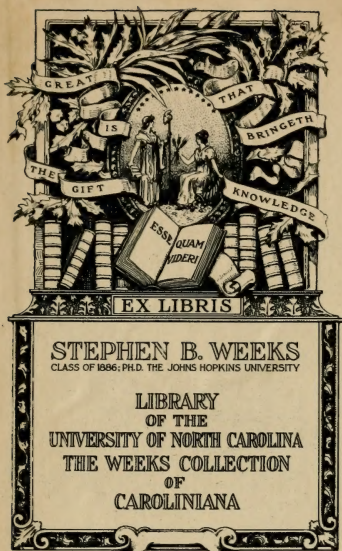


HEIRS OF ST. KILDA



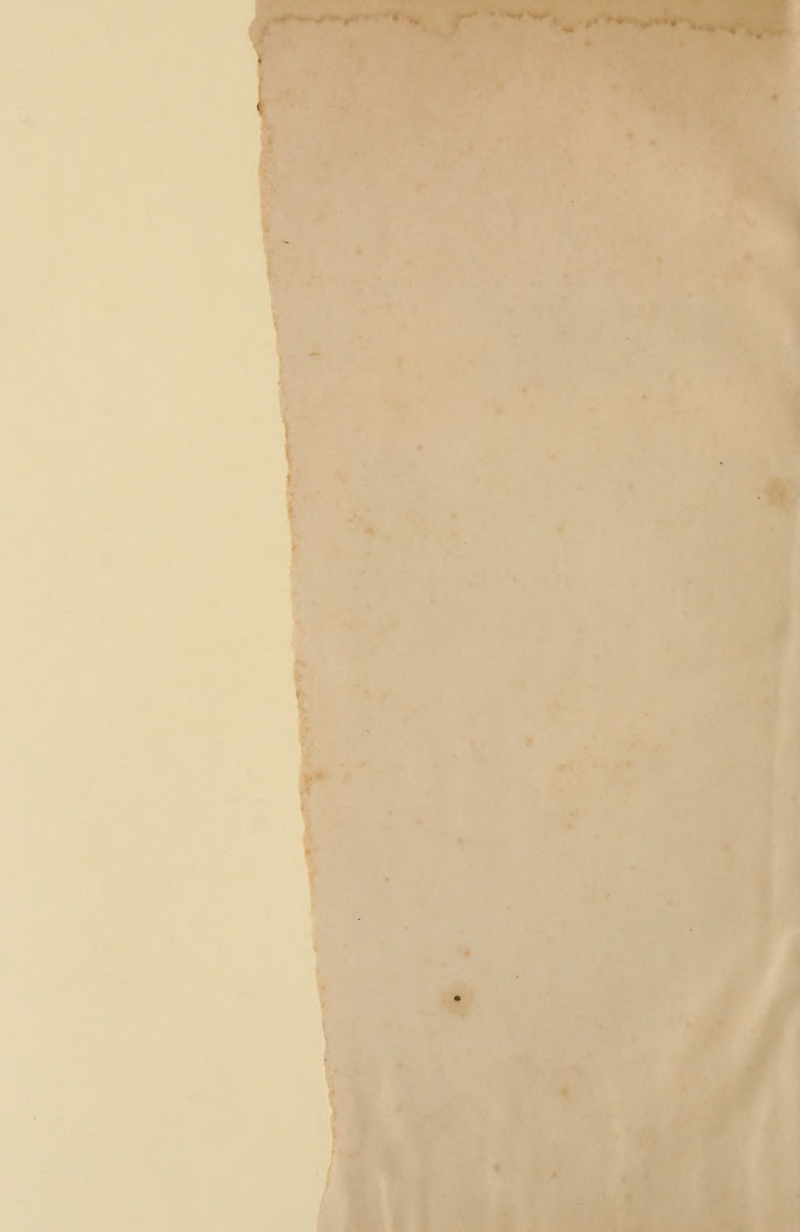
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THE  
HEIRS OF ST. KILDA

A STORY OF THE SOUTHERN PAST

BY  
JOHN W. MOORE

"I HELD it truth with him who sings—  
To one clear harp in divers tones,  
That men may rise on stepping-stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things."  
*In Memoriam.*

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TO  
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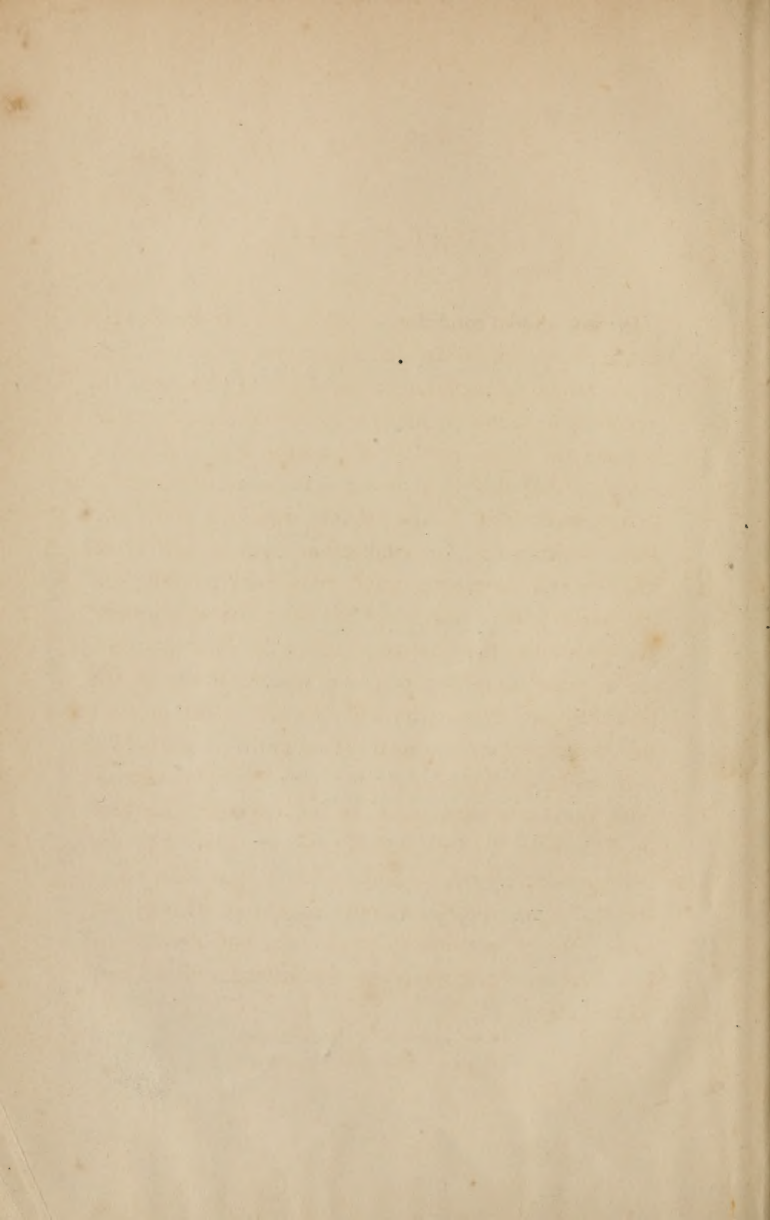
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To you, dear friend, in whose large soul  
My spirit finds its counterpart ; —  
I bring this offering of my heart ;  
And picture times grown gray and old.

Perhaps your love will hide the faults  
That will be seen by other eyes ;  
And you, too, bless the sacred ties  
That bind us to our Southern vaults.

On clanging fields so deeply dyed,  
Our strength was wasted man by man  
Yet cling we to our father-land,  
And in our ancient faith abide.

God bless us and the things we love —  
God help us cleave unto the right ;  
Uplifted to sublimest height,  
Transfigured with the lights above.





## PREFACE.

---

IN THE altered condition of affairs seen in the South, the author of this book, like many others, has been led by the stress of circumstances into different paths than he was wont to follow in happier days. Had the late war between the States resulted differently, it is highly improbable that this work would have been undertaken. In the wreck and change wrought upon our social life arose a mute cry for vindication against the cruel slanders and caricatures which have been published to the world as true pictures of our inner life as a people. The possibility that posterity may be deceived as to the truth concerning the men and women of the South preceding and during the late Revolution, has induced the attempt at their portrayal here submitted to the public.

It can certainly appear neither unnatural nor presumptuous in us who participated in the long agony endured in defence of our institutions to be sensitive as to the opinions of those who are and shall be in positions, where the truth may not be known concerning us and our ways. We did not shed so much of our best blood to uphold a cause, which, when fully understood, will be likely to make us

"Fixed figures for the time of scorn

"To point a slow unmoving finger at."

This story will be found to contain but little of the real controversy between us and the people who so long and successfully sought our undoing. The effort was made to avoid those memorable differences of opinion, and the author has contented himself with the simple portrayal of Southern men and women as he knew them in the days of their peace and prosperity. The motives controlling such an essay may be, in all modesty, claimed as nobler than the production of a mere love story. It is hoped that the "Heirs of St. Kilda," will justify the claim that it is a faithful picture of our lost civilization.

In the elaboration of the structure, the ordinary resources of the literary artist were found insufficient, and unusual agencies have been invoked to fill out the canvas. Many novel readers will be doubtless shocked at the introduction of Gov. Eustace's valedictory, but the burden of his discourse contained so much of themes then filling the popular mind that their omission would have marred the completeness of the exposition. The nature of the plot and the customs of wealthy people required the removal of the leading characters from the earlier scenes. It was said by Edmund Spenser

"That all this famous antique history  
Of some, the abundance of an idle brain  
Will judged be, and painted forgery  
Rather than matter of just memory;  
Sith none that breathes living air doth know  
Where is that happy land of Faery  
Which I so much do vaunt yet no where show."

The inquisitive must determine for themselves the position of St. Kilda Valley, and the originals of the Eustace family. There are many witnesses to attest the fidelity of the portraits, and that nothing has been set down in malice will be patent to every reader.

With these explanations the work is committed to the judgment of those willing to pause amid the excitement and passion of the present in perusal of these echoes of the dead past. In the consciousness of duty discharged, the author trusts he is neither vain nor credulous in bequeathing this book, as did Lord Bacon his memory, "to men's charitable speeches, to foreign nations and the next ages."





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# THE HEIRS OF ST. KILDA.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE VALLEY OF ST. KILDA.

"IT WAS a mountain, at whose verdant feet  
A spacious plain, outstretched in circuit wide,  
Lay pleasant; from his side two rivers flowed,  
The one winding, the other straight, and left between  
Fair champaign, with less rivers intervein'd,  
Then, meeting, join'd their tribute to the sea;  
Fertile of corn the glebe, of oil, and wine;  
With herds the pasture throng'd, with flocks the hills."

*Paradise Regained.*

THE year of our Lord, 1845, approached its close. The sun at midday yet retained much of Summer's warmth; but as the shadows from the court house and church spires stretched to the east, the coolness of early autumn became perceptible. The village of St. Kilda was half-hidden among its embowering trees, for the oaks in the public square, and the over-arching elms of the streets, being unvisited by the frost, still held aloft the green mantle they had assumed in the Spring. The white houses peering from masses of shade made the village half-rural in appearance, and with the two rivers which there joined their waters, added to the surrounding mountains, composed one of the loveliest scenes of all the Southern country. It gave name to the fine valley in which it was situated, and was the largest town in that

portion of the State. From the number and earnestness of the groups on the side-walks it was evident something unusual was under consideration.

The great occasion of this and each succeeding year was now close at hand, and not only the villagers, but the inhabitants of all the surrounding valley, were alive to its importance. It lacked but a few days to the races, and this season was to St. Kilda what the Carnival is to Rome and Derby-day to Epsom. It was a greater holiday than either Christmas or the fourth of July, and was eagerly awaited by all classes of the community. Wealthy planters grew restless as September waned, fearing trainers had not lavished sufficient care on their blood-horses, and smaller farmers made it the occasion for disposing of their surplus live stock. The good women of the countryside, by immemorial custom, then received higher prices for poultry and butter, and the youths of both sexes were gladdened at the approach of a season long sacred to festivity and mirth.

A turnpike led from the village northward, and along this road, in the light of the declining sun, passed three horsemen. They had just left St. Kilda, and evidently belonged to that class most deeply interested in the coming races. He, on the right, with the dark brown hair, is Percival St. George, who has for three successive seasons borne off the palm of victory in the exciting contests. He rides a few paces to the rear and has but little to say. Although now nearly forty years of age, he is still possessed of that fine combination of form and feature which rendered him so attractive in his light-hearted youth to the women of two continents. There is a look of weariness in his eyes, but a moustache conceals the



expression of his mouth. The calm elegance of his whole figure is eloquent of proud descent. He is slightly above the usual height, and has the history of some great sorrow plainly written in the lines of his face. Next to him rides his cousin Philip Eustace, who will be seventeen years old when he reaches his next birth-day. He is a fine, well-grown youth, and sits on his black stallion as if thoroughly at home. There is a strong family likeness between himself and St. George. They have the same complexion and dark eyes, and their close-cut hair exhibits a striking similarity of contour. Arthur Kean rides on the left, having arrived by the stage this very day, and is now going out to his new home. He has come to be the tutor of Philip Eustace, who is apparently old enough to be at college. Kean is of medium size, and with his black eyes and swarthy complexion has the appearance of a Spaniard.

"Cousin Percy," said Philip, "I saw Mr. Compton's new horse, Pepin, in town to-day. He is very handsome, but I should think his stride too short to compete with Hildebrand and Tempest. Do you expect to be beaten this time?"

"No," said St. George, "I have no idea of Pepin's being able to out-foot either of our horses in a close brush, whatever he may be able to accomplish by mere bottom. Then, too, Hildebrand and Tempest are possessed of admirable endurance, and I am content to leave the decision of the question to them. Pepin, as a three-year-old, won the Shirley stakes in England last season, and Mr. Compton has paid an extravagant price for him, hoping to avenge himself of the defeats sustained more than once by my horses."

"Frederick Compton told me," said Philip, "that Pepin is more than half Arabian in his blood."

"He is much like his sire in shortness of limb and muscular development of the fore-arm," said St. George. "I am glad he has been brought over, for he is the only importation to the valley in the last fifteen years; and I am not wanting in admiration of English horses."

"If it be true," said Kean, "that Pepin was well backed for the Goodwood Cup this year, it proves that among competent judges he was regarded as one of the best English horses, and that is saying very much for him. I have seen most of the European studs, and my deliberate opinion is that the English thoroughbred is the sum and result of the different excellencies of all the breeds. So, Mr. St. George, you must look well to it in this new contest; your horse will have to do all in his power to maintain his ascendancy against this new competitor."

"No one," said Percival, "could submit to defeat more cheerfully than myself. I consider racing an encouragement to improvement in horses, and only desirable to that end."

The party, by this time, had come some distance from St. Kilda. The turnpike, for the last half mile, had been gradually ascending the face of a hill, upon which was the residence of Judge Eustace, the grandfather of young Philip and the brother of St. George's mother. About half way up the hill, the party dismounted to drink of the sparkling water issuing from a spring on the side of the road. The horsemen turned to gaze on the noble scene; for all the central and southern portions of the valley were before them. The larger of the two rivers was its eastern boundary, the course of the stream being

nearly north and south. Twenty miles below, the mountain chain, in primeval days, had been sundered by the waters, and now on both sides great cliffs frowned across the intervening space. Hawkshead is the last of a long continuation of peaks sweeping in a curve around three sides of St. Kilda valley. They again approach the river at Satan's Nose, and it is twenty-five miles from Hawkshead to that point, while the greatest breadth, from the river to the place where the mountains receded farthest, was fifteen.

The sun had shone brightly until the last half hour of his stay in the heavens. Since that time masses of cloud had been drifting from behind the mighty barriers, and there was a magical transformation of the scene. A wondrous mixture of lights and shades stretched themselves across the gentle undulations of the valley, and just above the mountain tops shone the glory of the setting sun. The distant peaks were almost as soft as the clouds, in their tints of violet and blue, while those nearer were dark with sombre forest far up their craggy sides. St. Kilda, with her spires and white walls, gleamed from the centre of the picture, while from many spots could be seen the curling smoke of half-hidden cottages, with the occasional gleam of the battlements of prouder mansions. A few glimpses of the smaller river could be descried as it wound its way through the scene. Philip had called the attention of Kean from his inspection of the arrangements around the spring, and he gazed in astonishment at the change which had been wrought in the landscape below.

"It is strange," said St. George, "that I should never have seen St. Kilda Valley so beautiful before. It really

seems to me that everything is transfigured, in this evenings glory."

"It is surpassingly grand," said Kean. "Do you often observe such rapid changes in the appearance of things here at sunset?"

"Yes," said St. George, "but not like this."

"If Mariana could only see the valley now," said Philip. "I never realized before what a privilege it is to see."

From behind the eastern hills, stole up the full-orbed moon, completing the loveliness of the picture. It reminded Percival St. George, who was himself a poet, of Tennyson's description of the haunts of the Lotos-Eaters:

In the afternoon they came into a land,  
In which it seemed always afternoon.  
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,  
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.  
Full-faced above the valley stood the moon.

The horsemen now mounted and passed along the turnpike, until they reached the gate through the stone walls encompassing the park, in which the Ellesmere mansion stood. A broad carriage-way led to the house; and when the party arrived in front of its hospitable portal, there was just sufficient light for Kean to see a large, irregular pile, which had been added to at different eras.

After supper the family were gathered in the library, and Arthur Kean had an opportunity to observe those among whom he expected to spend at least one year of his life. Judge Eustace was a man of noble presence, and from his snowy locks the tutor saw he was verging on three-score and ten, fixed by the royal psalmist as the limit of hale and vigorous old age. He had long



been regarded, by those who knew him best, as a great and good man. Most of his life had been devoted to the service of his native State, and for two terms he had filled the place of United States Senator. His taste had led him to prefer the honors of his profession to mere political success, and he had retired from the Senate to assume the highest judicial honors of the commonwealth. He had been, until the last five years, the chief justice of the supreme court, and had then withdrawn from all public station, to seek the retirement and self-examination so important to men of his age. This Philip Eustace had been the pride and ornament of a bar numbering many illustrious names in its catalogue; and, to the most inattentive observer, it was plain that his polished and austere intelligence had lost but little of its earlier vigor.

Mrs. Eustace, who had been the companion of her husband for so long a time, was a belle and a beauty, in her radiant youth, and the long years which separated the present from that time had fallen so gently upon her that she preserved much of her original vivacity. In her ceaseless cheerfulness she exhibited no trace of querulous old age, and even the tones of her voice yet retained the melody which had in the past charmed the hearts of so many men, since grown famous in the land. Miss Esther Stanhope was the elder of two daughters, and when the good Bishop, her father, gave her in marriage to the rising young lawyer, it was with many misgivings lest her gaiety should not be appreciated by the colder nature of her lord. These forebodings were all happily unfulfilled in the issue, for their wedded lives had been one long experience of unbroken happiness. In the very diversity of tempera-

ments lay the secret of their perfect concord: she loved her husband for his nobility and unyielding integrity; and the strong man lost his cares, and half forgot his ambition, in the sweet presence of his wife.

Mariana Eustace, the sister of Philip, was almost angelic in the purity and softness of her beauty. A strange blindness had come to her dark brown eyes, but there was no trace of sorrow or repining in her faultless lineaments. She was two years younger than her brother, they being the only children of Philip Ashton Eustace, then Governor of the State.

The room in which the family and their visitors were gathered was the favorite spot in all the house. It had, a century before, been used as a chapel by the family, and here still, at morning and evening, the prayers were said. The brilliant light in the centre of the room brought out every object into distinctness, and revealed a picture of elegant home life in the Southern country.

At the east end of the library sat Mrs. Eustace talking with Mr. Mason Somerville, who was on a visit with his daughter, Ida, to the family at Ellesmere. He lived at St. Kilda, and was then the leading counsel in that portion of the State. He had been the law-partner of Gov. Eustace until that gentleman gave up the practice for the larger excitement of a seat in the national House of Representatives. Over on their right sat Philip, Ida Somerville and Mariana.

A little further on was Percival St. George, Reginald Vane and Helen Temple. Vane was a cousin of the Eustaces, and remarkable for his good humor and devotion to country sports. Miss Temple, the niece of Mrs. Eustace, who sat by his side, was the opposite of Mariana in her

type of beauty, and her black eyes and tresses had been a thousand times toasted in St. Kilda Valley. He was much of his time at Ellesmere, and devoted to the regal looking brunette at his side. The flying feet of his horse could be heard speeding away across the sleeping valley—mingling thoughts of his lady-love with plans boding much interruption to any fox within miles of Gilnockie, where the lone bachelor lived and hunted.

Judge Eustace and Arthur Kean are under the chandelier, and the large room is full of pleasant voices until Mr. Somerville carries off every one but these two to the adjoining room for music on the piano. The two men, as they sit together, present many strong contrasts. The elder's locks are whitened by the snows of many winters; the other with jetty hair is just entered upon manhood, and yet there is much in the past to connect the two. The young man who has just come thousands of miles finds warm welcome at Ellesmere. Judge Eustace had been for years previous to the death of Talbot Kean, the father of Arthur, the great friend and paragon of that distinguished man, and had ever manifested peculiar interest in the affairs of the son. Though living in a different State, the Chief Justice, when informed of his friend's dying condition, had gone to his bedside and remained until death had closed the sad scene. Nor had his good offices stopped there. By diligent search into the affairs of his dead friend, the estate which had been considered hopelessly entangled was so arranged that a decent competence had been preserved for young Arthur, who was thus enabled to continue his stay in Germany, where he was prosecuting his education at the time of his father's death.

These considerations had induced Kean to accept of Judge Eustace's invitation to make Ellesmere his home, for at least a year, where he could pursue his study of the law and act as the tutor of young Philip.

"Twelve years ago, Arthur," said Judge Eustace, "Percy and I met you with your father in London. Have you forgotten our night at Covent Garden?"

"By no means, sir," said Kean, "I was in my fifteenth year then, and you thereby estimate my thorough infatuation with the splendors Edmund Kean was lavishing upon his audiences. I have never seen Shakespeare's masterpieces presented in such a manner since."

"I suppose you had the full benefit of the opera, while your father's mission at Naples lasted, for I believe there was the birth-place of this modern amusement?"

"As much as it can really be enjoyed. I was allowed to go once or twice every week, and thus never grew sated."

"I," said Judge Eustace, "should have soon reached that conclusion, for though I can applaud the main idea involved in the opera, and am willing to admit that as every thought proper to the drama may have its corresponding emotion, and, as a consequence, the possibility of expression in music, still I have never been able to bring myself to enjoy more than the detached beauties of a song now and then, even in the greatest of these musical plays. But, on the other hand, even a second rate play enchains me for hours."

"I cannot say for the life of me," said Kean, "to which branch of the art my preference lies. I fear I am foolishly fond of both. I shall never forget Mr St. George's visit

to Naples. He frequently carried me with him when my father was detained at the legation."

"Poor Percy," said the Judge with a sigh. "It had been infinitely better for him never to have seen an opera. His happiness in Naples was sadly counterbalanced by his subsequent misfortune. My father's distress was unspeakable," said Kean, "when we found him so ill in Venice. We had gone there to attend his marriage, but the beautiful being that was to have been his bride had been three days dead, and he in such a state that every one expected him to follow her most speedily."

"Arthur Kean," said the Judge, "I am no fatalist, but there seems some dreadful curse hanging over our house for the last quarter of a century. My own wedded life, thank God, has been thrice blessed, but my dearest friends have been singularly unfortunate. My oldest son lost his lovely young wife soon after his marriage. Mrs. Courtenay was a widow in less than a year from her bridals. Percy did not even become a bride-groom before he was a widower, and Stanhope, though I have frequently urged him to leave the army and marry, yet broods over a jilting at the hands of a heartless coquette he has not seen in ten years. My dear sir, you can now appreciate my anxiety as to training Philip. I wish to arm him against these morbid tendencies which are threatening to extinguish the name of Eustace in the St. Kilda Valley.

"I pray God," said Kean, "that such a disaster may never come. I have been struck with Philip's freedom from such tendencies, and I shall bear in mind your suggestions. I have never seen anything more beautiful than his tender consideration for his sister, and I think

it grows out of that very manliness which is the noblest attribute of our sex."

"Even so," said the Judge. "Mariana has been so dependent upon him in her blindness that I have long dreaded the day of their separation. But it is getting high time he was learning what life is. I would rear every girl delicately at her own fireside, but nothing is more conducive to healthy sentiment in a young man than large communion with those of his own age. It prepares him for the rough jostling he may inevitably expect in after life. There is no golden road to learning, and position is never achieved without a multitude of rivals seeking to make themselves lions in the pathway to success."

"I cordially agree with you, sir," said Kean, "and for myself I have ever found that my energies rose with the consciousness of conflict. I look forward to my life at the bar with pleasure, as it holds out larger promise of frequent friendly struggle. But I must say that I unfeignedly distrust my ability to supply Mr. Grey's place in regard to Philip. I know him to be a most finished scholar, and then his manner is so winning with everybody, and especially the young, that I am really fearful you have made a mistake in making me his successor."

"It was his own proposition," said the Judge; "your advantages are that you know German and the new advances in the style of teaching adopted in that really wonderful country."

"I am free to say I could not have undertaken the position, however pleasant, had I not understood that Mr. Grey wrote even before you mentioned the subject in



your letters, and urged me to come. I met him for the first time when you and he came over to see Mr. St. George at Rome, and I think him as near the realization of Sir Galahad as modern times could, under any circumstances, produce.

"There you have struck it," said Judge Eustace, and he repeated:—

"A maiden knight to me is given,  
Such hope I know not fear,  
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven,  
That often meet me here."

"I declare," continued the Judge, "that man is a continual rebuke to me. I took him a little child from his desolated home, and he has ever treated me as his father, but so awful is unalloyed goodness and truth, that I am continually reminded by William Grey of what I lack in my duty to God and man. With the most unaffected and childlike simplicity he still excites more reverence in my heart than any man I ever saw in all my long experience. He and Mariana are the only persons I have known of whom it may be said that while in the world they are not of it. I am an old man, and years ago, like Charles V., I thought I had left the world and its vanities, when I withdrew from all public station; but often still the ghosts of my former ambitions steal upon me, and, like Banquo's shade, they will not down at my bidding. I humbly hope I shall be forgiven all my failings here, but I have no hope of ever being in this world half as good as this 'Samaritan in whom there is no guile.' But then I do not wish Philip to be such a man as Mr. Grey. I would not for my right hand have him fail in all reverence and duty to God, but his way in life

will be so different that such an example, however beautiful in itself, could not realize my hopes. We owe something to our families and the commonwealth, and I would not be gratified if I thought Philip liable to any such freaks as converted Francis Xavier into a missionary, however I may admire the unselfishness of such a man. William Grey has not sought to instill any such tendencies, and I know he has labored to impress Philip with the importance of secular as well as christian duties, and I had no fear on that head. But I am detaining you from the young people. Suppose you go to the drawing rooms and join them in their music. I will sit here and enjoy a smoke in this beautiful meerschaum you have been so kind as to bring to me from its home in the Fatherland."

Kean went in the direction of the music and found the parties in one of a suit of elegant drawing rooms. He took his seat by Miss Somerville, and when Mariana and St. George had finished their duet—"Home to our mountains"—Ida remarked:

"Do you think the angels can be more beautiful than Mariana?"

"They must then greatly exceed the limits of my imagination," said Kean. "She surpasses my ideas of mere beauty, and her picture in Italy would be worshipped as a Madonna surpassing the dreams of the masters."

"I fear, Mr. Kean," said Ida, "after your long stay in Europe, you will find our village life very tame in comparison."

"I expect not, Miss Somerville. The Valley of St. Kilda is beautiful in itself, and it has long been renowned for its society."

"We are very grateful for your good opinion, Mr.

Kean, and next week you will see everybody in our limits at the races."

Mr. Somerville here joined the group, remarking :

"I am delighted, Mr. Kean, to hear from Judge Eustace that you contemplate making the Valley your permanent home."

"I thank you, sir," said Kean, "the world was all before me where to choose, and here have I elected to stay."

For some time the music and conversation went on in the drawing rooms. It was getting toward midnight, and Reginald Vane and Helen Temple found occasion to go back to the library to exchange those nameless heart-communings that lovers, on the eve of parting, always find so sweet and unavoidable. The cavalier said he must get back to Gilnockie, and be ready for disturbing the morning echoes with hound and horn. They were all the world to each other, as they sat in the shadow of the embayed window. Judge Eustace was reading, musing and smoking. The company had all reassembled in the library, but the Judge seemed absorbed in his book and meerschaum until Mr. Somerville approached and remarked :

"Ah, Mr. Chief Justice, how can you find in that pipe and Blackwood amusement to be compared to that we have been enjoying at the hands of our friends in the drawing room?"

"Well, sir," said the Judge, "we are told in holy writ that one of the guests who failed to attend the great feast gave as an excuse that he had married a wife, and could not attend. Mr. Kean thought enough of me, while four thousand miles away, to buy me the pipe you see me

trying for the first time to-night. So I hope, sir, the musicians will hold me excused."

"Ladies," said Mr. Somerville, "as the Judge pleads guilty, and the pipe is really so pretty, you must excuse him."

"Certainly we will," said Mrs. Eustace, "but see His Honor not only smokes his pipe, but really it is quite a coincidence that this number of Blackwood's magazine, which came to-night, is what he has been reading, and here are his annotations on this very subject of smoking."

"Yes," said the Judge, "and a clever article it is. The author sets out with remarks upon the growth of the revenues of several European States from tobacco, and after a good deal of statistics, he goes into the æsthetics of his subject."

"Well, I love my pipe myself," said Mr. Somerville, "but my wife thinks I will kill myself at it, so I would like to be fortified on my return to-morrow with some new reasons why it is my duty to smoke."

"There is much humbug among the doctors on that subject," said the Judge, "and many reformers and crazy optimists are denouncing this use of the Virginia weed, asserting that it is a useless extravagance, in which poor men waste money which ought to go toward the support of their families. Mr. Somerville, think you the practice has brought with it any positive benefit to mankind at large?"

"I think so," said he, "for there seems to be a craving among men for some such stimulus, and I hold that the love of their pipes has kept many a man from frequenting tippling-houses."

"More than that," said Judge Eustace; "when he has

gone home at night, soured with the griefs and disappointments which await us all, the brooding mind of the laborer has been lightened of its cares, and the toiling wife spared harsh words which would have been spoken, had he not sat down to his pipe and wiser thoughts. I agree with James Hammond :

“Happiest he of happy men;  
Who when again the night returns,  
When again the taper burns,  
Can afford his tube to feed  
With the fragrant Indian weed:  
Pleasure for a nose divine,  
Incense of the god of wine.”

“I have noticed this pleasant effect,” said Kean, “and I think it a great pity Sir Walter Raleigh had not introduced it a century earlier in Europe. Martin Luther would have doubtless been a smoker and thereby less acrimonious in debate; perhaps a pipe might have saved from the executioner’s axe the fair neck of Anne Boleyn.”

“I am clearly of the opinion,” said Judge Eustace, “that the griefs of the world have been diminished, and the sum of human enjoyment largely increased by the tobacco which has been burned in the pipes of the last three centuries. If King James could arise from his grave and see the innumerable smokers of our day, he would think his Counter-blast was written to very little purpose.”

“In this new apotheosis of your pipes,” said Miss Temple, “why do you gentlemen not insist upon us of the weaker sex partaking of this divine afflatus you derive from such diminutive shrines?”

“Many of you do,” said Judge Eustace, “but happy young creatures like you, Helen, are not supposed to be

amenable to the usual griefs of humanity, and therefore do not need this solace."

"Voltaire tells us, in his *Charles XII.*," said Mrs. Eustace, "that the Czar Peter had created an uneasiness in the minds of his subjects by the innovations he was making in their habits. A portion of them were discussing the ethics of this very habit of smoking when an old Muscovite Priest opposed it on the ground that we are assured in the Scriptures that a man is defiled by nothing which enters into his mouth, but that which proceedeth therefrom."

"Grandfather," said Mariana, "I think that smoking cannot be considered a necessity of our lives; and if it is only a pleasure, can we consistently do that which brings with it no show of service to God? Mr. Grey was preaching, on last Sabbath, to us on that subject, and I have been trying to think how smoking can be reconciled to his views of our duty."

"A deep question, my love," said Judge Eustace, "and we should ask ourselves many such along life's journey. It never occurred to me before, that there could be any question of morality in the habit we have been discussing. The essence of our duty in matters of religion consists in love and fear of God, and avoidance of things He has forbidden. A large portion of our actions is necessarily indifferent in this respect, but we should make them all tend to the great end of testifying our gratitude for benefits received. I cannot think it wrong to smoke, and can feel as thankful in the enjoyment of my pipe as I do at the dinner table. Jeremy Bentham holds that actions right in themselves bring no injury to us or our neighbors, while bad deeds always do. I find that my pipe



brings me gentler feelings toward the faults I see in others. It opens the avenues of my heart to charitable sentiments, and really makes me a man of larger sympathies and greater patience than I would perhaps be without its aid. Mariana, the night is waxing late ; go to the organ and let us join in our evening devotions."

Arthur Kean noticed, as he went to his room after prayers, an unusual loftiness in the rooms of the Ellesmere mansion. They had richly wainscotted walls in the style of the last century ; and as he traversed the long passages, he observed much grotesque carved work in the old building which had been considered a miracle of workmanship in its earlier days. These relics of a fancy once so exuberant and so long hidden in the grave were full of interest to the young stranger. He was charmed when he reached his own room ; for its elaborate ornamentation repeated many of the odd conceits he had noticed in the corridors and the great testered bedstead was of itself a curiosity. Carving had here gone mad in the intricacy of its designs. The posts were covered with a host of vines, flowers and birds, inextricably intertwined. The head-board, with its finely-wrought edgings, contained in its center a bas-relief representation of the wedding of Mary of Valois, Duchess of Burgundy, to the Arch-Duke Maximilian.

This was one of Sir Ellesmere Eustace's legacies ; and was made in Nuremberg, for himself and his intended wife, before their marriage. The large mantle-piece was of Egyptian marble, and for days did Kean study the allegorical mysteries of its sculptures. It seemed to him as he looked upon these things, that he had somehow been transferred to a former age, and falling asleep dreamed of

his life in Germany, where he had been so happy in his youth.

In the year 1715, Sir George Eustace, who had been one of the most tried and trusted of Marlborough's veterans, came to live in this same Valley of St. Kilda. He had followed the fortunes of John Churchill from the commencement of his service under Louis XIV, until the long career of victory was closed in disgrace, by the withdrawal of the favor of the new sovereign of England, George II. Sir George was wounded at Blenheim and Ramilies, and led his squadrons unharmed through the fiercely-contested fields of Oudenarde and Malplaquet. He had grown gray in battle and siege, and having risen to be a major-general of horse, had seen the great prototype and friend of his life stricken down by a prince who was a foreigner, and regardless of all the mighty chief had done for England's glory. General Eustace, like many others of that day, was indignant at the wrong done his commander, and threw up his commission in disgust.

When he went from home twenty years before, he was the youngest cadet of a house long wealthy and illustrious, but after all, offering but slender promise to a third son. After years of absence, both of the brothers, who stood between him and the title, had died and he became Sir George Eustace, the lord of many broad acres and thrifty tenants; but the charms of Bellona were too strong in his heart for him to forego the glory he was winning. So he had seen but little of England, and his rents had accumulated, until he had so much money, on his resignation, that men were not wanting to attribute his indignation at the treatment of Marlborough to other reasons.

They whispered that Sir George and his great captain had grown rich in the same way, and that a rigid scrutiny of his conduct would show unlawful gains from the military chest. The injustice of these falsehoods so stung the high soul of the man, that it fixed his determination to leave a country which exhibited so little gratitude for all his service in its behalf. He had married the daughter of an eminent barrister; and making known his determination to leave England and go to the colonies, the father-in-law advised him to purchase St. Kilda Valley.

One of the royal favorites, to whom it had been granted by the king, sold the whole territory included between the large river and the mountains to Sir George. His wealth and connections enabled him to secure a number of emigrants to cross the seas with him, and two gentlemen of means, Lyttelton Gower and Stanley Newton, were of the party. They first came to the place where the village now stands, and it was named in honor of the birth place of Lady Eustace's mother, who was born near the desolate cliffs of St. Kilda, in Scotland, once so celebrated as the scene of Lady Grange's captivity. After the arrival of the proprietor he found no reason to repent of his emigration; this purchase, for a wonder, corresponding to the many promised advantages for which it had been selected.

Sir George parceled out the lands to his settlers, reserving for himself six large tracts, since known as Ellesmere, Grafton, Ramilies, Thorndale, Blenheim, and Vauclose. He retained his vessel in which he had crossed the ocean, and by this means, in the course of years, he imported from Africa enough negroes to work his own farms, and

supply the wants of many of his colonists. He died after building at Ellesmere, having resided there twelve years. He had previously passed four years in the house now known in the village as the old Eustace tavern. To his widow he left the care of three children; the elder of these, Sir Ellesmere Eustace, inherited three of the estates; Philip, the second son, two of them; and to the daughter, Mariana, was bequeathed the beautiful Vacluse place. Lady Eustace returned to England to educate her children, when her eldest son, having grown up and married, she and Mariana returned with the young couple to America. Philip also brought over a bride; and two years later his wife's brother, Templeton St. George, having come on a visit, wooed and won the fair Mariana. Judge Eustace represented the Ellesmere branch of the family, and Percival St. George was the great grandson of the first Templeton, while Mrs. Henrietta Courtenay, mistress of Thorndale and Ramilies was the descendant of the first Philip Eustace.

## CHAPTER II.

## ELLESMERE.

"BEFORE the mansion lay a lucid lake,  
Broad as transparent, deep, and freshly fed  
By a river, which its softened way did take  
In currents through the calmer water spread  
Around: the wild fowl nestled in the brake  
And sedges, brooding in their liquid bed:  
The woods sloped downward to its brink, and stood  
With their green faces fixed upon the flood."—*Don Juan*.

THE Ellesmere estate lay almost wholly eastward of the turnpike, stretching with its broad fields and green pastures to the great river flowing full in sight. The park, with its thousand acres of untouched oaks was crescent-shaped around the house, leaving the eastern side with uninterrupted views across the fields. This park was broken in its profile by occasional rivulets, thus diversifying the surface of a plateau generally level. That portion of the mansion built by Sir George Eustace was constructed with heavy walls, as if he had contemplated the possibility of its being sometimes used for defense. This wing contained the western drawing rooms, the dining hall, and the greater portion of the dormitories. The eastern wing, as has been already stated, was later constructed by his son. The conservatory on the south, and the tower on the northeastern angle, were added by the present proprietor. He had also bestowed much care on the front lawn, and the broad belt of shrubbery following the sweep of the carriage way through the grounds. Above the walks, over-arching oaks interlaced their limbs

and foliage like some lofty cathedral roof. Half-concealed in the shade of surrounding trees was a brick chapel in the midst of the family cemetery, and beneath the marble monuments, gleaming above the stone walls, slept all the Eustaces, St. Georges, Courtenays, and Vanes, who had died in St. Kilda Valley for a century past.

On the night described in the last chapter, young Philip Eustace had gone to bed with his soul full of emotions. Since his earliest recollection, until within the last few weeks, he had been accustomed to the care of a tutor, who had been reared by Judge Eustace. This man had been preaching to the negroes at Ellesmere and Grafton, while he was teaching Philip and Mariana, but had lately become convinced that he should devote his entire attention to the duties of his sacred calling. Philip well knew the pleasure Mr. Grey had taken in instructing him, and could but regret the necessity of another filling his place. The minister now spent alternate weeks on the two estates; to enable him to do this, it had been necessary to resign his tutorship. A sermon was preached every Sunday to the assembled negroes, and the devotion of the earnest man had affected much good among them. Few of the delinquencies, once calling for correction, were now observable, and their cleanliness and good behavior were the theme of the entire valley. Much of this was doubtless due to the uniform justice and kindness of the wise master's sway; but it was evident that great good had been effected by Mr. Grey, and he was thus making their further instruction the chief labor of his life.

This good Samaritan was often grieved at the existence of the statute forbidding the teaching of slaves to read



and write. In the facts which led to its enactment he saw much excuse for such legislation; but was of the opinion that it greatly crippled his efforts to raise the minds and hearts of his charge to that degree of intelligence necessary to a proper understanding of their religious duties. He was therefore earnestly desirous that mere expediency should not perpetuate a law in direct conflict with a special injunction of the Saviour of the world. From a friend of such large and delicate sympathies, Philip might well grieve to be separated; but with hope for the future came tranquil sleep—the most unflinching and blessed guerdon of youthful innocence.

After breakfast Judge Eustace and Arthur Kean repaired to the library to further discuss the nature of the new tutor's duties. Sir Ellesmere Eustace had made this the most beautiful and attractive room in the house. It was cruciform and filled with books, statuary and pictures. An organ of considerable size and exquisite finish stood in one of the recesses of the cross, and opposite to it was a great window with elaborate mullions. The room depended principally on its sky-light for illumination, and as Mr. Kean glanced up to the ceiling his eyes revelled amid the delicate tracery of foliage and flowers.

"You will find Philip a boy of much spirit," said Judge Eustace, "but of equal candor. He is fearless but tractable, and under Mr. Grey's tuition has nearly mastered the course of study pursued at our State University. I should have sent him there ere this, but for my disapprobation of sending boys too young to college. It exposes them to temptations, to vice and idleness, always abundantly found in the mixed society of large institutions of learning. Philip's father, Gov. Eustace, had the

misfortune to lose his wife, and since that time has suffered his children to remain at Ellesmere. I have sought to educate them as much as possible, under my own roof, but I desire Philip to join the next senior class, spend one year at the University, and then visit Europe. He has been studying the arts under a French teacher, and I intend to afford him all the advantages within my reach."

"I shall be most happy," said Mr. Kean, "to do all in my power to further these designs, and shall be amply repaid in your promised assistance in my study of the law."

Judge Eustace and the tutor having discussed all their arrangements, the ex chief justice left Ellesmere on a visit to his son's plantation at Blenheim.

Arthur Kean was the son of a gentleman of a neighboring State who had made reputation as a politician during Gen. Jackson's administration. After considerable service in the House of Representatives he had gone abroad as a foreign minister. He did not possess the qualities which usually lead to success in pecuniary matters; and Talbot Kean, after living for thirty years in wealth, became suddenly embarrassed. Arthur had been left in Europe by his father to finish his education, and had availed himself of the advantages in his reach. He now sat looking at the beautiful room, and congratulating himself on the pleasant home he had found. Over the mantel was a portrait of Lord Ellesmere, an ancestor of the family, from whom the place had derived its name. Vandyke had not flattered the great equity-lawyer, for it is said the people of London flocked to Westminster, to see him whenever he presided as Lord Chancellor. On

each side were portraits of two Marianas Eustace; that, on the right, the daughter of old Sir George, and the other, the mother of Percival St. George. The young tutor was impressed with the gravity of the trust he had assumed; for to his care was committed the heir of princely wealth. He had seen enough of Philip to perceive that he had the talents to sustain the traditional influence of his family. How all-important was it then to give the right inclination to the mind of him whose disposition and habits were of so much consequence to others.

Kean was in deep thought on the subject of his duty in this matter when a touching vision passed before his eyes. Mariana Eustace came in silently, following the lead of a negro girl. She had no intimation of his presence, and at once took her seat at the organ. He could see her side-face from the position he occupied, and was even more struck with her loveliness than on the evening before. The dark hazel eyes seemed to have lost but little of their lustre in her blindness, and serene repose was their habitual expression. The golden tresses falling in waves around her head, in the illumination of the sky light, were surrounded by a faint aureola. She was a study from whom Guido or Titian would have created a madonna to steal the hearts of all creeds. As the soft, delicious music stole from her touch he at once saw she was improvising, for the transitions were fitful, and the use of the stops so unusual he felt confident she was making the instrument the expression of her emotions. For some time he sat looking at the beauty of her face spell-bound in what seemed to him some mysterious inspiration. At times, when the solemn wail of the minor

keys fell on his ear, he noticed that the sunny head drooped in sympathy with the music, but this was momentary; the burthen of her theme was triumphant exultation, summoning to its aid the trumpet, hautbois, and flute stops with the deepest of the pedal notes; and the large room trembled with the pomp of her strains. The last note of the grand instrument had died into an echo,

Though she had ceased, her countenance uplifted  
To heaven, still spake, with solemn glory bright.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mariana. arose and without aid went to the door by which she had entered; there, recognizing Philip's approaching footsteps, she paused.

"It is you, brother," said she.

"Yes, Mariana, I have been to Grafton; Mr. Grey will be here this evening."

"How is Alice to-day?"

"She is better. Dr. Vane and Mr. Grey think, with good nursing, she will recover. Now let me see your eyes: I pray every hour for the restoration of your vision."

"I am half fearful" said Mariana, "to wish for my eye-sight. I am afraid if this affliction passes away you would care less for me, but I should be very happy in your joy at my recovery."

"God bless you, sweet sister," said Philip, parting the golden hair to kiss her brow. "I am going to Mr. Kean now."

"The gentle, blind girl went away through the shadows of corridors and past the lights of great windows. Darkness, as of the grave, had settled in her beautiful

eyes; but love and heavenly peace seemed to dwell in her soul. Philip looked after her until she passed out of sight, and then he entered the library.

"Good morrow to you, Mr. Kean," said he. "I have been out in the saddle this morning, and over at Grafton. I learned that a red fox, famous in the valley for the number of hard races he has run, is again lying in his favorite cover near Satan's Nose. Cousin Percival has gone to secure the aid of Reginald Vane, and I can promise you a good look at the country, and any amount of hard riding, if you will do us the honor to join our party, as we shall try Reynard once more, to-morrow morning."

"I thank you, Philip," said Kean; "I accept your invitation with pleasure, for, beside the excitement of the chase, as you suggest, I can see much of the valley. We are to commence our studies after the bustle of the races has subsided. Until that time I will take pleasure in joining you and Mr. St. George in any amusement you may suggest, which will acquaint me with the surrounding country."

"You will see everybody next week at the races, in the meanwhile I am certain there are several places I can show you in which you will be interested. I went before breakfast to see Mr. Grey at Grafton. We all love him so much we regret when his week to stay there arrives."

"Philip," said Kean, "I am glad to hear you speak of your former instructor with so much affection. Though I do not intend making teaching my profession in life, still it is so noble a trust, when properly appreciated, I honor the man who in this matter fulfills the duty of his station. I have every reason to believe this has been the

case with Mr. Grey, and he is so fortunate with all his elaborate instruction to retain your regard. Boys are too apt to become disgusted with the preparations for the duties of life, and transfer their dislike of the duties to the teacher. I shall congratulate myself if my efforts shall be attended with the same good fortune."

"Mr. Kean," said Philip, "I confess that before you came I was prejudiced against you. I connected your advent with my loss of Mr. Grey's company and instruction, but he has satisfied me of his sacrifice of pleasure to a high sense of duty. He assured me that you were in no respect the cause of his determination, and requested me while I should continue to remember our long connection, also to love and respect you."

Thus engaged in conversation they had passed from the house through the lawn at its rear, and had now reached the enclosure in which were the stable and kennel. These were surrounded by a high stone wall, and between them was a barrier separating the horses from the dogs. Near the gate stood a little cottage, over the rude porch of which a honeysuckle had crept in pretty festoons. This was the residence of Thompson, who had been for years paramount ruler in this portion of the large establishment. This true son of Africa was in a great measure the architect of his fortunes, having risen from plow-boy at Blenheim to his present dignity, and now to his commands, every stable-boy, horse, and hound knew there was wisdom in yielding implicit obedience. He was ludicrously superstitious, but reckless of danger, as to mere bodily harm. It was strange to see this huge man, timid as a child in the dark, but transformed at daylight into the autocrat of the stable. The fiercest



stallion dared not exhibit temper in his presence, for on such occasions Thompson became a Stentor, so sonorous and authoritative grew the blast of his trumpet-like voice.

This enclosure had been enchanted ground to Philip, when he was a little boy, and even now to him the animals were sources of endless observation and pleasure. Thompson's watchful care had been such that Judge Eustace found it seldom necessary to visit the spot, which the stalwart negro regarded as his own rightful domain. When Philip and Kean entered the stable-yard they found Thompson leisurely surveying one of his assistants who was engaged in rubbing the silken coat of the beautiful stallion Black Sultan.

"Uncle Thompson," said Philip, "have everything in readiness at day-dawn to-morrow. Mr. Compton's red fox is now near Satan's Nose, and we shall give him another trial."

"Yes, Mars Phil," said Thompson, "I knows he's up dare, but it taint my 'pinion dat air fox is gwine to be tuck no how; we can't make sich a show by eight dogs as we did last week."

"We shall supply the places of Sweetlips and the seven other disabled dogs by the pack of Cousin Reginald."

"Anything to please you, Mars Phil, but dem dogs of Mars Reg's aint gwine to stay in de hunt funder dan de stone bridge twixt Thorndale and Ramilies."

By Philip's order, Thompson then brought out some of the thoroughbreds, which, with the coach teams, were kept in this stable. The first shown was a superb chestnut stallion, named Tempest, a trifle behind Black Sultan in size, but fully fifteen and a half hands in height. His

clean, bony head was held aloft, in consciousness of regal strength, while his burning eyes turned upon the brood mares and colts grazing in an adjacent paddock. He was four years old, and had been entered for the great race to be run the ensuing week. The next horse led out was Orion, a faultless blood bay of the same age, the property of Gov. Eustace. Then came Sir Tristram, a large black horse, the size of Sultan, now too old for the turf, but ten years before famous for victories on more than one field. Next was seen a dark gray mare, Mrs. Haller, extremely handsome in her glossy dress, and her form blood-like in a high degree. The beauty of the stable was Mariana's Blanche, a graceful fawn-like thing, almost ideal in the faultlessness of her appearance. She was milk-white and had much of the blind girl's gentleness of nature. Her large dark eyes were as soft as an antelope's, and seemed full of tenderness, as she lowered her delicate neck to receive Philip's caress. The hunters, Sirius, Ptarmigan, and Gray Friar, were next exhibited, and in beauty of form and carriage almost equalled the horses Kean had already seen. Philip did not think it necessary to show the coach horses; but Judge Eustace's long-used saddle horse was not forgotten. He was still a fine animal, and contemporary with Marlborough, a large bay, which Thompson had considered for years his property.

The sky had been overcast with clouds during the morning, but while they intercepted the glare of the sunlight, there was no promise of speedy rain. So at Philip's suggestion Kean and he betook themselves to the depths of the park. They soon reached a portion of the grounds where the undulations of the surface resembled the swell of mighty waves. They had gone some distance from

the house, following the meanderings of a walk, and now they descended into a darker and deeper dell than any yet visited. Following the lead of the pathway, as it wound beneath the trees down in the twilight of the lonely glen, they came upon a scene of wild beauty. Over a mass of almost perpendicular rock, a volume of water issued from a point far toward its summit, and thundered down into the black gulf at its base.

Philip and Kean paused to survey the wild cataract. Just below where they stood, the waters formed a deep narrow stream. The pathway led along its grassy margin in all the windings of the ravine. They found occasional obstructions checking the stream in its course, so placed and adorned with rocks and creepers it was difficult to realize that they were artificial. They seemed miniature promontories formed there by the accidents of nature; and at the first of them was found a boat house containing several canoes. Taking the smallest of them, they passed along the tortuous course of the stream, which widened and deepened as it went; until at some distance, on turning a sharp bend, they glided out upon a lake. It was a scene of sudden and surprising beauty. The soft lines of the hill-tops, the velvety shores, and unruffled peace of the waters, made up such a picture of dreamy quietude, that Kean envied the tall, silent herons, which stood so listlessly at the other end of the basin.

"Surely," said he, "this lake is not artificial."

"No," said Philip. "This is God's work, and it is to me the sweetest picture I have ever seen."

"It is like the home of the fairies," said Kean. "What is that upon the island near the other end?"

"A pavilion built by Sir Ellesmere Eustace."

"I see no outlet for the water which flows down the glen."

"There is none visible," said Philip. "Grand-father thinks much of it disappears by evaporation and that some subteraneous duct carries off the remainder."

"Has no one painted this charming scene?" said Kean. "It is beautiful enough to inspire both poet and artist."

"M. de la Noue, who lives at St. Kilda, has a sweet picture taken from the island, looking this way. We will visit him the next time we are in the village if you would like to make his acquaintance. He was for a long time the instructor of Mariana and myself in music and drawing. When Cousin Percival was a young man, he wrote a piece of poetry in relation to a young lady he loved in Europe."

"Can you repeat any of it?"

"Yes, I remember it all, for I was so impressed at first that this lake suggested its composition that I committed it to memory. He called it *Gondolied*, and it ran thus :

Dreamily the mists are sleeping  
In the twilight's hazy glow;  
Mellow beams are softly streaming  
From the moon on all below.  
I can hear the rippling water  
Murmur on the grassy shore,  
I am thinking of the future  
Of the bliss it has in store.  
Not a leaf on high is stirring,  
All the winds are hushed still;  
And the lilies now seem sleeping  
By the faintly-gurgling rill.

All around, and high above me,  
Are mist-haunted, purpled hills;  
And a soft delicious languor  
All the dreamy landscape fills.  
Drooping willows here are weeping  
Silent tear drops on the ground,

And from out the distant moorland  
Comes a faintly ringing sound;  
Yet our stillness is unbroken,  
As those soft horns ever blow,  
From the Elf-land in the distance,  
Over waters moving slow,

By my side a radiant maiden  
Sits, with love-lit eyes of blue;  
On my heart she's leaning listless,  
And her hair is damp with dew.  
On the lake through mist and shadow,  
We are floating with the tide,  
And we both are softly dreaming  
Of the day she'll be my bride,  
On the plush of velvet cushions  
Rest we in our fairy bark,  
In a blissful silence musing  
Without movement or remark.

Echoes round are softly breathing,  
Whisp'rings on the summer air;  
And the moonlight's placid glory  
Streameth full upon her hair,  
Golden tresses, which the fairies  
All are wistful to possess:  
Oh! the soft and dreamy splendor  
Of her perfect loveliness!  
Beauty far beyond the dreaming  
Of the most ideal brain;  
Only in the realm of Aldenne  
Could her like be seen again.

Here I see some star-like sorrow  
Ever in her pensive face,  
Strengthening the deep enchantment  
Born of beauty and of grace:  
For it is a sorrow blended  
With a tinge of deepest joy;  
Where the changeful smiles are flitting,  
And all thought of grief destroy,  
Airy forms are gliding round her;  
Angel whispers near her play;  
Balmy breezes blow upon her;—  
Is it wondrous that I stay?

All the world is nought unto me;  
Care has passed so far away  
In this soft enchanted region,  
With this queen of song I'll stay;

And from out her silken bondage  
Forth I never more shall rove:  
For this blissful, sweet enchantment,  
And this fond, unclouded love  
Here detain me unresisting,  
While I linger by her side,  
In her dear entrancing presence  
I shall evermore abide.

"Mr. St. George's versification is smooth and the repose of the ideas well sustained," said Kean. "Did you say this is a leaf from his heart-history?"

"Yes," said Philip. "My cousin has never recovered from the enchantment he refers to in the conclusion of the piece. He loved Leonora Orsini nigh unto death, and when he lost her a shadow came upon him, that all the affection of his friends has been unable to lift. Grandfather says when Cousin Percy first grew up he was the gayest and handsomest youth he has ever seen, but you know he is anything else than gay now."

While Philip was repeating the poetry, they had been slowly returning to the point at which they found the boat. Here they landed and returned to the house. Mr. Grey was there, and Kean and he commenced an acquaintance which was destined to become a warm and enduring friendship. Philip was busy in his preparations for the morrow's hunt. He had many reasons for using every precaution to capture the sly red fox which had so long baffled him and the other huntsmen of the valley.



## CHAPTER III.

## A DAY IN THE FIELDS.

"YELLED on the view the opening pack--  
Rock, glen, and cavern paid them back;  
To many a mingled sound at once,  
The awakened mountain gave response,  
An hundred dogs bayed deep and strong,  
Clattered an hundred steeds along,  
Their peal the merry horns rang out,  
An hundred voices joined the shout,"

*Lady of the Lake*

As THE light of coming day announced its approach, by the faint illumination of the far-off summit of Hawkshead, St. George, Philip, and Kean shook off their slumber and rose to complete their unfinished preparations. They expected a day of hard riding and bountiful excitement. After a hasty lunch they went toward the kennel. In the gray dawn the long belt of light, just above the tops of the great hills across the river, was each moment blushing more deeply with the glory of the yet invisible sun. Ever wakeful chanticleer had just aroused his sleeping harem; when Thompson, having first tied up the two stag-hounds, which on other occasions were allowed the liberty of the park, now blew a blast on his hunting horn that stirred the dogs for miles around. It seemed loud enough to have awakened the dead, and rolled amid the hills around as if loth to cease its repeating echoes. This was his announcement to the kennel that work was expected of them on the occasion, and never was leader's call more lustily answered by trusted liegemen. Immediately there arose a combination of

sounds that was wonderful in variety and strength of uproar; as every dog gave vehement note of his joy at the signal. One by one through the half-opened gate Thompson now suffered to pass such of the eager hounds as were in his opinion in good running order.

"Stand back dare, Chloe," said he, "you looks much like following that old, long-sided, red devil all day long; puny as you is. Come here Ringwood. Now dare's a dog folks can count on. I'll bet my bottom dollar he leads the pack from sunrise to sunset. Bless heaven, if he aint the greatest dog ever smelt fox yit!"

These remarks of Thompson were half in soliloquy, and in part addressed to the dogs themselves. Two half-grown negro boys stood near the gate, holding the horses now ready for their riders, who at this moment came up and awaited the conclusion of the process of culling from the kennel such dogs as their sable attendant considered fit for the work expected on that day. They were to follow a fox of whose prowess and craft they had the most abundant proof in the past. They were soon mounted and under way for the spot in which it was understood wily Reynard now lurked. There was scarcely a breath of wind, and the cool autumn air felt delightfully bracing to the horsemen as they restrained the impatient pride of their hunters, whose blood was sent dancing through their beautiful frames at each loud demonstration of the hounds. St. George was riding a chestnut sorrel, in whose faultless symmetry and spirit there was nothing that even the fastidious Master of Vacluse could find amiss. He was named for the great captain, Gonsalvo. Philip rode Black Sultan, and Kean a tall, powerful, young horse, known in the stables as

Gray Friar. Either of them would have made reputation had they been placed on the turf. They were selected for their power and capacity to sustain the long and desperate fox chases which were not unfrequently seen in St. Kilda Valley.

A few birds were engaged in their matin songs, but their melody was scarcely noticed in the wilder clamor of a large eagle whose screams of angry impatience at the noisy progress of the hounds near her nest summoned to her shrill cries the presence of her mate. With headlong speed they both frequently swept earthward, as if they would strike their extended talons into horseman and hound; but up they arose again in their swift flight into great circles, churning the startled air with their wings, and giving increased note of their vehement displeasure. Kean was, at first, much disconcerted by one of these swoops very near his head, but he was reassured by his companions, who told him that these demonstrations on the part of the eagles never resulted in actual assault. They were pets of Judge Eustace, who never permitted any disturbance of them, and in gratitude they, each year, occupied the same nest, and reared their young in the park. Arthur rode along repeating to himself—

“He clasps the crag with hooked hands,  
Close to the sun in lonely lands,  
Ringed in the azure world he stands.

He watcheth, from his mountain walls,  
The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls,  
And like a thunderbolt he falls.”

The party passed through the park gate, and daylight was now pouring, broad and full, upon all the towering peaks of the blue, mist-swathed mountains. Midst great

clamor of hound and horn, they turned their horses' heads up the turnpike, in the direction of Satan's Nose.

Kean had noticed twenty dogs already trotting along the road, when presently he was astonished to meet Reginald Vane with as many more. These were the best of his and St. George's packs.

"Good morning, Vane," said St. George. "I am glad to see Mavis looking so well recovered. I feared, last week, you would have to put a seton in his neck. I was half fearful, too, that you would not come this morning, you have become so wedded to your hermitage under the mountains."

"I am glad you broke in upon my laziness, for without the certainty of a good meeting I would have given up foxes for trout and unsuspecting deer."

"We are not diversifying your pursuits very much this morning," said Kean.

"Yes," answered Vane. "Trout-fishing and deer-stalking are as different from the noisy clamor of a fox chase as the quiet of my solitary house from the bustle of St. Kilda during race week. By the way, St. George, Compton says confidently that he shall beat Hildebrand by three lengths. I have some hope that Redgauntlet will not bolt this time, for I am going to make Edmund, who is nearly a stone over his proper weight, ride him."

"Redgauntlet is in capital condition," said Philip. "I saw Edmund try him over our course last week against Godiva, and he behaved very finely."

"Hillo Thompson!" said Percival. "What are Tweed and Troubadour doing here?"

"It's more 'an I can tell you, Mass Percy, for I tied both of them grey hounds fast afore I opened the kennel."

"We can shut them up at Glancy's," said Vane.

"Why not carry them along also?" said Kean. "I should think they were as fast any dogs I see here."

"So they are," said St. George, "and, for the first hour, would keep ahead of the pack, not knowing or caring for what they were in pursuit, unless a deer should chance to be lying in the cover which the fox we are seeking is now said to occupy."

The party halted in front of Mr. Glancy's house, and Thompson and Vane's man Edmund, having captured the two stag-hounds, whose company was so little desired, speedily tied them up, with the request that they should not be set at liberty until all danger of interruption from them should have passed by. The great Ellesmere hill had now, at a distance of four miles from the mansion, sloped gently down into a broad, fair valley, on a little eminence, in which, stood Robert Glancy's home. This vale stretched away to the small river and the mountains beyond. The party passed through a gate on the road-side, which opened into the limits of the Grafton lands. About two miles off could be seen the farm buildings. Satan's Nose was to the left, its summit four miles away, and around its lofty Southern exposure were meadow lands and little glens which ran back between intervening ridges. They passed through the broad fields until they came to the edge of the marsh lands.

The loud outcry of one of the hounds announced the discovery of a warm trail, and a shout from Thompson soon brought the whole pack to the assistance of Ringwood, who had, by this time, corroborated the less authoritative announcement of the first striker.

"I will bet three to one he is in those willows yonder

at the edge of the flax pond," said Vane. "But it cannot be that Compton's fox has come here to sleep. Edmund, go to the other end and look out for him; I am confident he will pass in that direction."

The excited negro sped to the point indicated, for the foremost trailers were already entering the small thicket; when Reynard, in an agony of fright, rushed by, closely pursued by the hounds now in full cry. Edmund reported that a young gray fox had passed him. The experienced huntsmen well knew he would not leave the small thinly-wooded valley that ran in the direction of Satan's Nose. They rode up to a small eminence from which they could watch the progress of the chase; and in a few minutes, like a hare, the fugitive had doubled upon his track, and was making for the spot from which he started. There he was soon captured, St. George managing to get the first touch of his brush.

"This is quick work," said Kean, as he rode up to the others who had dismounted.

"This chase is nothing, sir," said Philip. "It is a mere cub we have taken. I should have been glad if he could have remained unmolested until the next season; he would have given us a better race."

"I am afraid that sly fellow, who lies at the foot of the hill across the meadow, has heard us, and is even now commencing the flight he knows so well how to sustain," said Vane. "I wish we had not crossed the path of this youngster."

The dogs were scarcely blown at all in this short race, and the party were soon in motion again, toward the point at which they expected to find the prince of foxes. A great tulip-poplar was pointed out to Kean as the place



near which his usual cover was to be found. The tutor was advised to stop at the entrance of the glade, while the huntsmen and dogs followed its course. Philip remained with him, but he was loth to lose the opportunity of riding at a stone fence, on the hill-top, which St. George considered too dangerous for Kean, who was not yet sufficiently practiced in such things, to undertake. He awaited the movements of the huntsmen; and as soon as they heard the dogs open up the glade, they rode swiftly for the fields just above Mr. Glancy's house. When they reached this point, to which Philip knew the fox must come to avoid the river on the right, they could hear the dogs slowly coming on. This was a matter of surprise, for they had fully expected a furious chase by this time: but soon the trail waxed into a headlong run, and in a few seconds Reynard passed them in full view flourishing his expanded brush defiantly over his back. He was running at a prodigious rate, about two hundred yards in front of the peerless Ringwood, who as ever led the bellowing pack which clamored close in his rear. Philip instantly recognized the far-famed red fox, and saluted him with a shout, as he passed. Black Sultan felt the touch of steel spurs and was, the next minute, by the side of Percival St. George.

"The devil must be in this fox;" said he, "did you see him when he passed."

"Yes, he was leading Ringwood by, at least, two hundred yards. What made your movements, until the last mile, so slow?"

"The old Red broke cover, as soon as he heard us after the young fox, and was some distance this side of the

stone wall. I have no doubt he was leisurely making his way out of the neighborhood."

They were now rapidly approaching the river where it bends suddenly westward, and, through the broad, open fields, the whole pursuit was plainly to be seen. The fox seemed conscious of his power, and still shook his flag-like brush high in the air. The gait was exhausting to all concerned; but on swept the wild cry of the eager hounds, and still as fresh as when they started bounded the excited horses. Five good miles were soon passed at this fearful rate, when St. George proposed, as the fox would probably cross the small stream just above Vaucluse, that they should pass down to Knightonsford, which would cut off a considerable circuit. Thompson was directed to follow the dogs; and at an easy gallop the huntsmen proceeded to the crossing, and, having passed the river, awaited the approach of the chase. The precipitous sides of the mountain barrier here approached so close to the stream that but little distance separated them, and as Reynard had, before this, in all his previous escapes, made Hawkshead his city of refuge, it was reasonably concluded he would follow his old course.

There was now a lull in the storm of sound up the river, which plainly told that the fox had been so closely pressed, he was forced to cross the stream. In a few seconds, Thompson's voice was heard, harking the dogs to the recovered trail, and, with unabated speed, the din of the pursuit swept up in the direction of the party awaiting its approach. The chase had by this time passed over at least fifteen miles, and they saw with delight, as Reynard glided by like a shadow, that the brush, which was so proudly borne the last time they had seen

him, was now drooping and somewhat draggled. Ringwood and Mavis, closely followed by a dozen strong hounds, held him almost in view. With a wild cheer, as they swept by, the huntsmen fell in their wake. Away rolled the echoing tumult toward the east. Thompson, with many of the straggling dogs, was considerably in the rear.

Had they been pursuing any other fox, the huntsmen would have counted upon a speedy capture after witnessing the signs of distress they had seen at the ford. They were not astonished, then, after following the dogs several miles, to see no indications of speedy surrender. If there was any difference in the distance, which still separated the pursuers and pursued, it was in favor of the latter. But just before them lay the great fields of the Thorndale farm, and there was a prospect of seeing the fox's condition more perfectly than had been afforded for a considerable distance back. For some time longer, Reynard persisted in following the bend of the river; and by hard riding on the chord, while the hounds were moving on the arc of a circle, the huntsmen were rewarded by a sight of the enemy now so thoroughly crest-fallen that all joined Vane in a wild shout of joy. Thompson, on his huge horse Marlborough by this time came up; and he, hearing the cheer, raised a cry that rose high above all the confusion of sounds mingling in the deep excitement of the hour. Fast and furious swept the yelling tide past Thorndale. Hawkshead, with its lofty bare summit, was growing higher momentarily. At every leap the fox was coming closer to what, all had reason to believe, would be freedom and deliverance to him. But one more large field lay beyond this which they had

now entered; and then thick undergrowth and steep hill-sides would retard the progress of dog and horse, and give aid and comfort to the fugitive that, so really, seemed to bear a charmed life. - But Ringwood, Mavis, and their gallant supporters, are not now stretching every muscle and tendon in vain. The fox sees, from the closeness of their approach, that he must be inevitably overhauled, and turns to the left for a small cover of weeds and bushes, on the edge of the thin wood marking the course of the river. A yell of satisfaction arises, as the huntsmen see him enter this; they consider it almost a complete abandonment of hope on his part.

Outfooted in the open field, Reynard was, by no means, captured; for he was yet as full of craft, as also of unfailing pluck. The party, which, a moment before, was so hopeful, now heard, with amazement, the cries of the dogs suddenly cease without any signs of the death. They had evidently come to a dead loss, and all their efforts and ingenuity to recover the trail amounted to nothing. They were fast despairing, when Thompson, having gone to the mouth of a spring branch that here joined its tribute to the river, in stooping to drink heard the breathing of some tired animal under the bushes that concealed the face of an overhanging bank. He listened attentively, and looking for sometime steadily in that direction, in the dark shade of the shrubbery, he saw indistinctly the small muzzle of cunning Reynard protruding above the water. He communicated this intelligence to the party, and, having called in the dogs, a few pebbles thrown into the water quickly renewed the chase.

The huntsmen supposed that the bath, which Reynard had taken, by the coolness of the spring water, so stiffened

the weary limbs of the fugitive that he would be soon overhauled, but they were again mistaken. With a desperate and final outburst of speed he led the pack across the wide field, and was just entering another when Philip, who was riding in advance, heard the death-cry of rage and despair. For several minutes past the leading dogs, having held their quarry full in view, had been almost silent in the supreme exertion they were making. Black Sultan felt the prick of the spurs as Philip's shout of exultation told of victory won. In an instant he had reached the scene, and rushing amid the furious dogs laid hold upon the brush which had been so long coveted by the sportsmen of the entire region.

Nothing is more surprising to people unaccustomed to such scenes than the ferocity of a hound when enraged by a long chase. His timidity utterly vanishes on such an emergency, and the animal which yells at the sight of an uplifted whip on other occasions becomes transformed into the embodiment of demoniac fury.

Philip, with Thompson's assistance, wrested the body of the dead fox from the struggling dogs—every one of which had proved himself of heroic endurance by the work of that day. For more than thirty miles they had followed their foe, and had captured the very prince and paragon of foxes.

"Philip," said St. George, "you have fairly won your spurs to-day, but that was a terrible leap you gave Black Sultan over the last fence."

"Yes, cousin, but I was so bent on taking this fox and tailing him myself that I took the risk."

"I suppose," said Kean, "that king Richard, at Bosworth, when offering a kingdom for a horse, could not

have surpassed you in your appreciation of your noble steed."

"I suppose not, sir," said Philip, "for Black Sultan has forever endeared himself to me by this day's work."

Reginald Vane had ridden at the fence where Philip crossed, and had taken a tumble by his horse's failure to clear the obstruction. A few bruises on both, and a somewhat dilapidated condition as to the rider's toilet, were the worst of the bold huntsman's discomfiture.

"Ah, Philip," said he as he came up, "I'll take Red-gauntlet out the next time but what I'll be even with you. Do you know that fence is a rail higher than Col. Ridgeley's famous jump?"

"I didn't see how high it was," said Philip, "but I was determined to get in ahead, if I had to take a tumble."

"Well, what will the Comptons say now," said St. George.

"Confound them," said Vane, "it will rile them and Frank Peyton as bad as the loss of a four-mile race."

The party mounted and returned to the spring-branch where it crosses the road leading to Thorndale. Vane's man, Edmund, was sent to apprise Mrs. Courtenay of their intention to dine with her, and they dismounted to slake their own and their animals' thirst. In the deep shade, upon a sward that was soft and green, the tired hunters and dogs halted for refreshment after the long and hurried progress of the day.

"Philip," said Vane, "did you see Miss Yelverton last week at the Capital?"

"Yes, Cousin Reg., but she is married you know, and is now Mrs. Thorne."



"Ah—I had not heard of that," said Vane. "St. George, there went your last chance."

"Don't you pity me," said Percival.

"You had no pity on her Cousin Percy," said Philip.

"How was that, Philip," said Vane.

"Why, don't you remember her stay with us last Christmas. She cured me of all my fancy for her by her unmistakable preference for Cousin Percy; and then to think that he should have gone off to Vacluse and left so beautiful a woman in love with him."

"Philip," said St. George very gravely, "please remember that you are speaking of a married lady."

"Cousin Percy, you know it is true."

"I know that Rosamond should have taught you better than to be falling in love with Miss Yelverton and getting jealous of me."

"Rosamond knows that I love her best of all, and allows me a fancy now and then. Cousin Helen does the same with one of my friends," said Philip, with a glance at Vane.

"Ah, you scape-grace," said Vane, "you are as bounteous in your favors as if that girl were never to hear of your many infidelities."

"Cousin Reg., I am all devotion to Miss Courtenay," and lying there, with clear, full voice he sang :

She is so fair, Ah me, so fair!  
The lilies droop their heads in shame;  
Her soft, dark eyes, divinely rare,  
Make all the world else weak and tame;  
The tender glow of twilight stars  
Is not one-half so dear to me—  
Madonna eyes in smiles and tears,  
That melt or flash so splendidly.

*The Heirs of St. Kilda.*

She is so sweet, Ah me, so sweet!  
So gentle in her loveliness—,  
I worship e'en her dainty feet  
And all her perfect beauty bless;  
I hear her voice—look in her eyes—  
All other things are naught to me;  
Ambition's dream within me dies,  
I am her slave eternally.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THORNDALE COTTAGE.

"THERE along the dale,  
With woods o'erhung, and shagged with mossy rocks,  
Where on each hand the gushing waters play,  
And down the rough cascade white dashing fall,  
Or gleam in lengthened vista through the trees,  
You silent steal, or sit beneath the shade  
Of solemn oaks that tuft the swelling mounts."—*Seasons.*

THORNDALE Cottage was, in every respect, the opposite of the Ellesmere place. It stood at the entrance of a wild, mountain dale, overlooked on three sides by lofty hills. Its beautiful lawns were but slightly elevated above the smooth meadow lands in front. It was originally a cottage, and, with all its additions and adornments, was still true to its name. Ellesmere, with its proud eminence, overlooking the country far around, appeared with its tower and battlements half feudal in strength. The first American Philip Eustace selected the quiet beauty and seclusion of this pretty retreat, and used his large wealth but sparingly in the way of architectural embellishments. Since his day, in the century which had elapsed, much had been done in the way of enlarging and beautifying both the house and the grounds. To this sweet, hill-surrounded dale Philip Eustace brought his charming young bride. Henrietta St. George had been in the court of the second George of England one of its chief beauties and attractions. She was witty, and pitiless to her admirers, and the young American, with all his wealth—which was grossly exaggerated by report—had sighed in vain, until the death of Queen Caroline lost the

fair Henrietta her place as maid of honor. Thus, after reigning the belle of a gay circle in a great capital, she came to this spot, and, with her handsome and genial husband, became even more popular and influential than her sister-in-law, Lady Ellesmere Eustace. Philip was, somewhat, less intellectual than his brother, but his wealth and elegant manners soon made him the most engaging man in all St. Kilda Valley. The only clouds which crossed the horizon of his pleasant life were the deaths of several children. Templeton Eustace was the only one of them who reached manhood, and he was the grandfather of Mrs. Courtenay, who now resided upon the estate. Sometimes she visited the city establishment she had occupied before her husband's death, but these interruptions of her stay at Thorndale became less frequent with the lapse of time.

The hunting party was graciously received by the lady of the house, beneath her vine-covered verandahs. Mrs. Courtenay preserved the family characteristic of personal beauty. She was a tall, pleasant-looking woman, of five and thirty, and yet wore her widow's weeds for him who had died so many years before.

Rosamond, her only daughter, was out on the lawn with young Philip, looking at the fox in whose capture he was still exulting. As they stand in the mellow autumn sunlight they present a pretty picture of youthful trust and happiness. The handsome young huntsman is holding up the dead fox for inspection, but the large, black eyes of the maiden are more engaged with the short, crispy curls on the high, white brow of him before her than with the size and beauty of Reynard. The tall, straight figure leans trustingly upon his arm,

and the look of satisfaction and sympathy which lights up her face is beautiful to behold. Rosamond Courtenay was, at that day, a mystery to all beholders. She was nearly fourteen years old, and was as yet so thin and angular in her figure that even the splendor of her lustrous eyes and the beauty of her mouth could not blind observers to the evident plainness of the *tout ensemble*. In spite of this, no one ever dreamed of saying she was unattractive. There was some mysterious charm in her look and manner that riveted the gaze of every one in the vain effort to fathom and explain why they were so attracted.

It was, as yet, a doubtful question what Rosamond would be in the future. Percival St. George, who was a worshipper of the beautiful in all its developments, believed she would, some day, become as radiant as the love of his early youth; but Mrs. Courtenay would sigh when she saw Mariana with her daughter, and tell her that unless she read fewer books she would become a plain-looking blue-stocking. Rosamond dearly loved the old romancers and poets, and, even when she took the stag-hound Hubert out for a stroll up the glen among the bases of the mountains, she carried her book in her hand. She was, generally, shy in company, and could be induced to talk but little; but when Philip and Mariana could get her in the recess of some window, where they were unobserved, she became transformed, as soon as a story was called for. On such occasions she was, as it were, entranced in the wonderful play of her fancy, and fairy tales, so amplified and adorned, that their authors would have scarcely recognized them, would flow, by the hour, from lips which then seemed those of some rapt sybil.

The coming marriage of Philip and Rosamond was deeply desired by all branches of the family. To her, this prospect had ever been full of pleasant images, for she admired the bold youth above all human beings. His warm and fearless nature had given him a romantic charm to her ever-active imagination, and she had been long castle-building in her dreams of their future. Philip loved Rosamond for her gentle nature and manifest devotion to himself; but this did not prevent occasional fancies for the grown-up beauties that he met in the gay society of St. Kilda Valley. At dinner parties and other festivities, he sometimes brought tears to her eyes, by these little infidelities; but his repentance and a few caresses soon restored sunshine to the confiding girl.

Mrs. Courtenay led the tired and hungry hunters to a dinner that gave them the amplest satisfaction. Rare, old wines, and delicately concocted jellies and sauces, gave additional relish to their already appreciative appetites; and above all the sweet dignity with which she presided gave a charm to the occasion, which can only be realized in the tact and refinement of such a presence.

"What think you, Mr. Kean," said she, "of our Valley of St. Kilda. You, doubtless, saw much of it in your long chase to-day."

"I can assure you, Madam, that I am charmed with all I have seen, and could but regret that our headlong speed prevented my dwelling on many enchanting views that were constantly opening in my sight as I passed."

"You must have had a most vigorous and exciting chase, and Philip has fairly won his spurs, after so much



hard riding. Rosamond, you seemed much interested in the dead fox."

"Yes, Mother, for you must know Philip has promised to make me a present of this most redoubtable animal, and I am going to keep it as a trophy of his early prowess."

"Yes, Cousin," said Philip, "Mr. Kean and I will prepare the skin of Reynard in such a way that Rosamond can see him in her bower almost as life-like as when he started from his cover this morning."

"I think," said Kean, "we can make a very pleasing addition to Miss Rosamond's retreat of this famous animal. The fox in apparent pursuit of some startled birds in the midst of artificial shrubbery, and shut up in an air-tight glass case—if the skin is well preserved—will be something novel among the canaries and flowers."

"We will go, after dinner, Mr. Kean," said Rosamond, "and you and Philip can make the necessary arrangements. I expect that such an addition to my pets will throw the birds into a fever of excitement, and Hubert will show such signs of his displeasure that it will require much coaxing to get him into a good humor."

"Rosamond," said Vane, "I expect Fred. Compton will be doubly chagrined when he hears that Philip has taken the fox which he has so often pursued in vain, and has also given him to you."

"Now, listen to your teasing again, Cousin Reginald; you know that Fred. is making love to Mae Glancy. As much as he may dislike being beaten in the capture of this fox, which all of you have been so anxious to effect, I am confident he will care nothing for my having it."

"Fred. is too much of a gentleman for such a thing,"

said Percival St. George. "He will be worried to think that our dogs could overtake a fox which has so often baffled his father's pack; but it would be very churlish for him to dislike Rosamond's possession of his effigy."

"Could he not console himself by saying you had a larger number of hounds than he mustered in his fruitless chases?" said Kean.

"No," answered St. George, "for Mr. Compton and Frank. Peyton have followed him several times the whole length of the valley with their united packs. Their last chase was made with the assistance of Col. Ridgely's dogs, thus largely outnumbering the force with which we took the field this morning."

"Fred. must wait until next week," said Mrs. Courtenay. "Who knows but that he may get his revenge at the races?"

"That satisfaction may be in store for him," said St. George, "but I think Hildebrand has more to fear from Philip's horse, Tempest, and Reginald's Redgauntlet than Pepin, notwithstanding the great things Mr. Compton expects of him."

"Cousin Percival, what think you of my Leda?" said Rosamond. "Uncle Isaac says she will be fit for me to ride by next Spring. He wants me to have her trained for the race-course, but I am not willing to expose her to the gaze and criticism of such a place, not to mention the strange figure I should present in competing with you gentlemen, in what is claimed as an exclusive privilege of your sex."

"That is, certainly, a quaint idea of Isaac's," said St. George. "Leda is a beauty, and would, doubtless, sustain herself, and bring no discredit on her high lineage;

but she is destined to a more graceful duty, if you make her your palfrey."

"Philip," said Mrs. Courtenay, "I hear that your father is expected home?"

"Yes, he will come to-morrow night. I left him at the Capital a week ago, and he then fully intended to be at Ellesmere during the races."

"I am glad that pretty Miss Yelverton is married," said Rosamond, "otherwise I should look for her to be coming with Cousin Ashton again; and then I would hear nothing from Philip but praises of her beauty."

"Rosamond," said Percival, "if I were you I would make Philip behave better. A flirtation with Frederick Compton, or some other young man, would go far towards curing him of these roving fancies."

"No," said she, "I return good for evil. I am all constancy."

Cousin Henrietta," said Philip, "you can bear me witness that Rosamond has made me almost as jealous as Othello, by at least a dozen flirtations with this same Fred. Compton."

"They, certainly, have much to talk about sometimes," said Mrs. Courtenay. "For instance, at Col. Ridgely's, while you were visiting your father, she and Fred. were, all the evening when not dancing, engaged on some subject which seemed of great interest to both."

"Oh Mother! I was only telling him those wild stories I had read in Coleridge—"Christabel" and the "Ancient Mariner." I missed Philip and Mariana so much that I asked Fred. to leave the dance, and go with me to the window on the east, to talk about what they were probably doing in the Governor's palace, away across the coun-

try at the Capital; and then the great, red moon came up between the two hills across the river. We sat there watching the illumination of Hawkshead's summit, and the broad belt of light across the river; and I was happier there than among the dancers. That was the reason of our long conversation. I always tell Fred., when he says he loves me, that it must only be as a friend, for I belong to Philip."

"Tell us something, Philip, you saw and did, while you were gone," said Mrs. Courtenay. "Were you at any parties while in the city?"

"We attended several, but I enjoyed myself most at an evening reception which father gave. Among the first who came was our old acquaintance Miss Yelverton, now Mrs. Thorne. She was more beautiful than ever, in the superb velvet she wore, with her hair intertwined with pearls. She asked Mariana and myself to show her the night-blooming cereus in the conservatory, but I think she wished to inquire about some one whom I know she has not forgotten, although she is married to another. She looked like a queen, but Mariana seemed nearer an angel that night than I have ever seen her. When we returned to the drawing-rooms, the guests had nearly all arrived, and I could but notice the general and involuntary tribute of admiration bestowed upon my sister, as she leaned upon the arm of Mrs. Thorne. Among those most touched by her loveliness was a distinguished French oculist, who at once told my father that he thought it possible to restore her lost vision. I would be almost willing to die if he could only realize the hope he has excited in my heart."

"I am afraid of these travelling doctors," said St. George,

"but this man's credentials are from the greatest savans of Europe and America, and he was fast rising to eminence when I was last in Paris. The treatment he recommends is simple and harmless; so if he fails in effecting a cure it will make her condition no worse."

"From what I have seen of Miss Mariana's eyes," said Kean, "I should, certainly, conclude that the lenses and retina are uninjured, and the difficulty of vision is, as the physician suggests, in the optic nerve having become weak from the severe illness she suffered a year ago."

Dinner being over, some of the party repaired to the drawing-rooms, from the northern windows of which the views were now superb. The declining sun had already commenced throwing across the valley long shadows from the mountain peaks. Satan's Nose, Ellesmere, and the great hills of the east, were still touched by the sunlight; but the vales and gorges were becoming indistinct in the deepening gloom. Rosamond had gone with Kean and Philip to view the maiden's bower, and they found everything therein so carefully arranged that it justified the pains taken lest the purposed innovation should appear out of taste amid the things of beauty and grace previously collected. This most charming retreat had been built by Philip Eustace who lived a century before for his young wife. It was shaded by two large hemlocks, and was half-hidden by clustering vines. Slender balconies supported the bird-cages in the front windows, while a pretty fountain leaped high in the air, with its incessant shower. This sparkling jet rose near the front of a great, projecting oriel which formed a small room of itself. Having arranged everything to their

satisfaction, they joined the company in the other part of the house. Rosamond was pleased to have any memento of Philip, and she now mused of how, in after days, she would exhibit this fox, which had been so long a theme of wonder, to all the sportsmen of the valley, and had been untouched by human hand until brought as a trophy to herself. She resolved to keep it with the same devotion that the Maid of Astolat lavished upon the shield of the great Sir Launcelot, the star of ancient chivalry.

The bright, autumn moon shed her silvery radiance over the peaceful valley. Hawkshead, Maiden's Peak, and Harcourt Hill, were all aglow in the broad, fair light that rested upon their lofty summits. The curling mists slowly arose from the mountain gorges now dark in impenetrable shadow; and the horsemen, wearied with the hardships of the past day, had been riding in silence since leaving Thorndale Cottage.

"Mr. Kean," said St. George, "do you see the small mountain just in the great bend to the south of that bright star which almost seems touching Harcourt Hill?"

"Yes," said Kean, "you mean the peak with the cleared spot half way up its side?"

"That hill," said Percival, "was the scene of a dark and terrible tragedy. About fifty years ago a thrifty farmer lived in the valley at its foot, and there reared four stalwart sons. George Bolton was the second of them, and, by his daring and success in hunting, became famous in the little community then living in the valley. He was a tall, noble-looking, young man, and my father, who was nearly the same age, was frequently with him in the mountains, seeking game. This acquaintance brought



George Bolton, occasionally, to Vacluse, and in the course of his visits he met a pretty girl named Mary Lawton, who had been, for a short time, an assistant of my grandmother in the management of her household. After several years of faithful love between these young people, through my father's earnest entreaties, the objections urged by George's parents to their union were overcome. The only ground of this opposition had been the poverty of the young couple. George had often noticed a beautiful little nook just below the clearing which you see. In this secluded spot, close to a spring which poured its ceaseless tribute down the mountain side, he built a cottage, with his own hands, in which he promised himself years of quiet enjoyment with the maiden he had wooed and won. The house was in a dell, overshadowed by the surrounding trees. The chimney was constructed with a view to economy, upon a stone that was so formed by nature that George Bolton found, ready made to his use, an indestructible hearth. They were married in the midst of Christmas festivities, and the happy bride saw no trace of displeasure in the cordial kindness with which she was greeted by the parents of her husband. The ceremony had taken place at Vacluse, and farmer Bolton had given them a party at his house; so on the third night after their marriage they took up their abode in the only room the cottage afforded."

"George Bolton, from some fatal fancy," continued Percival, "had worked for many days on his house, in the cold, saying he would have no fire 'till his blooming bride should come there to be warmed by its heat. The friends, who had seen them safely in possession of their new home, had all departed, and in the course of the

evening, after many compliments from the happy girl on the comfort and completeness she saw around her, they retired to rest. Late in the night they were awakened by some strange noises about the house. Unsuspicious of the deadly peril awaiting him, the bridegroom sprang from his bed to revive the almost expiring embers on the fire-place, and to discover the cause of the disturbance. He had scarcely taken a step in that direction when a hundred rattle-snakes, on the floor, gave their terrific note of displeasure. They lay so thickly that George Bolton stumbled and fell among them. In an instant he felt twenty deadly fangs planted in his body, and could only say to his wife that he was dying. His love for her triumphed in his last moments, for he manifested no fear and did not endeavor to regain the bed, but directing her to cover her head until help should come, speedily expired. The young widow, in an agony of grief and fear, complied with his last injunction, while the fierce din of the rattles was still kept up. Through the long and seemingly endless hours of the night the hapless creature lay almost suffocating, for the reptiles were soon upon the bed, and she could feel them gliding over her, as if in search of another victim."

"Some of the neighbors came on the next morning, and were surprised to find the door of the house closed. No answer was returned to their calls, and having forced open the door, they were horrified at the ghastly spectacle before them. The hideously swollen and distorted body lay upon the floor, surrounded by throngs of now comparatively quiet rattle-snakes. They were killed and the widowed bride rescued. She had gone there, less than twenty-four hours before, a picture of health and happi-

ness; she had become, through the intense suffering of the fatal night, gray-haired and prematurely old."

"How was such an extraordinary congregation of rattle-snakes accounted for?" said Kean.

"They had collected under the hearth of the cottage, unknown to George Bolton, and were warmed into life by the fire. They have not infested the house much since that time, for on one occasion, being overtaken by a blinding storm of rain, I was forced to abandon the chase in which I was engaged, and found shelter within its walls."

"What became of the bride, cousin Percy?" said Philip.

"She never entirely recovered from the effects of the grief and horror she experienced that night, but returned to Vacluse, and died in less than two years."

"Mass Percy," said Thompson, who was riding close behind and listening, "you don't say you undertook to sleep in that house; for I should bin afeard of Mr. Bolton's ghost, let alone all dem nasty, venemous sarpunts folks says lives all over dat hill now jest like de used to do."

"Yes, Thompson, I slept soundly, without disturbance from snake or goblin, although we kept a bright look out for fear of the reptiles."

"Well, Mass Percy, I'm a heap too chicken-hearted to a done sich a thing."

"Cousin Reginald," said Philip, "have you heard how old Troubadour frightened uncle Thompson?"

"No," said Vane, "how was that, Thompson?"

"Well, you see, Mass Reg., dare was a quilting frolic 'mongst the colored folks over at Grafton; so a leetle arter

dark I stepped over to see what fun was a gwine on. Old 'oman Nancy was agin my gwine, but I went anyhow; and a lively time of it we had. Well, t'wards day, I started home by a nigh cut cross de plantation, and I was nigh bout got over de foot-way long dare in de slashes, when, somehow or other, I got monstous uneasy like, fur I knowd 'twas jus long dare old man Simon got drowned when I was a boy. Master thought uncle Simon was drunk, but we colored folks 'blieves de place is onlucky anyhow, I was feelin mighty skittish, I can tell you, case I thought I heered suppen. I whistled awhile, and I listened awhile, and good gracious, I heered suppen on de foot pieces right ahead o' me a soundin like chains draggin along, an er gittin nigher and nigher to me, until I got off o' de log to let de thing pass by if it was gwine to. I kep a lookin and a lookin, when de fus thing I knowd I disarned two great, big balls o' fire. I jes trimbled all over, and de sweat come a bustin out, an I was nigh bout fit to die anyhow, when de thing rared up an put his cole nose agin my face. Well, you know dare aint a horse in de valley dat can git through de mire along dare, but if you blieve me, I wont a studyin about de mire. Gentlemens, I jes nately ris an flew, but fast as I run and loud as I hollored, I heered dem chains a jinglin right close behind me, till I stumbled an fell down. I jes shet my eyes and lay dare, when de thing come up er smellin an a whinin, an den lay down side o' me. I jes gin up for loss, an lay dare, afeered to open my eyes or move till daybreak, when, bless your soul, I peeped 'round an 'twant nothin arter all but dat ole stag-hound, Troubadour. He'd got his chain loose where I'd tied him, an had started over to Grafton, and skeered

me in dat way nigh bout to death for nothin. I never shall injore dat dog agin."

"Well, Thompson, you will be more particular the next time you leave your wife against her consent."

"Yes, Master, for I allers has bad luck when me an Nancy disagrees about anything."

By this time they had reached the parting of the roads. Reginald Vane turned aside to his bachelor home, and the others rode on to Ellesmere.

## CHAPTER V.

## ST. KILDA RACES.

"FIRST came the trumpets at whose clang  
So late the forest echoes rang,  
On prancing steeds they forward pressed  
With scarlet mantle, azure vest;  
Just in the advantageous glade,  
The halting troop a line had made  
As partly from the opposing shade  
Issued a gallant train."

*Marmion.*

IT WAS now the third day of the races. The expected presence of the Governor of the State had given unusual attraction to the occasion. The field around the judges' stand was early thronged with the inhabitants of the valley and visitors from a distance. The jolly, good-natured boniface, who had presided for so many years over the fortunes of the old Eustace Tavern, declared he had never been so worried in his attempts to accommodate people. His honest face, usually wreathed with smiles of welcome for every guest, now clouded with fresh trouble at each application for shelter. He well knew that his competitor, who kept the St. Kilda House on the opposite side of the Court-House square, had no more room than himself. This state of affairs becoming known, the town people and those in the surrounding country opened their hospitable doors, and thus cared for many who would, otherwise, have been sorely discommoded. After a hard and doubtful struggle, the contest of the second day, among the three year old colts in the two mile heats, resulted in the success of Mason Somerville's Ninian. The first day had been consumed in



the inspection of the horses entered, and the arrangement of the weights to be carried.

Philip Ashton Eustace, the Governor of the State, had arrived at Ellesmere, the evening he was expected, and had added unusual joy to the household. He very much resembled his mother in appearance and manner, and he, with his brother, Col. Stanhope Eustace of the United States Army, were the only issue of their parents. Miss Esther Stanhope was celebrated, in her youth, for her brilliant gayety and sparkling repartee. Her husband, Judge Eustace, on the contrary, was a model of blandness and simple dignity. Gov. Eustace had inherited the sunshine and vivacity of his mother; and wherever he came, new life danced in the eyes, and fluttered in the hearts around him. Even the saintly calm of Mariana's face soon exhibited little ripples of pleasure, amid the ceaseless anecdote and raillery of his conversation. He was wanting in the tireless application and passionless judgment of his father; but in law cases, which aroused his indignation or contempt as an advocate, he was peerless and unapproachable. For hours, great multitudes would hang in breathless attention on his impassioned utterance. His invective was scathing; and as his hearers became excited and lost in its splendor, he could at will fall into such pathos that strong men were often seen to weep at his bidding. When there was occasion for it, his humor would riot in the most redundant and exquisite ridicule, and many a man was laughed out of countenance, who, by some unlucky blunder, had become amenable to his merciless wit.

At an early hour, the carriages with the ladies set out from Ellesmere. Gov. Eustace prevailed on his mother

and Mariana to accompany him. St. George, Kean, and Philip, were, as usual, on horseback. The race course was on the edge of a large wood two miles from the village. Several buildings had been constructed for the purpose of exhibition; for the races were only a part of the attraction. Live stock and agricultural improvements occupied the day, while balls and festivity consumed much of the night.

Loud and prolonged cheers announced the arrival of the Governor on the field, and testified to his popularity among the people. Many of his friends came up to welcome him to his native vale; and soon the cries of the multitude compelled him to make them a speech. He did this in his characteristic style, warmly felicitating himself on the privilege he was enjoying, of meeting so many of his dearest and oldest friends, and deprecating his own folly in being so much of his time absent from them. "My dear friends," said he, "the sweetest dream of my life, for the last ten years, has been the prospect of speedy return to St. Kilda Valley. But your great and repeated honors have made me an unwilling exile. When I behold these noble mountains around us, and remember my happiness in this valley in early life, I can but wonder at my consenting to live elsewhere. But dear friends, I am only a man, and am honest to confess, that ambition and the love of your applause have caused me to forego the enjoyment I should have experienced in your company. I have been long desiring to come home, and live a quiet citizen among you; but the repeated evidences of trust and confidence, on the part of the people of this State, have acted as a counter-charm to this inclination. A little incident in my last canvass so forci-

bly illustrates this double-mindedness on my part, that I will tell you the story. I was travelling, and, at mid-day, called at a small house on the road-side, to get food for myself and horses. I found no one in the house, but hearing a scuffle on the back porch, I there found a large woman with the head of a small, sandy-haired man closely confined under her arm, while she unmercifully belabored him with her fist. 'Hillo,' said I, 'who keeps house here?' She did not release him, but he turning his head so as to get sight of me, exclaimed, 'Hang it all, stranger, that is the very thing I and my wife are trying to decide.' I have had as much difficulty as this persecuted individual in making up my mind; but I can promise you all that I shall soon come back to St. Kilda, from whose dear limits I should never have departed to pursue the empty phantoms, which, at best, are the only rewards of political success, had I not believed it my duty to surrender my own pleasure to the public good."

"Mason Somerville," said the Governor to his former law partner, as he descended from the judges' stand, "is it possible you have assumed so venerable a habit as the wearing of spectacles?"

"Yes," said he, "the mills of the gods grind slowly but surely; and I find, though I have been, in all conscience, lazy enough through life, at the age of forty-five my eyesight is such that I am compelled to use glasses."

"You should somewhat relax the severity of your study. It is well known that we are of the same age, and people will be saying that Ashton Eustace is also one of the ancients."

"No danger of that, Governor," said he. "You are as young in spirit, at least, as you were the day you

worried Counsellor Tatem so much about his brief in the case of Roberts vs. Jones."

"How was that, Mr. Somerville?" asked Percival St. George. "I never heard the story."

"The Counsellor was a strange man," said Mr. Somerville. "With moderate capacity, he managed, by his assiduous attention to his cases and his marvelous acquaintance with the prejudices and temperament of every juror in the county, to make himself a *sine qua non* in every case in which much depended on the complexion of the jury. In the cause I refer to, he had been retained by Jones, and had, as usual, carefully set down everything in his brief that he wished to say. He had commenced his remarks in opening the case for the defense, and having to read an authority to the court, he laid it down. As he did so, Eustace picked it up unobserved by Tatem, and, adding something to the brief, put it back in its place. The counsellor, never suspecting a joke, took up his brief to look for his next point, and closely scrutinizing the paper—for he was very near-sighted—he very confidently remarked: 'In the next place, may it please the court, this action does not lie, *but I do.*' This singular announcement was followed by sounds of ill-suppressed laughter, in which the judge himself was forced to join the bar and spectators. Old Tatem fanned it into unspeakable disorder, on seeing the joke too late. He turned around and solemnly remarked: 'I'll be hanged if that ain't some of Eustace's work.'"

"Yes," remarked Gov. Eustace. "The old gentleman came very near calling me out for that; but I recollect another occasion on which, when I was solicitor for the State, he was still more angry with me. He was retained

by one of a large party indicted for an affray. The other defendants submitted, and it was a plain case against Tatem's client; but the counsellor was never known to surrender a case, and in this instance was true to his habit of making a long speech, in a very barren, hopeless cause. He attempted to make the jury believe that I was desirous of punishing, with undue severity, his particular client. When I came to reply, I told the jury I should detain them but a short time, as I thought my brother Tatem, in his long speech, had caused them to forget much of the testimony. I then recited the leading incidents deposed to, until I reached a point in the evidence where it appeared that Tatem's client, having become worsted in the fight, had ingloriously fled the field. In conclusion, I then remarked that it seemed from the testimony that the defendant, Blaylock, letting his discretion get the better of his valor, had left the scene of conflict in such terror, that I had but little doubt if his windage was equal to that of his counsel he was running up to that time. Tatem arose in a rage, and swore he would not submit to such unprofessional remarks: but we soon laughed him into a good humor."

"Gentlemen," continued the governor, "suppose we look at the horses before the race comes off."

Several of the beautiful animals were near by, and seemed impatient of the delay that kept them from the exciting contest. St. George's horse, Hildebrand, in the majestic symmetry of his large frame, the beauty and evident power of his muscular development, and the splendid record of continuous triumphs, was the lion of the day. Near him stood Tempest and Orion, and a little farther on Mr. Compton's imported Pepin; close

to him were Col. Ridgely's Clifton and Vane's horse, Red-gauntlet. Frank. Peyton's Sea-foam, a beautiful, creamy white, was much admired, but not in high favor. Musidora and Tarelton belonged to parties outside of the valley. Of the thirteen nominations only these came to the post.

An equipage of unusual beauty, drawn by a span of high-stepping grays, passed the judges' stand, and drew up in front of the building used as a reception hall for the ladies. Frederick Compton stood near by, and assisted Mrs. Courtenay and Rosamond as they left the carriage. The young heiress of Thorndale looked in vain for Philip. He, true to his name—*horse-lover*—mounted on Black Sultan, in company with Kean, was riding about the grounds, pointing out the prominent characters among the men and animals. He was too much engrossed in the pending race to think of any thing not in some way connected therewith.

"There go Col. Ridgely and Mr. Frank. Peyton, the two magnates of the Hawkshead neighborhood," said Philip. "That black-roan the colonel is riding is a half brother of Sultan. The colonel is a great horseman and thinks nothing of the hill-side fence at Satan's Nose. Mr. Peyton is also a sportsman, but grandfather does not esteem him highly, since he advocated the rescinding of the rule requiring persons making entries of their horses to pledge themselves against side-bets."

"All betting is then forbidden on the field?"

"Certainly; the only thing that can be won by the owner of the successful horse is the large silver cup which is always of the value of five hundred dollars. Each



man entering his horse pays one hundred dollars for the privilege in the four mile heats, and fifty in the two."

"But there are thirteen entries; what becomes of the unappropriated eight hundred dollars?"

"The trustees apply it toward keeping the buildings and race course in order."

It was now half past one, by the clock, and the jockeys having received their orders from the judges, the course was cleared. The horses moved up nearly in a line, and at the president's signal, the race commenced. Redgauntlet and Pepin got under way at once, closely followed by Hildebrand, Tempest, Orion, Clifton, and the others. Vane and Compton ordered their horses to be taken in hand. St. George and Philip saw no necessity for interfering with their riders, as they were both bearing well upon the mouths of their noble coursers. Orion and Clifton thus passed to the front, and remained there for the next half mile. As they were nearing the close of the first mile, Hildebrand's jockey received orders to let him go. Tempest lay just ahead, and Pepin a little in advance of him. As St. George's magnificent horse felt the spurs in his side, he sprang forward like a cannon shot, and put new life into Tempest, who, now for the first time, exhibited that glorious speed which could only be equalled by his admirable endurance. Hildebrand slowly gained upon him for one hundred yards, when Tempest, getting a fresh taste of steel and cat-gut, lay along side so doggedly that though Pepin was passed and beaten by a half length at the end of the first mile, no one could say which of the other two horses was in advance.

Redgauntlet had, in the mean while, bolted as usual.

The next mile was passed over at a terrific pace, but Pepin's rider, having received fresh orders to hold hard, he was imitated by the other jockeys who well knew that the Englishman was husbanding his resources. They had again got under full headway, and were coming at a splendid rate, when St. George's hitherto unconquered veteran was observed to falter in his career, and the cry was raised "Hildebrand has let down."

There was much disappointment among the spectators on learning this sad misfortune to the great racer. The people of the valley felt that his reputation was a thing that reflected honor on the whole community. His prowess had been long the theme of admiring thousands, not only there, but on many a distant race-course; and now when he was bearing himself so splendidly in this great contest against the imported horse, to be stricken in a moment powerless, was something indeed mournful to contemplate. While many were shedding tears at this disaster to Hildebrand, onward swept the flying coursers who still kept their distance on the field. These were Tempest, Pepin, Orion, and Clifton. The others had been reined up and withdrawn. As the horses approached the termination of the fourth mile, a rate of speed was attained that called forth most rapturous applause. By tremendous exertion, Tempest out-footed his competitors, and won the heat, beating Pepin by half a length. Philip caressed the noble animal in his rapturous delight, but the second heat was yet to be run, and the English horse, in his untamed prowess, reminded him that the laurel of victory might yet be plucked from his brow.

Tempest and Pepin exhibited but little distress after

their prodigious exertions, and cooled off readily. At the lapse of the half hour of breathing time, they came back to the contest, apparently as fresh as if they had been brought out of their stables for the first time that day. Undaunted spirit was seen in their flashing eyes and lofty carriage, and a shout of involuntary admiration burst from the assembled multitude. All except Tempest and Pepin were now withdrawn, and at the word both horses started as in the commencement of the first heat. Pepin at once set off at full speed, followed by the long, steady stroke of Tempest, which soon shortened the gap thus put between them. Toward the end of the first mile the pace increased into a gait that told the leader he must go faster if he kept his place at the front. Pepin, however, passed the mile-post a little in advance, and away they went gradually approaching each other until Tempest, getting an intimation that more was expected of him, rallied to such a degree that he speedily called on his antagonist, and by the time they had made the second mile, was a clear length ahead. The loud and irrepressible cheer that broke spontaneously from the spectators sent both horses into such a flight that their jockeys wisely forbore urging the gallant animals until nearing the last stretch.

Whips and spurs again came into full play. Never was there witnessed a grander display of the endurance and power of the blood-horse than these unflinching champions of two hemispheres now afforded. With tireless stride and eyes of flame they sprang from the infliction of the cruel punishment. No one could say who would win until Tempest, seeming to understand that the crisis was upon him, broke away into a fresh burst of

speed which carried him out a winner by two good lengths.

The great victory was won, and Philip, in a transport of joy, threw his arms around the neck of his horse and petted him like a lamb. The mighty stallion, quivering with fatigue after his prodigious exertions, now hung his head to be fondled by the proud and gratified master.

"Here, uncle Thompson, take good care of Tempest," said Philip. "I must now look for cousin Percy and Hildebrand," and he rode off to a large tree beneath which St. George had caused his disabled horse to be carried. As soon as Philip came near, Percival exclaimed :

"Did Tempest keep his ground on the last stretch?"

"Splendidly," said Philip, "and beat Pepin by two lengths."

"Thank heaven for that," said Percival. "Hildebrand is forever undone. He has let down in his right, hind leg."

"Poor Hildebrand! I almost regret the success of Tempest, obtained at such a cost. I believe your horse would have come out of the race victorious as ever but for this accident."

"That is very doubtful, for Tempest and Pepin were both along-side when he let down."

"Allow me to extend my sincere condolence, Mr. St. George," said Arthur Kean, as he rode up. "I am most deeply pained at this sad accident to your horse."

"It is very deplorable to have so fine an animal ruined," said Percival.

"Will there be no hope of his recovery?"

"He can never be strong enough for the turf again," said St. George. "Lewis, as soon as the crowd leaves the

stables, get him there, and do not suffer people to approach near enough to fret him. Philip, they will soon be ready at the audience-hall to give you the goblet Tempest has so nobly won to day. I should have been inconsolable about Hildebrand if that English horse had beaten our St. Kilda stock."

They rode off in the direction of the judges' stand, and as they passed the boys from the village, having collected in a group, gave three lusty cheers for Phil. Eustace and Tempest. Philip calmly lifted his hat and bowed. Gov. Eustace, with Mrs. Courtenay and Rosamond, were watching their approach when this happened.

"See the coolness of that youngster," said the Governor. "He takes that applause as if he were the Duke of Wellington reviewing a division of English troops."

"Philip is, certainly, very self possessed for one so young," said Mrs. Courtenay.

Rosamond sighed inaudibly as they turned their horses in a different direction. Philip was exultant at Tempest's victory, and he wished to find Mariana, well knowing that any great joy of his conferred pleasure on her sympathetic nature. He immediately longed for her presence when he felt any unusual happiness. One of the chief elements of this great satisfaction consisted in the fact that the Comptons were again beaten. They were a new family in the valley, and the head of the house on many occasions seemed to attempt a rivalry of the family at Ellesmere.

Mr. Compton had been Ashton Eustace's early competitor for the legislative honors of the county, and, in many things, it was evident that while nothing ill-natured transpired, the Comptons unceasingly labored to neutral-

ize the influence of that house, whose talents, virtues and wealth made it supreme in the valley. The ex-chief-justice was too indifferent to popular applause to care much for these things, and while Philip scorned to take an unfair advantage, he yet gloried in over-reaching his rivals. The capture of the red fox was keenly enjoyed, because William Compton and his son had repeatedly failed to take him. This new triumph over the horse which had been specially imported from England to eclipse Hildebrand, was enough to have stirred the pulses of one older and more cold-blooded than Philip. At length he found his grandmother and Mariana in a quiet spot, apart from the crowd.

"See, the conquering hero comes!" said Mrs. Eustace. "Philip, is not this glory enough for one day?"

"Yes, grandma, if Mariana could have seen how Tempest bore himself, and had Hildebrand escaped the accident that so rudely closes his career, I should now be supremely happy. Mariana, where were you when the races were going on?"

"We came here, brother; Oh I am so shocked at the accident of poor Hildebrand. How does Cousin Percy bear it?"

"By careful attention, he hopes to get him on his feet again; but his racing career is closed forever. The tendons of his leg are so much stretched, that his pastern joint touches the ground."

"I cannot think it right to prolong the exertion of the horses to such an extent as to cause such a cruel mishap," said Mariana. "I remember Hildebrand well, he was so beautiful when I saw him last."

"Do not distress yourself, sister. Horses of great en-



durance are valuable to civilians, and all-important to military men; and to encourage the production of such stock are these long races favored. Where is Rosamond? I have not seen her."

"She has been expecting you all day; of course she cannot come to you."

"Philip, fearing that his cousin might feel hurt, went off in quest of her. He found her still walking with his father and her mother.

My liege-lady," said he, smiling, "I have come to acknowledge my delinquency."

"You have a very truant disposition, sir, and your greetings have been very slow in reaching us."

"You will congratulate me on my good fortune to-day?"

Oh, assuredly," said Rosamond, "I have been excusing your absence already, as I knew you were so deeply absorbed in the race. Tempest is such a wonderful horse, I can understand the interest you take in him. I fear that Frederick Compton will be positively unpleasant now."

"Have you seen him to-day?"

"Yes, he has asked me a host of questions about the fox chase. He was confident that Pepin would lead the field. What are they ringing that bell for? I see the people are going to the audience-hall."

"It is summoning me to receive the meed of Tempest's victory. The vase is very beautiful this year. Will you accompany me?"

"I fear it will render me too conspicuous."

"I will not take you to a position where you will at-

tract more attention than your sweet, dark eyes would elsewhere in the room."

"Philip, if you are honest, I thank you, but I well know that I am plain. Oh, how often have I wished for beauty like Mariana's, so I could always keep you half-mad for loving me," said the passionate girl, and the glow of affection in her fine eyes made them as beautiful as she could have wished.

They entered the hall, and many a heart, manly and true, could but envy Philip the singular good fortune that seemed in most things to crown his efforts. Born to the enjoyment of large wealth, he was idolized by father and grandfather; and Percival St. George, too, had avowed his intention of making him the heir of the principal portion of his wealth. It was generally known also that Rosamond Courtenay warmly seconded the wishes of all branches of the family, that she should bestow upon him her hand together with the great estates of Thorndale and Ramillies. And now he was the victor in a contest that, by long usage among the gentlemen of the valley, had come to be looked upon with as much interest, as did the ancient Greeks upon the Olympic games. Philip carried Rosamond to a seat by her mother, and then received from the hands of his grandfather, who was president of the club, the large and richly-chased vase of silver. It was sculptured with a representation of the battle between the Centaurs and Lapithae, at the marriage of Pirithous and Hippodamia.

"I fear," said Gov. Eustace, "that this early success will give my son an undue fondness for the race course, but the regulations are so admirable here, he will not, at this place, contract the pernicious habit of betting."

"I do not think that Philip can ever descend so low as to become a mere gambler," said Mrs. Courtenay. "He has too much devotion to principle; I never knew a boy who exhibited so much reverence for the teachings of those he ought to obey."

"Well, father," said Philip, coming up with his vase in his hands, "here is my second trophy in the last six days; but, with all the eclat of its attainment, I enjoyed beating the field in the fox chase more than this much-coveted honor. Rosamond, the marriage of the Lapithae, amplified in your usual style, will enchain the attention of Mariana and myself for a good hour."

The evening soon wore into night. The moon stole up into the quiet heavens, and the eternal stars were all out in their unchanging glory. The gentie south-wind sighed amid the trees of the forest, stirring the leaves without disturbing the birds fast asleep in the wide-spreading branches. The sounds of joyous music rolled voluptuously on the night air, through the open doors of the great ball-room. The pride and beauty of St. Kilda Valley were collected in the flowing light, and beautiful forms were floating in the dance. Swift glances, conveying a world of meaning, were flashing from many bright eyes. Gratified parents were watching the sylph-like movements of their daughters, or resting with pride on the stately forms of their sons. Philip had commenced the pleasures of the evening with Rosamond, but was now dancing with Ida Somerville. They had long been friends; for she was frequently with his sister at Ellesmere.

"Ida," said Philip, "you are looking uncommonly well

to-night. If you grow much prettier, I shall be losing my heart."

"Oh, you sinner, Philip," answered the girl, "to speak of loving any but Rosamond Courtenay!"

"Do you think I am very much in love with Rosamond."

"You ought to be, for she is all devotion to you. Philip, it is not right for you to be making love to other girls, for I know it makes Rosamond unhappy."

"But how can I forbear, when they are so beautiful as yourself, fairest Ida?"

"That is all gammon. You can help it. Any one can restrain his feelings. I can esteem a gentleman ever so much, but it does not follow that I must love where I admire."

"That is very much the case with you ladies, but not so with me. I cannot admire a beautiful woman without loving her a little. I am not very apt to break my heart, I admit, with the depth of the attachment."

"Yes, you feel a slight fancy for a girl, and forthwith make love to her; the week after she is probably forgotten. Philip, at our age all love-making is mere pastime; but when you have grown to be a man, I know you will be too honorable to do or say anything calculated to produce a false impression. You will be possessed of so many attractions, that it will be the greater wrong in you. The high social position of your family, the great wealth you will inherit, and your own personal advantages, will be sure to make you a shining figure in society. So now, as one of your best friends, let me ask you not to abuse the power you possess, and cease making love to girls in mere jest."

"I agree with you, Ida, but what a speech you have made! On my word, I shall stop making love to you if you read me such lectures."

"Come here, Rosamond, and take Philip to task," said Ida, as the young heiress of Thorndale was passing.

"What are you doing, Philip?" said Rosamond.

"I was only telling Ida she is so beautiful that I can but love her a little; but she has read me such a lecture on flirtations that I am half-disgusted with all my fine speeches to such a prosy little woman. Do you not think it a poor return for all my gallantry, to be told that I should confine such remarks to yourself?"

"He is so liberal in complimenting me, I can afford to let him indulge a little in the same strain to other girls; but remember, Philip, it must be on rare occasions that you do such things; for I claim as a right that the most gallant of your speeches be reserved for myself."

Still onward rolled the joyous tide of the dancers. Flute, violin and bassoon added their inspiring notes to the pleasure which was apparent in so many faces. Reginald Vane had been assiduous in his attentions, all the evening, to Helen Temple; and from appearances it would seem the wedding that Thompson had so patiently awaited, would soon be consummated. Percival St. George was present; and Kean knowing the story of his lost love, observed his noble figure as he passed about among the belles. Every eye brightened at his approach, for he was still by far the handsomest man in the assembly. Beautiful women assumed their most engaging manner, but the memory of the daughter of beauty and heaven-born genius was fresh in his heart, and he who brought happiness to others, was all the while wishing

himself away in the solitude of Vacluse, or the home circle at Ellesmere. Judge Eustace had left with Mariana early in the evening. His wife had been prevailed upon by her son to remain until a later hour. She was sitting in the moonlight that streamed through a window when St. George, approaching her, remarked: "I shall be at your service aunt, if you desire leaving before the governor is ready."

"Sit down, Percival, you have that same weary look even here. Can you find no pleasure in the company of all these beautiful girls?"

"Oh, of course, but I soon tire of any but the dear familiar faces around your fireside, and the one face I see best at Vacluse."

"Dear Percy, why do you cling so close to that lost image? Why make yourself unhappy amid all that gaiety we see around us?"

"If I look unhappy, aunt, I belie my feelings. For years, the memory of my loss was always poignant, but it is not the case now. It has disqualified me for anything like broad mirth; yet I enjoy many of the pleasures I see around me. 'The loss of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. The stars come forth and the night is holy.'"

Governor Eustace now approached and announced his readiness to leave. An hour later the hall had become the abode of silence. Darkness had usurped the scene of late festivity. The lights and music were all gone. The latest whisper of love had died into an echo. The center of so much mirth and happiness was now a type and emblem of that noisy human life which frets out its brief hour upon the stage, and then swiftly glides into dark-



ness and oblivion. The autumn breeze murmured amid the trees, and the stars looked down as brightly as they did upon Adam in paradise. Oh, empty and fleeting stay of human joy ! Oh, serene and eternal Omnipotence that sees and pities its frailty !

## CHAPTER VI.

## FIRESIDE CONVERSATIONS.

"LET Winter come! let polar spirits sweep  
The darkning world and tempest-troubled deep!  
Yet shall the smile of social love repay,  
With mental light, the melancholy day!  
And, when its short and sullen noon is o'er  
The ice-chain'd waters slumbering on the shore,  
How bright the fagots in his little hall  
Blaze on the hearth, and warm the pictured wall?"

*Pleasures of Hope.*

THE St. Kilda races were over. The visitors of Ellesmere had returned to their homes, pleased with the gracious hospitality. The day had been lowering and promising rain, but the weather was sufficiently open to allow the departure of the last family late in the evening. Gov. Eustace still remained with his parents. As the sun, which had been visible for a few minutes previous to his final disappearance for the day, sank behind the mountains, the wind veered to the north-west and commenced blowing a gale. Dense masses of cloud came sweeping up from behind Sorrell's Peak and Satan's Nose until the moon, which had been struggling with fitful light, became totally eclipsed in the pervading gloom. The silenced whippoorwill shrank cowering to the foliage of the densest thicket, and the two stag-hounds, Tweed and Troubadour, that slept on the front porch, arose and listened to the wail of the coming storm, as it moaned and sobbed amid the branches of the tossing trees. One of them stretched himself, and, howling a dismal expression of disapprobation at being thus disturbed after hav-

ing settled for the night, walked off to find more comfortable quarters. Deep, bellowing peals of thunder reverberated through the mountains, occasionally illuminated by the glare of lightning, while big, sullen drops of rain gave notice that, even then, the storm, with all its pitiless fury, was upon them.

St. George stood in the darkness, watching with a poet's interest, the sublimity of the scene. Judge Eustace and Arthur Kean were deep in a game of chess. Near them Helen Temple sat reading the latest novel, and in one of the drawing rooms, Gov. Eustace and his mother were talking with Philip and Mariana. The lamps threw their softened radiance over the beautiful rooms, rosy with warmth and comfort. All was serene and pleasant there. The storm without might roar and buffet the oaks, but no trace of its disturbing breath reached this group as they sat lovingly together. The brilliant orator, the honored statesman, the restless and unsatisfied politician was here in the bosom of love and peace. The eyes of his mother, still beautiful in her age, were full of tenderness and gratification as she looked upon her son and remembered the dutiful affection he had always shown her, even in his exalted station as the chief magistrate of a great State. His heart was full of the undying memories of his boyhood, and he recalled her image, then so lovely, so tender with his little failings, so full of compassion when he suffered. As he looked down at the meek face with its golden hair and sightless eyes, another countenance, as heavenly in its lineaments, which had illumined his early manhood, returned to him from out the past. That face, with its unforgotten love, came back with

wonderful distinctness, as he communed with those nearest and dearest of all the earth to him.

"Father, said Mariana, "when you are old as grandpa will you come and live here quietly with us?"

"Yes, my daughter, that is the pleasantest thought that comes to me in my care-laden public life. I trust I shall be able to escape the drudgery of office before long, and return here, where my heart has always been, ere I am much farther advanced in the evening of my days. I hope that providence and the importunity of the people will not detain me, until like Cardinal Wolsey, 'An old man, broken with the storms of state, shall come to lay his bones among you.'"

"Yes, dear Ashton," said Mrs. Eustace, "nothing but a sense of duty to God and our country supports me in my old age in my separation from you and Stanhope. Poor fellow! I wonder where he and his regiment are this dreadful night."

"He is somewhere about Fort Leavenworth. I received a letter from him just before leaving the capital. There is strong prospect of a war with Mexico, in case we annex Texas, and he will be made a brigadier-general in that event. I will watch his interest with the Secretary of War."

"Oh, I hope there will be no war," said Mariana. "My brave uncle Stanhope might be killed, and it seems to me so wicked to slay the men and poor horses, as in the picture of Waterloo I used to see before I was blind."

"Yes, it seems cruel, my child, but the best nations are sometimes forced into war: and patriotism and religion, alike, require of men that they should defend their homes. I trust the life of my brother will be spared. The presi-

dent has intimated that the conflict is inevitable, and he has notified the Governors of the States to be in readiness for assembling the militia and calling for volunteers."

"I wish," said Philip, "I were old enough to get your consent, father, to wield a sabre in my uncle's regiment. Black Sultan would take me into the strongest, hollow square ever formed in Mexico, not even excepting the iron men who conquered under Cortez."

"You are too young for such things as yet, my son. Continue in your dutiful obedience to your grand-parents, and there is nothing in which I can, with propriety, please you, that shall be withheld. Your connection with Mr. Grey has been so satisfactory, I need not say to you I hope you will make it as pleasant for Mr. Kean. I am much pleased with the gravity and learning of your new friend. His acquisitions make him an invaluable instructor to you. I knew his father, and there was not a finer gentleman in the limits of the country. He bore himself nobly in his misfortunes, and his son is deserving of all honor for his conduct, since their sad mischance."

"You need have no apprehension on that score, father. Mr. Kean has my warmest regard, and it shall not be for want of exertion on my part, if I fail to obtain equal esteem from himself."

"Do not allow your fondness for amusements, my son, to absorb the attention you would devote to study. I know it is frequently irksome for a young man of your age to forego the society of his friends and the excitement of the chase, but always remember that human excellence is the result of prolonged exertion in the mastery of details. Youthful minds are too apt to regard such

things as insignificant and unworthy the labor bestowed, but there is no greater mistake in life than the foolish haste of some men who attempt the execution of enterprises for which they are unfitted by want of preparation. As well might we essay to grapple with the problems of high mathematics, being in ignorance of the elementary rules of arithmetic. It is a fixed law in the nature of things, that nothing great shall be accomplished without sacrifice in its attainment; just as gold is valuable because it is hard to find, and difficult of separation from its alloys. Philip, I do not wish to encourage in your young mind any vain and empty ambition to bring you dissatisfaction hereafter. I do not even advise you to form your future plans on the basis of public life. I have seen too much of the unfruitfulness of political honors to desire your imitation of myself in that respect. I have thought it my duty to yield to the importunate demands of my friends, urging me to accept unsought nominations, and thus I have been withheld from the care of my own desolated hearth, and have devoted to the State the attention I owe, by nature and inclination, to you, my dear children."

"You will never know," continued Gov. Eustace, "how I have longed to be here at Ellesmere with you all. When your mother died, life became so heavy to me that I yielded to the advice of my friends, and looked around for some larger excitement to help me from myself and the grief which haunted me. Thus again I entered upon a life I had abjured on my marriage, by consenting to become a member of Congress. I have never sought any of the many public trusts that my countrymen have seen fit to confer upon me. Here in this copy of Plato I have



been reading how Socrates declares, in relation to the duty of a citizen: 'Whoever continues with us, after he has seen the manner in which we administer justice, and in other respects govern the city, we now say, that he has in fact entered into a compact with us, to do what we order; and we affirm that he who does not obey is in three respects guilty of injustice; because he does not obey us who gave him being; because he does not obey us who nurtured him; and because, having made a compact that he would obey us, he neither does so, nor does he persuade us if we do anything wrongly.' I have thought that if this wisest of the heathen philosophers could hold such views of public duty, it was incumbent on me to forego my pleasure, in deference to the public will. These positions are of so much importance they become curses to the community when filled by dishonest men."

"Then you think, father," said Philip, "it is the duty of a man to surrender his own inclination to the declared wishes of a majority of his countrymen; and he has no right to decline the measure of duty they may impose upon him."

"That is precisely my belief, Philip, and it has kept me from all that I love most, during the larger part of my manhood."

"Father," said Mariana, "I trust the good people will let you come home to us before long."

"Here the party in the drawing-room joined those in the library. Mr. Grey was at Ellesmere, and had been for some time, in conversation with Judge Eustace and Arthur Kean. Percival St. George, after watching the storm, was now talking with Miss Temple. Mr. Grey was

a year younger than Gov. Eustace. He was a small, thin man, with mild, intelligent features, and was the impersonation of guileless innocence. He was remarkable for his scholarship, the warmth of his affections, and a noble absence of all selfishness in his disposition. His life had been devoted to study and the instruction of Philip, Mariana, and Judge Eustace's negroes. He was a little impracticable in some of his opinions; but, conceding the truth of his premises, his lucid and well-considered arguments soon brought his listeners inevitably to the conclusion he desired. He loved and admired Judge Eustace with much of that old, feudal attachment that once so strongly connected protecting greatness and wise humility; but all this deference to the great man was powerless to lead the simple-hearted admirer beyond what he believed was right.

"Governor," said Mr. Grey, "I have been hoping that our State Legislature will give my memorial more attention this session than they did two years ago. I shall not be satisfied until the slaves are legally married and permitted to qualify themselves to obey the Lord's injunction: 'Search the scriptures.'"

"My dear friend," said the governor, "I would rejoice if there were no objection to both objects of your memorial, but I must say, that the perusal of the "*Boston Liberator*," and kindred publications, by our slaves, would add nothing to the security of the commonwealth, and inevitably produce discontent. On the other hand, I freely confess that I believe the African race is included in the new covenant, and therefore owe obedience to its commands. The question of marriage has two different aspects. One is purely legal, making the bond which

unites man and wife nothing beyond a simple contract at law, by which the husband becomes bound to afford sustenance and protection to his wife and their issue. He thereby acquires her property, unless otherwise stipulated by written agreement previous to marriage. In this view of the case, the slave cannot be benefited by the legalization of his contract of marriage. He cannot become liable for the support of his wife and children, nor to an action at law for the recovery of her debts. Another intention of the solemnization of the rite of matrimony is to ascertain the truth of descent. A slave cannot, by law, be considered the legal owner of property: in virtue of the master's title to himself, his individual chattels being considered those of his owner. It can, then, never become a matter of importance to the slave himself to ascertain who was his grandfather. I think, however, it is a shame to southern civilization, that our legislation has looked so little to the enforcement of the moral duties incident to the marriage state among the negroes."

"To deal with one question at a time, governor," said Mr. Grey, "are we unable to exclude the '*Liberator*' and other incendiary documents from the borders of our State by legislation among ourselves?"

"The carrying of the mails is a matter exclusively under the control of the General Government, and you know what a storm has been raised by the action of Congress in that matter."

"Well, this is the naked fact, as I view it," said Mr. Grey. "We have the positive command of the Saviour to search the scriptures. This divine injunction rests alike upon all the human species. It is our duty, not

only to avoid putting stumbling-blocks in the way of its fulfillment, but to give all the necessary aid to the acquisition of such knowledge as will render it possible. As to the question of marriage you agree to all I wish. I simply desire that some legislative sanction may give moral strength to the tie, and that men and women, if they are slaves, shall still be treated as husband and wife."

"There are many hardships connected with the law," said Judge Eustace, "and some of them are inevitable; but there is much unreasonable prejudice among lawyers which often prevents their correction where it might be highly salutary."

"There is nothing connected with mankind which so humiliates the self-respect of thoughtful minds as the engines of oppression and misrule—called governments. As a general thing, in most ages and countries, they have been hereditary despotisms. Often, a man of ordinary discretion rules the great body of the people as he chooses; then again we see in this king—a drivelling idiot too weak to maintain his station—supplanted by some adventurer, who becomes a tyrant, for fear others may imitate his disregard of vested authority. At rare intervals the struggling millions, organized by oppression, arise and slay their tormentor; and at once rush into the wild and short-lived folly of premature democracy. At other times we see wiser men slowly exacting from royal prerogative some of its original powers, and adding little to little, as England has done since the days of Runnymede, they build up what they call a temple of liberty. But will any man, who knows the story of her government of India and Ireland, contend that there are not thus.

exhibited elements of grinding misrule? It is mournful to think of the injustice and instability which seem to degrade and pull down eventually, all human governments, like the fatal curse that hung over the doomed house of Atreus."

"You do not think our boasted American government," said St. George, "liable to any of these objections you have been specifying?"

"I regret to say that I do. I must be honest enough to declare that I hold African slavery radically at war with the theory of the American government. I think it abundantly justified in the word of God and the necessities of our present condition; and I also believe that this democratic theory is doomed to superannuation and effeteness, in less than a century. I do not deny that Mr. Madison and his compeers framed the best possible instrument then within the reach of human wisdom; but I hold that there is an original infirmity in the constitution of the human mind that renders abortive and transitory all systems of rule. The strongest government, like the human frame, bears in its very limitations the seeds which must eventually ripen into decay and death. Our history for the last thirty years abundantly sustains me in my assertion. Can any of us say that the Constitution has been administered according to the terms agreed upon by the States who were the high contracting parties to that august compact? I left the political arena, disgusted with the gradual extension of the general over particular rights, in questions between the State and Federal governments. I may be in my grave before it happens, but some of you will live to see the overthrow and disruption of the Union, or the suppression of every

reserved right guaranteed to the States by the Constitution."

"Then, Judge Eustace," said Arthur Kean, "if I understand your position, there are two difficulties that forbid the idea of stability to any government; the inherent defects in the constitution, and the unwillingness of men to abide by the terms of the charter after it is framed."

"That is as fair a statement of my views as could be conveyed in so few words"

"Gov. Eustace," said Mr. Grey, "you must have been much gratified with the overwhelming majority by which you were recently re-elected to the chief-magistracy of the State."

"Oh! of course," said the governor. "Popular applause is more or less grateful to every man, as the converse of the proposition, that all men instinctively shrink from public obloquy, is also true. Yet on analysing this gratification, we are often humbled to find, that of the masses who have contributed their votes, but a tithe of them were actuated either by patriotism or discretion, in the choice of candidates. A blind, unreasonable, adherence to mere party seems to be the highest standard of political morality, of which a vast majority of men are capable. The wisest of the Greeks declared, 'We must not so much regard what the *multitude* may say of us, but what *he* may say who understands the just from the unjust.' It is perfectly within the range of possibility, that the almost unbroken voice of the wise few may be against the selection of a candidate who is after all returned by a large majority. I say not these things as objecting to free institutions, but simply to show you that, as much as I appear to enjoy the sunshine of popular favor, I yet



sometimes turn aside and listen to the still, small voice which ever and anon asks of each man the question, 'what is all this worth?'

"Carlyle has somewhere declared," said Percival St. George, "that government consists in the selection of the the wisest man in the state. What is to be the ultimate effect of the means now used in our country toward attaining this end? The framers of the constitution clearly looked to the electoral colleges as the bodies which should select the president of the United States. The substitution of the convention system, seems to me a step backwards."

"It is only another feature of omnipotent demagoguism," said Judge Eustace. "Men, who are too ignorant to know the teachings of history, or in criminal disregard of their significance, are pushing us, every year, nearer to anarchy, in their insane and limitless extension of the right of suffrage. I honestly believe that, in case slavery shall ever be abolished in these southern states, men would not be wanting to advocate the enlargement of this popular franchise to the negroes, steeped as they are in ignorance. A republic, controlled primarily by a limited number of intelligent and honest voters, is to me the most reasonable and satisfactory system of rule yet tried among men. One, resting on universal suffrage, is at best a bubble and the most inexorable of all tyrannies, from the fact that it is equally senseless and irresponsible. The convention system you referred to, Percival, is nothing but the transfer of the election to the mob, instead of keeping it in the hands of the wise and responsible few, that Hamilton, Madison, and their coadjutors intended, should select the president."

"Mr. Grey," said Gov. Eustace, "Col. Ridgely has been telling me of his finding the skeleton of some huge animal in the bed of the creek at the foot of Hawkshead."

"I suppose," said Mr. Grey, "from what I have heard, that some saurian perished there in primeval days. I have several times explored the course of the stream, endeavoring to find the subterranean connection which, I have no doubt, exists between it and the Bride's Tarn. The mournful fate of poor Ellice Newton, who perished in its dark waters, lends a tragic interest to the spot."

"Mr. Grey," said Helen Temple, "do tell me the particulars of that sad story. I have heard you and uncle Eustace often refer to it."

"Archibald Newton," said Mr. Grey, "was the son of that Stanley Newton who came over to America with Sir George Eustace. He was a man of large wealth, and lived at the place where Col. Ridgely now resides. A trace of insanity was observable, at times, in his demeanor, which he was said to have inherited from his English ancestry. He had contracted a second marriage with a widow, the mother of two sons by her first husband. Young Stanley Newton, the only son of his father, left home in disgust, on the consummation of this alliance which he looked upon as lowering the rank of his family. There were many reports circulated in the valley in relation to the arts used by the second Mrs. Newton in making herself mistress of Knowlton, the name by which the plantation is still known. Ellice grew up to be a girl of wondrous beauty, and her spirits were so buoyant that even the rudeness and ceaseless ill-humor of her step-mother, for several years, failed to cloud the sunlight of her innocent joy. Nearly a hundred years have passed away

since the light-hearted girl rode her palfrey amid the mountains; but there is yet shown, at the foot of Hawk-head, a little nook of retired beauty, which is still called Ellice's bower. Here she loved to muse, undisturbed by the discomforts she frequently encountered at home. A young girl named Lucy Rhea, who had been for sometime her companion, was always with her on these excursions."

"Robert Gunteley," continued Mr. Grey, "was the elder of Mrs. Newton's sons, and had been, for some time, an unsuccessful suitor of the young heiress. His mother became strangely fond and caressing in her deportment to Ellice in the progress of this love-making, and the guileless and unsuspecting creature was induced, by the entreaties of the mother and son, in which her infatuated father also joined, to betroth herself to Gunteley. This was in the early spring, and with the coming autumn they were to be married. In the summer Ellice went to visit her aunt, who, learning the stratagems of Mrs. Newton to bring about this ill-advised union, apparently lost her resentment at her brother Archibald's misalliance, and came to Knowlton for the first time since that event. Making no objection, while there, to the approaching nuptials, she procured Mr. Newton's consent for Ellice to accompany her home. For a wonder, he did not in this matter suffer himself to be ruled by his wife, who manifested great unwillingness at her departure. Mrs. Clavering discovered that her niece not only was averse to marrying Gunteley, but really disliked him. She soon gained Ellice's consent that the engagement should be broken off, but enjoined silence upon her, lest her new determination should be ascribed to the aunt's influence.

Mrs. Clavering was fond of company, and her house was thronged for the two months of the young girl's stay, and among the visitors was Spenser Vivian, a young man of good connections and irreproachable character. He lived in the valley, and, knowing something of Ellice's unmerited suffering, became so much attracted by her beauty and gentleness that he offered her his hand. She had been strangely interested in him from their first meeting, and now his avowal of love was only replied to by silent tears. After much persuasion she confessed her love for himself, and how, by means that she could not understand, she was engaged to be married in so short a time to Robert Gunteley. She told him of her present horror at the idea of such a union, and it was arranged between them that, so soon as she should be free, Vivian should openly avow himself her suitor. She went home, and, a short time previous to her expected wedding, discarded Robert Gunteley. Mrs. Newton was enraged, and the father, usually full of gentleness toward his daughter, goaded on by his wife, now seemed transformed in his entire nature. The poor girl, amid sobs, told them he could never marry Robert Gunteley, to whom at best she had been indifferent, and for whom she now entertained feelings of positive repugnance. Spenser Vivian visited Knowlton, and saw the pitiful condition to which Ellice's love for himself had reduced her. This served but to increase his devotion to the beautiful girl and to multiply their vows of fidelity. Archibald Newton's insanity now became fearfully evident. He maintained that, as Ellice had once made a promise of marriage to Gunteley, she was bound to fulfill her pledge, and that she should never marry another. All that the tears and entreaties of the

heart-broken girl could avail was a reluctant consent that she should remain unmarried for the present, in order that she might forget Vivian, who was denied all opportunity of seeing her. She now manifested the hereditary taint of insanity, by the hopeless gloom into which she sank. Long fits of weeping, and abstinence from food, soon brought her into a rapid decline. She had refused her lover's earnest solicitations to marry without her father's consent, and after weary months of separation, when fast sinking like a blighted flower, there came to her a new lease of life. Vivian had gone to the foot of Hawkshead, hoping she would come in that direction, and he accidentally met her that evening, for her horseback exercises had been seldom allowed of late. After several interviews, seeing something of the sorrow lifted from the young girl's brow, Mrs. Newton sent a spy, who discovered these secret conferences. Lucy Rhea, her companion, was driven from Knowlton, and Ellice deprived of any future opportunities of thus meeting her lover. The gloom of rayless despair soon settled on her life, for a new grief was now added to the wrongs she had already endured. A letter, purporting to be from Vivian, told that he had come to be of her father's opinion, that she was bound by her first engagement. Her heart gave way under this unexpected blow. It dried up the source of her tears, and she manifested no unwillingness to her father's proposition that she should be immediately married to Robert Gunteley. There were but few witnesses to the ceremony, and Ellice's demeanor was calm throughout the scene; but her eyes wore an expression which appalled even the clouded intelligence of Archibald Newton. As soon as the fatal words had been spoken, he

became conscience-stricken with the part he had acted toward his beautiful and innocent child. All his previous harshness was now changed into the most complacent tenderness; half-crazy and repentant, he walked along in the deepening twilight with the silent and drooped figure at his side. They were beneath the elms on the eastern front of the mansion, near the gate that opens on the pathway leading to Hawkshead mountain. The infatuated man thought the silence of the crushed heart, and her recent obedience, in submitting to what she had so long resisted, betokened entire submission to his will. He told his daughter all the story of the forged letter, of his complicity therein, and asked if she was not glad the trouble was now all over. She staggered, as if shot through the heart. Her arms, in their snowy, bridal drapery, were clasped tightly across her eyes, as if to shut out some dreadful image. The thin, wasted figure seemed bending beneath some intolerable burden. She knelt before him and gasped for breath."

"Oh! you have killed me, father, oh! God, you have made me commit perjury. Oh! father, you have killed your child who loved you so dearly. How could you do this thing when you knew I should die?"

"She writhed in unutterable agony; moans that would have melted a heart of stone struggled up from her heart burdened with a world of woe. A new thought seemed to have transformed her into another being, and a wild, maniacal laugh burst from her lips."

"Father," said she, arising, "you are good to me after all. Had you not told me this, I should have died to-night thinking Spenser Vivian had forgotten all his vows. I should have gone to rest, thinking the truest of all the



world false and unkind. But you have told me better now, dear father. I know he loves me still. Oh! I am so happy—so happy!”

“The white figure knelt in the gloom as if engaged in prayer, and the conscience-stricken man threw himself on the ground to hide a sight he could no longer bear. Hearing nothing, he raised his head to look around, but Ellice had disappeared, and was nowhere to be found. The next day, after long search, her body was discovered in the deep, mountain tarn. In its black, motionless water the gentle maiden sought rest from her heavy sorrows. The father, goaded into madness by the stings of conscience, sunk into senseless lunacy, and Mrs. Newton was treated with such scorn by every one in the valley, that she was forced to seek a home elsewhere. Young Stanley Newton never returned, and after the lapse of many years, the estate passed into the possession of Col. Ridgely’s father.”

## CHAPTER VII.

## GOWER HALL.

"No HUMAN figure stirred, to go or come,  
No face looked forth from shut or open casement,  
No chimney smoked—there was no sign of home  
From parapet to basement.

O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear,  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is haunted."

*Haunted House.*

EARLY on the day succeeding the night described in the preceding chapter, Gov. Eustace left Ellesmere for his post of duty at the capital. His earnest and frequent inquiries as to the condition of Mariana's eyes proved how much hope the French physician had inspired as to the restoration of vision to those darkened orbs, which, while they failed to convey to her brain the images imprinted upon the retina, still retained much of their lustrous beauty. The last words of the tender father, as he seated himself in the carriage, was an imploring request to her, reiterating the importance of a strict compliance with the oculist's instructions. The large-hearted man, with his many endowments, again resumed his burden of public duty, and renewed the exile he was so loth to continue. His heart remained with the inmates of the stately house at Ellesmere; but all his care was concealed in a show of exuberant spirits and ceaseless good humor. Mariana dried her tears in the music of the organ, and Philip, mastering his grief at the separation, went to his new apartments to commence his studies under Arthur Kean.

Judge Eustace had suggested to his wife, that the small room adjoining hers was ill adapted to Philip in his increased mind and stature; so now, after years of stay within its limits, he was to remove to other quarters. Mrs. Eustace told him she desired Mr. Kean and himself to occupy the fine suite of rooms once used by Sir Ellesmere and his wife, and now accompanied them as they went up to take possession.

"Grandma," said Philip, "you have arranged everything here charmingly. Our end of the house is a little palace within itself."

"We shall be as undisturbed here," said Kean, "as if in the heart of a great forest."

"Young gentlemen," said Mrs. Eustace, "I am glad you are pleased, for it was my selection, and I was fearful you would think we were banishing you to this remote corner to be rid of your company; but I know that when a man is studying he wishes to be out of the reach of everything which can talk and ask questions."

Mrs. Eustace soon left the young men to their studies, and she, so full of consideration for others, went through the long, echoing corridors to find Mariana. She knew that the blind girl was troubled at her father's departure, for the organ notes that had fallen on her ears wailed only amid the sorrowful, minor keys.

Autumn and early winter passed swiftly by, as the two students, in undisturbed devotion to their books, seldom left Ellesmere in quest of society. Occasionally they woke the mountain echoes with the music of the chase, and a portion of each day they devoted to horseback exercise. One evening, when Philip had been reading *Prometheus*

*Vinctus*, as he laid aside that sublimest of all tragedies, he remarked to Kean :

“What a terrible thought must have been the first conception of this ghastly drama ! It probably haunted Æschylus like a night-mare, before he undertook the great difficulties he must have foreseen in the treatment of his subject. Prometheus, naked and chained to the storm-smitten summit of the lonely mountain, with the vulture ever consuming his indestructible vitals, is a picture of such awful suffering that he might well have shrunk from its portrayal.”

“The Greek tragedians,” said Kean, “were not easily balked, either by the horror or difficulty of their themes. Sophocles, in his *Œdipus Tyrannus*, has imagined a condition, to my mind, as horrible as that of Prometheus. The hidden significance of the riddle he answered the Sphinx, his ignorance of the great problem of his own life, and his fatal discovery when it was too late for remedy, are even more tragic and mournful than the lonely man on Caucasus, defiant and unconquered in his agony, and braving the wrath of his immortal enemy.”

“I agree with the critics,” said Philip, “in awarding the palm of dramatic excellence to the *Œdipus* ; yet with all my admiration for the genius and skill displayed in the creation of these tragedies, the blind conflict of these men with resistless destiny is too horrible.”

“There was much reasonableness, after all,” said Kean, “in the wild myths of that race, whose genius produced an *Iliad*, and whose valor triumphed at Marathon. Their belief in an inexorable destiny was a blind glimpse of the overruling Providence which we know directs and limits the extent of human achievements. They testified

their conviction of a controlling agency in earthly affairs by thus adducing instances of its resistless power. This conviction has haunted the minds of all ages, and we find it to have been the central idea, not only of the ancient Hellenic dreams, but centuries later, when their descendants had passed under the sway of the mightier Roman, the *Æneid* developed the same belief. Virgil represented the Trojan fugitive as more fortunate, but still as helpless in its hidden strength as any of the Pelopidae. Sixteen centuries later Shakspeare declared:

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough hew them as we may."

"How do you like the use of the supernatural in poetry?" said Philip. "Are such agencies as the king's ghost in *Hamlet*, legitimate?"

"Certainly," said Kean. "I believe, with the men of preceding ages, that such things are in existence, and within the range of possible communication with the human race. I have been amazed at the skepticism of the last half century on this subject. I have no patience with the vulgar superstition that gives a ghost to every old house; but I cannot believe that the human mind, constituted as it is, could receive, without some corresponding reality in nature, the pervading awe which comes over all hearts, in certain circumstances, in spite of reason and pride."

"I should like to see a ghost, if there are such things," said Philip, standing near the western window of their studio. "You can see away yonder across the valley, the battlements of a large house, this side of Harcourt Hill. That is old Gower Hall. It was built by Lyttelton Gower,

who came to the valley with Sir George Eustace, and it has been, for many years, tenantless. Many families have tried to live there; but some mysterious curse has been about the place since the death of Harcourt Gower. I would like to sleep there long enough to hear the tramp of the unseen visitors, that Thompson says still walk every night about the place."

"Suppose you get Thompson to go there and spend the night with you," said Kean, smiling.

Carrying out the humor of this suggestion, they left their books, and repaired to the stables. Thompson had just locked the doors, and was making an authoritative announcement to his two assistants, that the next time he had to call for them twice before they shook off their slumbers, as had been the case that morning, he should deal out summary punishment. The countenance which was clothed with frowning authority a moment before, relaxed into a broad smile, on seeing the approach of the white visitors, for he believed it the duty of every son of Africa to light up his face when in the presence of his superiors.

"Good evening, uncle Thompson."

"Sarvant, Masters."

"How are you and your command?" said Philip.

"Thank de Lord, we's all gettin' along middlin' this artemnoon. All the sore-eyed dogs is gittin' well, now we aint got dat red fox to run us to death. Night afore last, arter ole 'oman Nancy and me was in bed, who should come a scratchin' at my door but that same Sweetlips what's been lost dese three month's past. I heerd de whinin' and scratchin' but I was sorter jubous like about gwine out dat time o'night, for to tell you de truth, I 'aint

bin de same nigger sense dat triffin' dog skeerd me to death in de slashes. So you see I waked up Nancy, sorter for company like. Says I, 'ole 'oman, you hear dat scratchin' at the door?' Says she, 'Thompson, I 'aint hearn any scratchin'. Why can't you let folks sleep.' Says I, 'you mout keep folks company when dey raly stands in need.' I turned over and tried to go to sleep, but de thing kep sich a fuss at de door I blowed up de light, and peeped out to see what it was, but nothin' could I disarn. I cracked de door open a little wider, when, blest to heaven, in jumped dat same Sweetlips I had done gin out for dead. I got back in de bed, and Nancy had to turn her out, for I wont certain whether 'twas Sweetlips or her ghost."

"Uncle Thompson," said Philip, "would you see me encounter danger without doing all you could to help me?"

"Mass. Phil., I am ready to die afore harm shall tetch you."

"Well," said Philip, "Mr. Kean and I have been talking about ghosts, and we want you to go with us, and spend to-morrow night in Gower House."

A deep groan broke from the depths of Thompson's chest, and his small eyes opened wider and wider, until a ring of white was seen around them. His astonishment at the proposition seemed to have taken away his utterance. At length he found words.

"Mass. Phil., just kill me stone-dead where I stand; I tell you I'd ruther die ten times over dan go anywheres about dat house arter dark."

"What in the world makes you so afraid of Gower Hall?" said Kean.



"Why, Mr. Kean, aint you hearn about all dem things dats stormin' and hollorin' about Gower House every night? Why dare aint a family in de valley dat can stay at de place, and sense Mr. Rider seed what he did, folks don't even go by it arter dark."

"What happened to Mr. Rider?" said Philip.

"Mass. Phil., I never likes to talk about sich things arter night; it puts cold chills on me, and I can't sleep good arter it; but howsomever, dat aint tellin' how Jack Rider got skeered so nigh to deth. Well, you see, he had jest come to live in de valley, and was mightily taken wid one of Squair Morton's daughters. Dare was some party doins over dare dat night, and dare was no want of sperits at de Squairs, and I spose Mr. Rider got his sheer. He started late arter de party broke up, to go across de river dat runs along by Gower Hall, and, feeling his liquor a little, he didn't notice de new road which turns to de left; so he follered de old track along by de house. It seems to me dat any sensible man ought to known better dan to a done sich a thing. Well, he went a blundering along, for de moon was gettin mighty low, and de shadows from trees lay monstrous thick along de avenue. De road was full of ruts, for folks didn't go dat way sense de new one was made through de meadows. Jack Rider hadn't hearn much about de place, being a new comer in de country, so he thought he would ride past de house any how, for by dis time he found out dat he had missed de right road. He could see de great, high walls and chimbleys shinin' through de dead trees, killed by de lightning dat struck de house, dat summer. He was nigh about up to de big willow oak, which stands in de corner of de front lawn, when he heerd somebody a cryin' as if

dare hearts would break. His horse stopped still in de road an commenced trimblin' like a leaf. Jack Rider looked into de shadow of de big tree, but he could disarn nothin. He didn't like de warm steam dat come agin his face, for he had hearn tell how dat was a bad sign. De thing kep on a cryin' and he put both spurs well into his horse's flanks to git him by de willow oak; when, as true as I'm a standin' here, a beautiful, tall, young white 'oman walked out into de road ahead of him. Her white silk dress trailed a yard behind her, an she was a ringin' of her hans, an a cryin' louder and louder. The horse just stuck his head atween his feet, an wouldn't budge an inch. The sweat poured off o' Jack Rider, for he was skeerd nigh about dead when he fust seed her; but he looked at her standin' dare so white in de moonshine wid her shinin silk clothes on, an her long, black hair ketched-up wid white beads; so, says he to himself, dis 'aint no ghost wid all dis finery on; so he tuck heart and axed her what she wanted. She didn't say a word, but kep on a beckonin' an a motionin', till he got down to lead his horse which trimbled so he could hardly git him to move. De white 'oman walked slowly along de road, lookin' back and motionin', till dey got on de river bank, when she turned down de stream. Dey soon come to de high bluff behind de house, where she stopped, an lookin' back at Jack Rider, and cryin' louder dan ever, an pintin' down at de water, wid her han' shinin' wid finger rings. She kep on a pintin' an beckonin' down; but findin' Jack Rider wont gwine any closer, she jes gin a scream, an, jumpin' up in de air, she flung herself head-foremost down de bluff. He listened to hear her strike de water, but he didn't hear nothin'. Five minits arter dat, Jack

Rider had put two miles atween him and Gower Hall; for he knowd it was de ghost of Miss Creecy Gower he'd seen. She was ole Harcourt's daughter; an dey tell me she was a gwine to be married, but de man she loved fell over de very place she wanted Jack Rider to jump down."

"Well, Thompson, that sounds frightful, if it were true, but how do you know that Jack Rider was sober enough to tell a straight tale as to what he saw?"

"Mass. Phil., I blieves every word I tole you is gospel truth. I've seen things enough myself to convince me dare's ghosts."

"What did you ever see, Thompson," said Kean, "to produce that opinion?"

"When I was a young man, about Mass. Phil's size, ole master was in Washington city wid de balance of de family, an I was tendin to de brood mares down at Blenheim. So one Saturday night, I started about dusk to come here to see mammy. De young mare I was ridin' was so full of life an deviltry, she got me in de same humor; so I come along de road singin' and a hollerin, carin' for nothin' in de world, if it *was* dark; for I wont afeard o' ghosts in dem days, an I got de conceit tuck out o' me dat very night. It was jes cleverly dark, when I got along where Tillery's ole tavern stans. Delphine shied off to one side of de road, and I looked round to see what she was skeered on, an dare on top of de fence I seed what I tuck to be a ten-year ole nigger-boy start-naked an black as de ace o' spades. I cust him, an' axed what he was doin up dare, dat time o' night. De words wont out o' my mouth, afore lookin back I seed de thing come afflyin right behind me, and, I'll never speak agin,

if he didn't light right agin my back on de saddle. I smelt his brimstone breath, an I knowd in a minit dat me an de devil was ridin double. De mare knowd it too, for she screamed like human de minit he lit on her. She didn't need no urgins', for, if you blieve me, she jes ris an flew. I leaned over her neck as fur as I could to keep clear o' de thing's hans dat felt like iron in my sides. I hollerd an begged him to let me alone; but dare he sot behine de saddle, clean tell we got to de stone bridge by Thorndale. Dare he jumped up an went off in a clap o' thunder dat clean tuck away what leetle sense I had left. De nex thing I knowd I waked up de nex day at Ramillies, an de niggers tole me, dey thought dat me an Delphine was both gwine to die all night arter we got dare."

"That was very frightful also, uncle Thompson, but you confess the worse thing the devil did to you, on this occasion, was ridin in your company, and perhaps pinching you a little during the excursion. I think you may safely rely upon Harcourt Gower's being as civil, if you will only consent to spend the night in that fine old house you think he still inhabits."

"Mass. Phil., de only time I ever failed to do what you wanted was when you axed me to jump down Snowdon bluff. You was so leetle den, you didn't know no better. I didn't do it, case I knowd twould kill me. I'd ruther die dan go to Gower Hall wid all dem sperits an dead folks walkin' an cryin' about dare. I'm afeerd enough of dat white 'oman wid her pearls an finger rings; but she aint all folks has seen gwine about dare in de dark. Taint bin five years sense Miss Retta Courtenay's ole Sam., like a fool, went along dare one night, an de fuss thing he knowd he heerd horses a meetin' him. Dey come at

a full run up de ole race course on de side o' de road, an he seed, as plain as I see you, Harcourt Gower, whos' bin dead dese fifty years, ridin dat same horse, Dreadnought he killed, for boltin' at de races one day, when Sam. was a boy. He didn't know at fuss who was ridin tother horse, but a secon' glimpse showed him 'twas de devil."

"Uncle Thompson, I fear we shall have to get some one else to go as our servant."

"Mass. Phil., I'm afeard you will; I'm willin' to go anywhere dare aint no ghosts, but dey is things I can't injore no how."

Philip amused the family at the supper table with a repetition of the marvelous stories Thompson had been recounting to Kean and himself.

"A great mystery hangs over that old house," said Judge Eustace. "I was a small boy when Harcourt Gower died; but I still remember his striking appearance. He was one of the most dissipated and turbulent men I ever knew, and always seemed troubled with the memory of black deeds, which, it was currently believed, had frequently marked his course in life. Just previous to his death he had reached home from a racing excursion, in which he had lost heavily. His daughter, Lucretia, was then living, and was a splendid and voluptuous beauty. Young Harcourt, having incurred his father's displeasure by some difference which had arisen between them, was no longer an inmate of the house. Old Gower exhibited his usual violence in the resentment he bore his son, and had sworn, an hundred times, that not a shilling of his money should go, at his death, to the youth. The morning after his return he was sitting before the fire in company with several visitors, and Lucretia inquired as to

what had been his success at the races. The question, seemingly natural and innocent in itself, called up a storm of frantic and ungovernable rage in her father. Choking in the midst of the most horrible blasphemy, he fell to the floor in a state of insensibility. Apoplexy had succeeded, at last, in producing a death which cold steel and fire-arms had so often failed to bring about. He had given to his daughter, by a will he had written some time before, the whole of his large estate. It was said that Lucretia did but little toward producing reconciliation between her father and her brother, and very probably added fresh fuel to the wrath that burned so vindictively against the son, who had largely inherited the rash and unyielding disposition of his sire. Her mother had died in her infancy, and Lucretia was engaged to be married to a young man who perished by falling from the bluff of which Thompson spoke. She survived his death but a few months, and young Harcourt succeeded to the inheritance in spite of his father's wishes. From the date of his taking possession wild stories have been told of sights and sounds in and about Gower Hall. He persisted in living in the house during his short and ill-fated life, and would arise from the stormiest revelry to curse his father, who, he alleged, was looking at him through the doors and windows. He could never, it is said, sleep undisturbed at night; but this failed to terrify him, until in his last hours, when sinking under an attack of *delirium tremens*, he frantically besought his companions to save him from his inexorable persecutor. Gower Hall was, at that time, one of the noblest seats in the valley; and several families have endeavored to live there since,



but have soon abandoned the place, which seems, in some unaccountable way, to have become uninhabitable."

After supper all the family then at Ellesmere were collected in the library. Percival St. George was gone to Vauclose; Mariana and Helen Temple were at Thorndale. The next was Christmas week, and Mrs. Courtenay, and Rosamond, with other friends, had promised to spend that delightful season with Mrs. Eustace.

"Philip," said his grandfather, "what has been your chief study this week?"

"The Greek tragedies, sir. I shall soon finish that portion of my classical course; and I regret that I shall, in the future, have so little to remind me of these beautiful and deathless memorials of Athenian genius."

"That was a wonderful age, indeed," said Judge Eustace, "which witnessed the lives of the three great masters of tragic drama. Athens of that day was the most splendid development of civic and military virtue ever exhibited by any of the communities known in history. In the short interval of time, between the Persian invasion and the end of the Pelopponesian wars, that single city produced men whose works have come down as the patterns and embodied ideals of the highest excellence attainable by human effort. The world is two thousand years older now; but what orator hopes to rival Demosthenes, or historian the majestic picture Thucydides has left of its decline? Who now reasons like Plato, or, with all our mechanical improvements, can build like Pericles. I believe that the intelligence, patriotism, and valor of men found their highest exemplification in that era, and within the walls of Athens."

"I think," said Arthur Kean, "the Athenian law of



Ostracism a sad commentary on the political ethics of that people."

"I do not agree with you in that matter," said Judge Eustace. "I know, very well, '*ostracism*' has long been a favorite theme of declamation among those who believe that justice and gratitude are not to be found in free governments. When we consider that six thousand secret and uncontrolled voters had to testify their conviction that some political leader, by the ascendancy of his talents and personal influence, had become dangerous to the State, it does not appear an unreasonable thing, that the public peace should be kept by the exile of one man whose ambition and power endangered all. It was not resorted to, unless two or more leaders became so controlling in their influence that a large portion of the citizens believed the absence of some of them conducive to the good of the State. Then the number of votes, required for expulsion in such an emergency, made it far preferable, in my opinion, to the Roman system of settling the disputes of great rival claimants of the public honors, by the death of one of them, as in the case of Tiberius Gracchus, or by ruinous civil war."

"Still, Judge Eustace," said Kean, "we must admit there was something wrong in the banishment of Aristides. There must have been a great evil, somewhere, in the system which allowed the expulsion of a man whose enemies could only allege against him that they were tired of hearing him called '*The Just*.' Plutarch says the whole practice arose from envy and malice, inherent in democracy, and not from any reasonable and patriotic fear for the good of the country."

"I know that Plutarch made the declaration you refer

to, but I think his statement is capable of easy refutation. Ostracism was one of the changes introduced by Clis-thenes, after the expulsion of the Pisistratidae, to protect the immature democracy, which, then in Athens, as coterminously in Rome, needed all the safeguards which could be thrown around it. The violent animosities of political leaders are the greatest source of danger to popular governments. I do not believe that these leaders in any species of rule can be brought to respect the lives and property of their rivals, or the constitutional protection to which they are entitled. Then, it is obvious, when the prominence and violence of two leaders endanger the State, it is better that one should yield to the superior fortune of the other. Cæsar might reasonably have submitted to the authority of the Senate in Pompey's behalf; Cromwell might have spared the humbled Charles, and Robespierre relented toward the helpless Girondists: but human nature, though it may undergo the mortification of political defeat for a long time, as seen under the English constitution and our own, at last finds conflicts so momentous that peace becomes impossible."

"I would not advocate the introduction of ostracism here," continued Judge Eustace, "but we closely imitate it in the necessary departure from office of the chief executive after a certain term of service. The Athenians stripped this exile of all loss either to the life or property of the victim, and it could fall on any man whom the large minority thought dangerous to the public weal. Aristides himself, in his memorable contest with Themistocles, recognized the wisdom of the measure when he remarked that it would be well if he and his rival were both sent into banishment."

"Under that aspect of the case," said Kean, "it is less odious, but you must recollect that it was used against the unoffending tutor of Pericles, simply because philosophy was unpopular."

"Yes," said the Judge, "but that was two generations after its institution, and it found its last subject, in the case to which you refer. Soon after that the city was captured, and its liberties went under that long eclipse from which they have never wholly emerged."

"None of the Greek cities," said Arthur Kean, "with all their prosperity as autonomous communities, ever exhibited much genius for great combinations. The Spartan and Athenian headships over the Hellenic States were embittered by frequent revolt, and though their heroism made them immortal in history, they never reached the statesmanship which cemented the world in the homogeneous rule of Rome. Nations more populous than all Greece were speedily conquered and lost their identity in the pervading nationality of the majestic empire. Athens was unable to exercise even over the despised Beotians, any permanent rule, but the countless Gauls were held for centuries to unquestioning obedience by the mistress of the world."

"Rome," said Judge Eustace, "took every precaution to secure the allegiance of her conquered tributaries, whose gods soon found niches in the Pantheon and other temples of the imperial city. She built mighty aqueducts, great roads, and impregnable citadels, wherever her arms had penetrated, and nothing was omitted which would overawe the seditious or gratify the contented. On the other hand, Athenian supremacy was never more than her hegemony artfully amplified by wrong. This was so

short-lived that it is impossible to say what might have been her destiny, if the issue of her great contest had been different."

Philip retired to his bed, full of plans of enjoyment for the Christmas holidays. The joy which comes to every heart, with the approach of that festive season, kept him awake with pleasant anticipations. The house was to be full of his kindred and friends. Col. Stanhope Eustace was already in the States, and was to be at Ellesmere for the first time in several years. Philip sighed as he thought of Mariana, who would be unable to see the many beautiful things he knew his grandmother would provide for the festive occasion, and then he remembered his father, lonely in his great house at the capital, chafing at his self-assumed fetters, weary of his great burden, and yet unwilling to lay it down. In the morning of his days, this young boy had discovered that wealth and the pride of place brought with them much of compensating misery. But health and youthful strength are not often wedded to sleepless care, and Philip was soon dreaming of the rose-tinted future in store for him.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## CHRISTMAS.

"THE churches all are wreathed with green,  
The altars set with flowers,  
And happy lowly hearts wait on,  
And count the passing hours;  
Until the midnight chimes proclaim  
The hallowed season come,  
When Heaven's broad gates are opened wide,  
And Hell's loud roar is dumb." — *Bothwell*.

YULETIDE had come to Ellesmere, and the old mansion was full of joyous and congenial people. The bronzed and long-expected Col. Stanhope Eustace had reached the place of his nativity, on Christmas eve, and his fond mother was once more gratified with his presence. The soldier, released at last from the restraints of his command, gave himself up to a full enjoyment of the sweet, home comforts and smiling welcome he saw on the faces of all around him. He and Percival St. George, being nearly of the same age, had always been friends, and now, after their long separation, were full of pleasant communion. They were bachelors, and had in this an additional bond of union. Stanhope had a tall, martial figure, with much of his father's port and stature. He had the grave, commanding appearance which habits of military control impart, but was full of geniality and humor with his friends. He lacked his brother's brilliant wit and fervid feeling, but was so courtly and pleasant in society, that it was hard to realize that he had spent nearly half his life in frontier duty among the savages. He had graduated at West Point with distinction, and

had always borne the reputation of a brave and competent officer, being as much feared in his command by those who failed to perform their duty as he was beloved by the men entitled to his commendation.

Mrs. Courtenay and Rosamond were at Ellesmere when Col. Eustace arrived. Ida Somerville and Mae Glancy, two young ladies of the neighborhood, had preceded them; and, about sunset on Christmas eve, came also Col. Ridgely with his wife and daughter, Isabel; and, shortly afterwards, Frederick Compton, with his sister, Edith. Ellesmere, long celebrated for its graceful hospitality, was now a scene of unbounded enjoyment. Mr. Grey was in his glory. No one could be more delighted with the society of the young, and such was the ascendancy he speedily gained in their affections that mothers had simply to tell their children, when disposed to be ill-natured, that Mr. Grey should know of it to bring about at once a restoration of good behaviour. The earnest and abstracted man, who seemed to live in a continual atmosphere of devotion, was gifted with a rare insight into the joys and griefs of the young, and never appeared to grow weary of their company. This ascendancy, once obtained, was rarely lost with advancing years; and there was not a girl or boy of his acquaintance that did not make him their confidential adviser, wherever innocence and perplexity needed tender and considerate counsel. Col. Ridgely lived at the country seat formerly the residence of unhappy Ellice Newton. His large wealth gave him an opportunity of indulging his taste in the rearing of improved stock, and Knowlton was as celebrated, now, for its blood-horses and cattle, as it was once for the tragical marriage of Archibald Newton's daughter. Col.



Ridgely was delightful on all festive occasions, and had long been on intimate terms with the family at Ellesmere. His daughter, Isabel, was two years older than Mariana, and, though she was not pretty, was yet so full of gentleness and maidenly decorum, that she was a general favorite. Mae Glancy, whose father lived at the foot of Satan's Nose, was very lovely, with her flaxen ringlets and lustrous blue eyes. She was a fountain of perpetual joy, and seemed at no time to lose the native sunshine of her disposition, for care and serious thoughts were things she had seen in others, but had never experienced. Edith Compton was of the same age as Rosamond Courtenay, and her opposite in every respect. She was, in appearance, already a grown, young lady, with light eyes and hair, handsome, sprightly, and well acquainted with the accomplishments usually to be obtained at boarding schools. With all this, she was utterly unacquainted with books, except those she had used at school, and the few late novels she had read. She hated seclusion and thought, and was never better satisfied than when surrounded by a circle of beaux. On such occasions she was singularly gifted with conversational power. Ida Somerville has, already, been introduced, and needs no further commendation of her beauty or the admirable good sense she always exhibited. Reginald Vane was also a guest on the occasion.

A deep snow lay upon the ground, and the air was bitter cold; but the yule logs glowed in the great fire places, and threw their generous warmth over all, irradiating into new beauty the bright eyes of the young people, and adding to the quiet enjoyment of the more elderly of the party. Judge Eustace himself joined in the merry

confusion of *blind-man's-buff*, and was run down and captured by Mae Glancy, who cheated, in spite of all precautions to the contrary, by peeping with one eye. Huge bowls of egg-nogg and mulled wine lent fresh animation to the scene, and Mariana made music for the dancers, until late in the night on Christmas eve.

Early the next morning, some of the gentlemen sallied out in search of a stag which had been frequenting the slashes where Thompson was so badly frightened by the greyhound. The huge African, being indispensable on such occasions, was of course one of the party. They rode past the beautiful lake in the park, which was now a sheet of ice. Their intention was to drive the deer from his lurking place, and, by means of huntsmen taking posts and awaiting his approach, to shoot him in his flight; but in case of his escape in the direction of the mountains, to follow on horseback, for the open fields presented abundant opportunity of testing the speed of the high-mettled hunters against that of the animal they were seeking. All of the party, with the exception of St. George and Thompson, were posted on the probable line of his retreat, and they, having passed to the end of the long rushes and thickets with the eight dogs kept for deer hunting, commenced the drive. They soon discovered traces of their game, for he had been moving since the last fall of snow, and his tracks were plainly indented in the hardened surface. The dogs, too, gave unmistakable evidences of his speedy appearance; and in a few moments he was flying in the direction of those who, in silence, were awaiting his coming. The weight of the large buck, combined with the prodigious leaps he was taking, drove his sharp hoofs deep into the snow at every bound,

and this considerably retarded his flight ; but on he sped, like a rocket, until the report of Col. Eustace's rifle, followed by a cry of terror from the stag, told that the bullet had taken effect. The wound did not prove mortal, and, turning as sharply as the pursuing hounds would allow, the affrighted victim rushed across the slashes ; but here again he was headed off by Percival, who planted a second shot in his side, which soon perceptibly decreased the speed of his flight. The two stag hounds, Troubadour and Tweed, now caught sight of him, and were soon closing in upon the desperate fugitive, as he stretched away toward the river. They pulled him to the ground, a little more than a mile from the spot where he was last shot. The party soon gathered around St. George and Thompson, whose position had enabled them to reach the spot sooner than the others. The stag was a large animal, whose wide-spreading antlers evinced full maturity.

"It is too soon to break up a hunt so bravely begun," said Reginald Vane. "Suppose we cross the river at Morton's bridge. I can show you some glorious sport around the foot of Sorrell's Peak. It is but five miles away, and it is yet so early, the sun has scarcely risen."

"What say you, Stanhope?" said St. George.

"Of course let us go. I suppose it will be all right if we get home by dinner."

The whole party having given their consent, they at once rode to Morton's bridge, and were soon on the hunting ground. This was a valley between Harcourt Hill and Sorrell's Peak, and in some parts was densely covered with brush. From its sides the mountain walls arose in almost perpendicular cliffs. This gorge ran back for several miles, narrow in some places, and in others

widening into broad, well-timbered vales. To hunt the place properly, required more men than were present on this occasion ; for the breadth of the valley was such at its mouth, that it required at least twenty men abreast to drive all the game toward the narrowest point, where Col. Eustace, Frederick Compton and Arthur Kean concealed themselves, and were lying in wait for the expected animals. They soon heard the commencement of the drive, for the huntsmen and hounds seemed vieing, in their noisy demonstrations, as they came up the glade. Percival, Philip, Vane and Thompson were doing all they could to frighten the unsuspecting denizens of the forest into a fatal effort to pass those who, with loaded guns, were waiting for their approach in the narrow defile. They had not gone far before Vane had killed a wild turkey. About the same time the dogs gave furious chase to an animal which took refuge in a tree. Philip approaching, discovered a wild cat, and brought it to the ground. St. George, in the meanwhile, had bagged three hares ; and Thompson soon after broke out into a tremendous yell, proclaiming that he had seen a wolf. The hounds were soon in hot pursuit, when two rifle shots from the other party announced that the game had reached that point. These discharges drove back a doe, which was killed by St. George. After bagging one more hare, the drivers ceased firing, for fear of injuring their friends. When they reached them, they found that Col. Eustace had slain a stag, Arthur Kean a wolf, and Frederick Compton had wounded another. Col. Eustace, Philip and Thompson, with the dogs, now left the remainder of the party in search of the disabled disturber of the sheep folds, whose blood on the snow plainly be-

trayed the direction of his retreat. They soon traced him to his den under some immense rocks. The dogs were urged to go in, but speedily retreated in dismay at the terrible growls that arose upon their darkening the entrance of his cave. Col. Eustace fired into its mouth, but failed to produce any effect, more than a repetition of the angry notes of displeasure. Thompson now offered to go down and shoot the wolf, but he was overruled in this on account of its danger, and the impossibility of using a rifle, with much promise of success, in the darkness of the cavern. While his uncle was loading his rifle, Philip with his revolver crept as near as he could, and peeping around the rock, plainly discovered the glaring eyes of the wolf. Leaning over, to get a better view, he fired just below the light of the sullen eyes. He immediately sprang back followed by the enraged wolf, which, though mortally wounded, had still enough strength to have mangled him terribly, but for the timely interposition of the now dauntless Thompson. He had, suspecting Philip's intention, followed him, and was close enough to strike the wolf across the loins a blow with his gun, such as the Titans may have dealt in ancient days, for it broke the heavy piece into fragments, and instantly dispatched the furious monster. Col. Eustace had not observed Philip's movements, until his attention was called by the report of the pistol. He sprang to the rescue of his nephew, but was forestalled by the faithful negro.

"Bravely done, Thompson," said he. "This is the quickest and prettiest work I have seen done since you slew, with an axe, the bull which was about to gore my father to death."

"Mass Phil, didn't I tell you, las week, when you

wanted me to go wid you to Gower Hall, I would suffer death afore you should come to harm?"

"You did, uncle Thompson, and I believe you. I never intend to laugh at your fears of ghosts again. Your blow saved me from a worse biting than I care to endure."

"Philip, it was very reckless in you to trust to a pistol shot, in such close quarters," said Col. Eustace. "Your aim was remarkably correct under the circumstances, and the wolf would have died in a few minutes. I should judge, from its point of entry, the ball must have reached and passed through the heart; yet but for Thompson's interference you would have nevertheless been badly injured."

The sable hero having shouldered the wolf, they rejoined the party awaiting them, and at once returned toward Ellesmere. Every horse was well loaded with the captured game, and each huntsman was busily engaged in recounting his own adventures. Philip's encounter with the wolf astonished no one, as his courage and daring were well known; but Thompson's prompt and intrepid conduct filled Arthur Kean with amazement; for he had looked upon him hitherto as a mountain of flesh afraid of its own shadow. He thought nature had made him an entire coward; but when Stanhope Eustace told how a furious bull had once overtaken, and was about to gore his father to death, and he had seen the same Thompson fly as on the wings of the wind, and at a blow crush the massive scull of the enraged animal, the tutor's respect increased to admiration.

"This is the best day's hunting I have seen since we were boys, Stanhope," said Percival. "You recollect



when we came to this same spot with Ashton, Mr. Somerville, Col. Ridgely, and others?"

"Considering our relative force, this is a much better day's work. I have never seen it surpassed, in the number and variety of game captured in so short a time by a small party, even on the Plains."

It was just twelve by the clock when they reached the house, and every one therein came out to behold the trophies of the morning's chase. The ladies were full of womanly tremors at the dead wolves. Thompson's prompt heroism inspired Rosamond and Mariana with such gratitude that he was summoned to the house, and thanked until big tears of joy and satisfaction stood in his eyes. He was fairly loaded down with the many presents with which they and Mrs. Eustace testified their appreciation of the value of his service. His wife, Nancy, was standing by, and her round, honest face was wreathed in smiles of pleasure at her husband's increased favor.

"Mistiss," said Thompson, "I've got another Christmas gif' to ax you, dis morning."

"What is it, Thompson?"

"I want you to tell Nancy how unproper it looks for her to be wantin' in respect for her husband. Now, she's a good enough wife, but she don't confidence me in de matter of ghosts."

"Nancy," said Mrs. Eustace, "your husband has this day shown himself a brave and true man. I think it wrong for you to laugh at him about anything he honestly believes."

"Mistiss, nobody in de world couldn't help laughin' at Thompson t'other night, when Sweetlip's runned him into

de bed ; but I aint a gwine to do so no more, now he's whipped a wolf."

Judge Eustace and Stanhope were conversing together in the library, when Percival St. George came in and took his seat in the cheerful glow of the Christmas fire. The greater portion of the young people were in the drawing-rooms.

"Father," said Stanhope, "I think that you and Ashton should make a soldier of Philip. I have never seen greater coolness in confronting danger than he has exhibited to-day in his affair with the wolf. I was loading my gun at the time, and the first intimation I had of his intention was the firing of the pistol, swiftly followed by the rush of the animal upon him. He forbore to fire a second time, as soon as Thompson's blow was stricken, and returned his revolver to its belt, with as much coolness as if his dangerous enemy had been dead a month. Such self-possession in the presence of danger should be used in directing military movements, and I hope you will get him an appointment to the next class, at West Point."

"My son, I shall never consent to Philip's going into the army. The sacrifice I have made in consenting to your remaining so long absent from us, is enough, without calling upon me for further self-denial in this matter. There are many exigencies in civil life demanding all the courage the boldest soldier possesses, to sustain the man, who, at all hazards, resolves to sustain the right and resist the wrong. 'Peace hath her victories as well as war,' and I am rejoiced to hear of any instance of determination in my grandson, as I take therefrom fresh assurance that he can never be driven from the high prin-

ciples by which, I am persuaded, he is now actuated. I hope to live long enough to see in him a man alike insensible to the seduction of persuasion or the promptings of terror. The greatest men are sometimes not superior to the fear of bodily harm and the overawing influence of more imperious natures. Then, as all-important as I know individual bravery is to the soldier, it is equally valuable to the quiet citizen."

"I regard valor," said Percival, "as more the result of education than any natural effect of mere temperament. Stanhope, in your experience have you observed much difference in soldiers, in this respect, after long drill and discipline?"

"There is much truth in your suggestion, Percy, as to the efficacy of drill and obedience to command," said the soldier. "I have no doubt that men, who, on entering military service, are often full of fear and timidity, become in course of time well behaved in the presence of the enemy. A new principle is added to the motives which usually control individual actions. The soldier's reliance is not upon single effort alone, but he recognizes the necessity of concerted action. The fear of death at the enemy's hands is equipoised by the prospect of court-martial and execution, if he behave badly in the face of a hostile force; then the habit of implicit obedience, without question or appeal from the orders he receives, effects whatever is wanting; and in this way many a coward becomes trustworthy, even in the trying emergency of the charge. But it has often occurred to me that if this great improvement can be wrought in him, who is weak and fearful by nature, what limit is there to the capacity of those iron nerves that always seem insensible to danger?

Under the influence of habit and exposure, they rise into an atmosphere of indifference, so superior to any fear of death that they become positively sublime in the hour of battle. I think Philip possesses in a more eminent degree this superiority of spirit than any boy I have ever seen, and for this reason I think he ought to be made a soldier."

The young people, with Col. Ridgely at their head, now came in from the drawing-rooms, in search of Mr. Grey. They wanted his services in some scheme of amusement which had been inaugurated on the spur of the moment, and now brooked no delay. The good man was soon found and led back in triumph to take control of what was to follow. Rosamond, who was the author of the new suggestion, proceeded to exclude all other males from the room; and with the air of an ancient priestess commencing some hidden and awful mystery in honor of Eleusinian Ceres, forbade the approach of any one until the preparatory rites were completed. After some delay, Philip was also summoned to aid the deliberations, and, at the close of a half hour, a scene of unexpected beauty was witnessed in one of the drawing-rooms. All these had been darkened, and the spectators, looking through the doors, beheld the floor of the apartment, used as a stage in the representation, so covered with gorgeous plants, borrowed from the conservatory, that it appeared as a blooming garden in which several fairies lay fast asleep. Rosamond, as their queen, with a magic wand, walked into their midst, exclaiming:—

"What! sleeping yet, my rosy posies?  
Open your eyes and blow your noses."

At these words the beautiful sleepers arose, and the play commenced. Mae Glancy was Beauty; and Philip, habited in an old wolf-skin, played the part of the Beast. Rosamond, and Mr. Grey, hidden by the projecting walls, did all the talking from a book; the actors in sight only going through the pantomime. In this way, although the idea had not occurred to them an hour before, they managed to give a pretty representation, and were rapturously applauded.

The lawn at the rear of the house had been thronged all day with negroes from Grafton and Blenheim, who rarely failed to visit the family head-quarters on Christmas and other holidays. Added to these were many from Vacluse, and Mrs. Courtenay's farms; for, by long intermarriage between the different estates, a large and intimate relationship existed among the servants, many of whom preferred wives not living on the same plantation with themselves. The vast majority of these were the descendants of those brought over by Sir George Eustace, and they valued the social position and large wealth of his posterity as something reflecting honor on themselves. They scorned the idea of marrying into the families of those they considered people of less consideration. The heavy thump of the dancers had been keeping time to the inspiriting sounds of the violin and banjo since early in the morning. This revel was going on in a house between the lawn and the negro quarters; and from its recesses were heard jigs and reels, which, to less enthusiastic dancers, would have appeared unconscionably long. Some were engaged in uproarious snow-balling, but such amusements were mostly confined to the younger of the throng. Old men and women valued

more highly the pleasure to be obtained in warm drams, and, in little knots around their fires they entertained their visitors with voluble discussions of almost every imaginable subject. Thompson's exploit in the morning had made him the hero of the day, and he was now the admiration of all his sable beholders, in the new apparel which had just been given him. He moved about through the crowd the picture of one whose fortune has been secured, and who was conscious of his superiority over all those around him.

At length the great event of the day, the Christmas dinner, was announced. The dining room, like other portions of the house, was decorated with evergreens for the occasion, and the bounty of the table gave proof of the excellency of Mrs. Eustace's management.

"How could you have the heart to ask so long a blessing, Mr. Grey," said Mae Glancy, as soon as the good man had finished, "when these redoubtable huntsmen are all so nearly famished?"

"We cannot learn too many lessons of patience, my dear."

"But we are commanded in the Bible to feed the hungry; and I know from Philip's appearance he was wishing all the while for you to stop. Rosamond, we must not interrupt these Nimrods, by conversation, in their first attack on Mrs. Eustace's viands."

"Miss Glancy, I want to make a truce with you for the next half hour," said Philip, "and I will agree not to tell how you were frightened by the calf."

"I don't care for that story. I confess I thought that the black calf, which had accidentally gotten into the lawn, was a bear, and left you to cover my retreat."



"Oh! Mae Glancy," said Rosamond, "why, just to think of you—the bravest of all girls, running from a little calf!"

"Well," said Mae, "I am at least not afraid of a grasshopper, and there is one young lady of my acquaintance can't say as much."

"Now she is referring to me," said Belle Ridgely. "I was really much frightened, one night last summer, when she was with me at Knowlton. We had retired, but I could not sleep, and I distinctly heard, as I thought, footsteps in our room. I awoke Mae, and on making a light found that it was a large grasshopper, which was jumping about on the floor, and making a noise very similar to footsteps. She has teased me unmercifully about my cowardice ever since."

"She need say nothing to you, Miss Belle," said Philip, "for she not only ran, but shouted most lustily for help against the terrible black calf she had conjured into a beast of prey. I am not astonished, however, at her terror of bears, for we are told that, on more than one occasion, they have been instruments of punishment to wicked children."

"Excellent! Philip," said Edith Compton. Mae, I think you had better make a truce."

"Col. Eustace," said Mr. Gray, "can you tell us how and where you ate your last Christmas dinner?"

"I was in the neighborhood of Fort Pierre, with two squadrons of my regiment. We made our dinner on buffalo hump and tongues. We were in the midst of the Sioux country, and had to keep a sharp lookout, for fear of treachery and surprise."

"How do you like bear steaks, Stanhope?" said Perci-

val. "I am at a loss to say which is the better, the steak or this delicious venison."

"To my taste," said Col. Ridgely, "these blue teals, which Philip shot in the lake, are superior to any game I have seen for a long time."

"Col. Ridgely," said Mrs. Eustace. "what do you think of the comparative merits of wild and tame turkeys? Percival and Philip prefer the former, but Judge Eustace and myself agree in ascribing superior delicacy of flavor to the domesticated fowl."

"I am of the same opinion, madam. I have noticed a dryness in the flesh of the wild fowl, which makes it inferior to those reared about our barn yards."

"You will find some canvas-backs and mallards in your front, Reginald," said Mrs. Eustace. "They ought to maintain their ascendancy, for they are dressed with Lynn-Haven oysters."

"I can assure you, cousin, Miss Helen and myself duly appreciate them."

"I do not believe the Roman dish of peacock's tongues was half equal to this chicken salad," said Arthur Kean.

"What epicures and spendthrifts the Romans must have been!" said Mr. Grey. "Plutarch says, that on one occasion Pompey and Cicero casually met Lucullus in the Forum, and promised to dine with him, in case he would make no further preparation for the banquet; for they well knew his expenditures on such occasions were enormous. He simply remarked to one of his servants that the meal should be spread in his Apollo-room. That evening, when the three men lay down to the feast, the viands before them had cost no less than nine thousand dollars."

"What a good, lazy time those old people had, lying down to eat and drink," said Mae Glancy.

"Philip," said Rosamond, "I am delighted with your arrangement of the red fox in his cage; it is really very pretty. Hubert, as I supposed, was very indignant; and I was fearful he would, in his anger, break the glass case: but he now lies for hours gazing at what he deems his enemy."

"I am glad its pleases you; but Mr. Kean is entitled to the honor of the arrangements. The glass eyes, and attitude of attention, with the uplifted brush, is a life-like representation of Reynard's habits before we captured him."

"Col. Eustace, did you engage in buffalo hunting while on the western plains?" said Mrs. Ridgely.

"As much, madam, as my duties would allow. It is a wild and exciting amusement, and indispensable when we once get beyond the pale of civilization, and are continually moving, as was the case with myself. Our supply wagons go so slowly that it is impossible to keep them up with rapid cavalry movements, and we rely, mainly, for subsistence on the vast herds of buffalo. In this way, we are compelled, sometimes, to hunt a great deal."

"Stanhope," said Mrs. Eustace, "what society do you find away out there?"

"We see nobody but Indians and trappers, except when about the principal forts we sometimes meet with the families of the married officers."

"It seems to me," said Mariana, "that such a life is throwing away the best opportunities of existence. I well know 'There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,' but I

should always seek it in the neighborhood of civilized people."

"Your impression is a very common one," said Stanhope, "with persons unacquainted with the wild independence and freedom from restraint on the plains, which is so fascinating to those accustomed to it. In addition to this, there is a necessity that military protection should be granted to the new settlements which are constantly advancing westward. We are forced to keep a portion of the army there to overawe the roving bands of Indians, who would otherwise massacre the unprotected whites. We soon learn to relish the untrammelled freedom of the prairies; and there are many solitary trappers in that region who feel crowded by the approach of a white man within fifty miles of their lonely lodges."

"Duty hallows everything," said the beautiful blind girl, "and in that aspect of the case, I should submit quietly to my fate, were I a man who should live there; but what a privation it must be to those who can appreciate the delights of the home circle!"

When the party left the table, the sun had disappeared behind the mountains, and as the sky had been overcast with leaden-hued clouds, usually seen about Christmas times, his jocund visage, until a few minutes before his departure for the day, was unseen; but as night came on, the heavens became for a time clear, and the cold, white moon looked down from her starry pathway, and, with the help of the snow, brought into broad illumination everything in reach of her silvery rays. Sounds of enjoyment still came in undiminished volume from the scene of the negro revel. Fresh fires had been built; and Mrs. Eustace had sent them a supply of candles.

They were evidently making a night of it; and the fun was becoming fast and furious, when Thompson announced that the feast, which had been so long in preparation for them, was now ready. This greatly thinned the ranks of the dancers; but the few who persevered in their worship of the graces were gradually recruited, until the large room became as crowded as ever. The gentlemen in the library were enjoying their smoke, and their faces were lit up with that delightful glow which is only seen after the enjoyment of a good dinner.

"Philip, Tempest is looking as well now as he did at the races," said Col. Ridgely. "Thompson certainly does not let him suffer for want of attention."

"Yes, sir," said Philip. "I am trying to get him in such a condition that he will go still lower in the '*forties*' next year."

"His time in the race with Pepin," said Percival, "was a little behind the reported performances of Flying Childers and Eclipse, but as good as that of any other horse on record. I think you unreasonable in expecting much more than he has already done."

"How has Hildebrand recovered, Mr. St. George?" said Col. Ridgely. "I hear you have hopes of his complete restoration."

"No," answered Percival, "not such a cure as will ever return him to the turf; but I was mistaken as to the nature of his injury. Instead of his letting down by stretching the main leader, the trouble was in the coffin joint. He moves, at moderate gaits, with comparative ease; but I shall never let him run the risk of a similar disaster by racing again."

"I think you are right in that, Percival," said Col.

Eustace. "Hildebrand has made reputation enough, and, being nine years of age, was an old horse for the turf at the time of his mishap. I think the continuation of the blood of such a horse a superior consideration to the mere satisfaction of additional triumphs."

"It is a great pity," said Mr. Grey, "that such accidents should befall the noble creatures in their races. I cannot see any material objection to these contests, as conducted at St. Kilda, beyond the great exactions which sometimes, though rarely, I admit, disable them."

"There is scarcely a position in life that is free from accident," said Col. Ridgely. "Horses become injured on the highway, in the pasture, in the plow, and in the stable. I cannot see, then, how this—the noblest of human amusements—can be amenable to the imputation of cruelty, simply because a rider is occasionally thrown, or a horse disabled on the course."

"I agree with you, Col. Ridgely," said Arthur Kean, "that there is no immorality in the testing of the speed of trained animals; and I think there is, in the properly conducted theatre, another instance of unthinking condemnation in which many people are honestly mistaken. I consider well-sustained, dramatic representations the largest and most reasonable of human pleasures, which can, with any propriety, come under the general designation of amusement; but I am unwilling to lower the dignity of these stately reproductions of what genius has created to the idea of mere pastime. Conducted as it should be, the stage would become one of the most potent engines in the reach of christian philanthropy for elevating the hearts and minds of the people."

"Yes," said Mr. Grey, "but your limitations are so



important, Mr. Kean, that I fear the theatre, as you would have it, is impossible, simply because it is well nigh hopeless to expect moral actors or the presentation of unexceptionable plays. If you have ever known such an institution which could be considered well conducted you have seen what we, at least, do not possess in this country."

"That is very true," said Kean. "There are many actors who disregard their moral duties, and plays are often presented that should never, for a moment, have been tolerated on the stage: but what, may I ask, has produced this state of affairs? I believe it is the consequence of the fact that most decent people refuse all countenance to an institution which they are unable to suppress, and which they denounce as an enemy to the best interest of man. They leave the patronage and management of the whole thing in the hands of those who are either grossly immoral or entirely indifferent on the subject; and in this way managers are induced to select plays that would never be introduced under happier auspices. The mutual hatred that grew up between the old Puritans of England and the lovers of the stage, after the Restoration, was, to my mind, one of the most deplorable and unnecessary feuds that have injured the cause of religion and popular education."

"Acting," said Judge Eustace, "is after all nothing more than declamation in costume by one or more persons. It is clearly not wrong to listen, when the piece recited is neither immoral nor libellous. If the subject matter is unobjectionable, the question further arises, how can the character of the declaimer enter into the merits of the case? Clearly, as Mr. Grey has already intimated, in the fact that you sustain an institution which pro-

duces bad effects on the men who constitute its *corps dramatique*. I think, with Mr. Kean, that if society is going to sustain the theatre, it is the duty of its good members to do all in their power to expunge or banish entirely objectionable plays, and reform, as much as possible, the character of the artists who, in spite of us, will continue to amuse our people. I can say truly I have enjoyed myself as much in the frequent representations of Hamlet which I have seen, as in other merely intellectual amusements. Where persons of proper character play such a drama, I see no reasonable objection to witnessing it."

"The war waged by the Puritans and their posterity against the stage," said Percival St. George, "seems to me as senseless as their condemnation of the most harmless of other pleasures. The parliament of 1652, by regular enactment, denounced the observation of Christmas as heathenish, and declared the festival thereafter abolished."

"Cromwell and his followers made many mistakes," said Judge Eustace, "but they were pious, God-fearing men, and as thoroughly in earnest in what they professed as any who have lived in the last ten centuries. We must honor their zeal, however much we dissent from their conclusions."

The ladies now came in, and soon the organ was swelling with the burden of music which seemed ever majestic, when the blind maiden made it the exponent of her emotions. At Rosamond's request, Mariana improvised, and all, whose musical cultivation enabled them to appreciate her combinations and transitions, sighed as she left the empyrean heights of her own fancy to give, with the full strength of the instrument, the march in *William*

*Tell.* This was succeeded by passages from the sacred operas. "*I know that my Redeemer liveth*" followed, and in the grand symphony she became as one inspired, and a glow of angelic joy was on her beautiful face as she left the instrument.

"Philip," said Rosamond, "do look at Mariana! She is so unearthly in her beauty, I should scarcely be surprised to see her translated before our eyes. As much as I love her, I am always awed when she is at the organ."

"Mariana is a great mystery to me," said Philip. "She is the most saintly spirit I have ever known, and has always been so from infancy; yet, this angel of light is blind. She is so gentle, and loving, that never in my life do I remember to have experienced any but the tenderest affection for her. Still, there are times when I feel the same awe that you describe. Rosamond, she is so unlike any one else I have ever known, I sometimes fear God will take her from us."

"Do not be so gloomy, dear Philip," said the warm hearted girl. "I believe the angels watch over Mariana, and I shall always love you better for your affection to her."

"Will you, sweetheart?" said he, and putting back the lustrous tresses that fell black as midnight over the broad, white brow, he touched it with his lips.

Though Rosamond had been taught all her life that her relatives expected her some day to be Philip's wife, she now felt, for the first time, the great passion of love dawn on her heart. She had been a careless, affectionate girl, an hour before, but now, as if by magic, she had become transformed into a new being. She loved and recognized the great alteration that had been wrought in

her heart. Henceforth every thought blended with the sense of duty that she should be constantly doing something to add to her fitness for being the helpmeet of her ideal of a brave, true man. To her Philip's youth seemed to have passed by with the birth of her new-found passion, and her imagination carried him forward into manhood as speedily as the old Greek myth had created Pallas from the brain of Jove. She stood by her cousin, mantled with new beauty, which was remarked by all the joyous groups as they revelled in the warm glow of the lamps and the great Christmas fires.

## CHAPTER IX.

## ROSAMOND'S STORY.

"NOT to be with you, not to see your face,  
Alas for me then, my good days are done."

—*Idyls of the King.*

As THE mystic hours of nature drew near, the scene from the library at Ellesmere was a picture of human felicity. The different drawing-rooms could be seen like some lovely vista from that apartment and were occupied by the scattered groups. Through the folding doors each beaming face and graceful form was visible to Judge Eustace and his martial son as they stood conversing beneath the chandelier. Mr. Grey and Col. Ridgely had resumed their discussion as to the ethics of racing. Mr. Kean and the married ladies formed another party. Frederick Compton and Mae Glancy were deep in a flirtation. Vane and Miss Temple seemed oblivious of human ills. St. George, Belle Ridgely and Mariana had joined Philip, who was talking to Rosamond, Edith Compton and Ida Somerville.

"Rosamond," said St. George, "I will go and get your harp—you promised to get ready the airs for this occasion."

"Ah, cousin Percy, I fear you will all get weary of my story."

"No, Rosamond," said Mariana, "do sing it for us."

"Pray do," said Ida, "you will recall Corinne in the Capitol."

"Rosamond never fails in her promises," said Philip.

"My poor little Ethel is a sad story for so joyous an audience," said the queenly maiden as the occupants of the other rooms drew near. Her eyes grew glorious with inspiration and her lithe form assumed a wondrous grace, as with rich, passionate voice she began the sad, dreamy measure with which the poem opened. It was as follows:—

You little dream, whose kindly eyes,  
Have marked St. Kilda's wild confines,  
What tender light is in the skies,  
And o'er the misty landscape shines;  
Where waters fair, like silver spread,  
Lie land-locked in a nestling bay;  
While low, soft hills and belting mead,  
Surround the village of St. Braix.

A distant headland miles away,  
Across the tranquil water frowns,  
Just where the ocean's mighty sway,  
At last has met with metes and bounds;  
For through that narrow strait the wind,  
No more endangers ship or life;  
The stormy waves with fury blind,  
There find a limit to their strife.

There high in air with red and gold,  
Flung wide o'er wastes of water 'round,  
The light-house stands a beacon bold.  
And is each night with glory crowned;  
For when on fast despairing eyes,  
The splendor of those lamps is shed,  
They know that safety near them lies,  
And danger has already fled.

Here, purpling in the distant West,  
A range of mountains rising high,  
Are haunted by broad belts of mist.  
And blush with hues of softest dye;  
And nearer hills with crest and side.  
In blue, and brown and burnished gold,  
Grow fairer and are glorified  
With sunset's beauty o'er them rolled.

The village with its leafy bowers,  
O'erlooks green, meadow vistas far,  
From which is borne the breath of flowers,  
Upon the gladsome morning air.



They lie along the dreamy bay,  
Which reaches near the mountain side,  
With scattered islands on the way,  
Like jewels on the listless tide.

The dark old church with ivied tower,  
Stands highest in the tranquil scene,  
Its ancient clock each passing hour,  
Still surely gives with pealing din ;  
The grassy streets, the silence deep,  
Are emblems of good souls at ease,  
As peacefully the shadows creep,  
And lightly goes and comes the breeze.

No busy mart of trade is here,  
A sea-side village, sweet St. Braix,  
Goes softly on from year to year,  
Where loit'ring tourists love to stray ;  
But her bold seamen oft are seen,  
Far as the ocean spreads her wave,  
And in renown they long have been,  
For goodly ship and voyage brave.

The moon is up : across the sea,  
A belt of silver, splendidly,  
Encircles ocean's weary breast,  
With winds asleep and waves at rest ;  
As if 'twere pathway fairy-wrought,  
Or that which came in blessed thought,  
To that lone man serene and mild,  
Who visions saw on Patmos isle.  
There from the light-house gleaming far,  
The glory of some mighty star,  
'Twould seem was burning high in air,  
Like that upon the world's despair,  
When on that eastern plain of old,  
Such splendor on the shepherds rolled.

'Twas deep midsummer, and the night  
So passing fair to mortal sight,  
Had just enough of gentle breath  
To stir the aspen's restless leaf,  
And waft perfume from folded flowers,  
As gaily sped those starry hours.  
And there were two who sat enthralled,  
That gracious eve, for duty called,  
And with the morrow's rising sun  
The lover must with ship be gone.

The tower's great shadow at their feet,  
Fell where immortelles blooming sweet,  
By loving hands were planted there,  
Upon the grave of infant fair.

They both were young, and life's rich bloom  
 'Twould seem found little cause for gloom;  
 But on the black-eyed sailor's brow,  
 A tinge of sorrow rested low.

His gaze had left fair Ethel's face,  
 The shadow's course he then did trace.  
 "I see, dear one," he softly said,  
 As they sat there where rest the dead;  
 "An omen in this shadow thrown,  
 Upon us from yon lifeless stone;  
 This voyage long on which I go,  
 I fear may bring us some deep woe.  
 Dark dreams have haunted me in sleep,  
 I hoped this shade would by us creep;  
 But lo! it falls upon us both,  
 Some grief awaits our plighted troth.  
 Perhaps 'tis weakness after all,  
 And meaningless they yet may fall;  
 These phantoms of mysterious night,  
 That vanish with the morning's light.  
 But Ethel you are grown so dear,  
 My own fond heart suggests its fear;  
 You are so rich in beauty's dower,  
 So like some tall, surpassing flower,  
 That overflows all hearts and eyes,  
 And yet so quickly from us flies,  
 Oh God! why not in wisdom vast;  
 When much was made always to last;  
 Was this the crowning glory given,  
 Not made to last as yonder heaven?"  
 The deep, impassioned voice was still,  
 And sent to Ethel's heart a thrill.  
 Of fear that long had been her own,  
 And which she could not then disown.  
 The moon-light streamed on her drooped head,  
 It seemed that voice from her had fled,  
 And in her eyes the tear-drops shone,  
 Like jewels 'neath that radiant moon.  
 "Oh stay with me and leave this life,  
 Where Death and Danger are so rife,"  
 She said, and kneeling at his feet,  
 Uplifted eyes so sadly sweet,  
 That heart not made in such a mold,  
 Had done whatever they might have told.  
 "Nay, darling; duty calls me there,  
 And be my voyage foul or fair,  
 I shrink not from the life I've known,  
 But when upon the ocean gone,  
 By all the love that swells my heart,  
 Be still mine own though now we part,

I swear by all my hopes of heaven,  
The pledge of love to you I've given,  
Shall sacred be—come weal, come woe,  
Oh Ethel can you tell me so?"  
And she still kneeling, quick replied,  
"As I do hope but as your bride,  
I'll ever live while life remains,  
And even on celestial plains—  
I know that God will not unbind,  
The ties that make me wholly thine."

'Twas morn, and from out of the golden East,  
The first bright glance of the sun was east;  
And then in an hour from the goodly bay,  
The stout Victorine must be on her way.  
She lay at the pier, with her prow to the sea,  
The floodtide was making so full and so free,  
That she had to sail for those far distant lands.  
Where broad rivers flow over gold-bearing sands.  
The captain had parted with sweetest farewell,  
From Ethel who loved him surpassingly well;  
And then while the sobs of wives on the pier,  
Each moment grew faint on the sad seaman's ear.  
Quick hands from on high shook the wide spreading sail.  
Each rounded to fullness in the soft blowing gale;  
Like a white-winged thing, with life ever gay.  
The proud ship sped onward past the light-house away.  
Sail on mighty one to the uttermost Ind;  
To the voyage before us in mercy we're blind!

A year had passed, no tidings came,  
And anxious grew each weary breath—  
Almost another, still the same  
Dead silence to those hearts oppressed:  
At last 'twas known, the Victorine  
Had never reached her de-tined port,  
Although she seemed an ocean queen,  
The waves had crushed her in their sport.

'Twas so surmised, though nothing sure  
Was known of what her fate might be,  
For weary months they did endure,  
The pangs of dark uncertainty.  
At last, all trust was wholly gone,  
Each anguished heart gave up its hope,  
And then in silence made its moan.  
Faith's anchor parting its last rope.

St. Braix went mourning for her dead;  
The ancient town had ne'er before,  
Lost such a crew as this they said.  
And all bewailed them long and sore.

Young Harry was the pride of all,  
A captain ever brave and true,  
So handsome in his stature tall,  
No wonder Ethel pallid grew.

It was in truth a dismal day,  
When news came in the ship was lost,  
For many hearts in anguish lay,  
But she the one that sorrowed most ;  
A fair, young girl with waving hair,  
O'er hazel eyes and blooming cheek ;  
The tidings filled her with despair,  
And she grew faint and very weak.

Her father was an artist old,  
Who rarely now his pencil used ;  
On quiet evenings would he stroll,  
Along the beach and silent mused.  
He had been famous years ago,  
And then amassed his present store ;  
He still was rich in fancy's flow,  
And deeply skilled in nature's lore,

And he was then all tenderness,  
To her who meekly went her ways ;  
He thought that time would heal distress,  
And Ethel still know happy days :  
Young Harry Croome had loved her long,  
And with the father's full consent ;  
Full oft had he with jest and song,  
Fresh joy unto the old man sent.

But Captain Croome and all his crew,  
With foundered ship were buried deep ;  
Why should her tears oft start anew,  
Why should she breathe his name in sleep ?  
The light was low in her brown eyes,  
The golden gleam faint on her hair ;  
Unless some joy should banish sighs,  
His child might die in her despair.

She had been e'er a thing of joy,  
Unto his widowed heart till now—  
So calm, so free, and yet so coy,  
With ne'er a care upon her brow :  
He wept himself to see her gloom,  
O'ercome her feeble show of life ;  
And hours of weeping in her room,  
Smote on his heart like cruel knife.

There was a time when Ethel Howe,  
With her young lover oft would stroll,  
Along the beach in twilight's glow,  
To watch the silver wavelets roll :

She shuddered now at bay or sea,  
She would not walk the shining strand;  
The church-yard with its willow tree,  
Spoke to her of another land.

And often there, when all alone,  
Clothed o'er with her own simple grace,  
She silent sat, nor tear nor moan  
Revealed how her young life ran waste:  
With weary months her sadness grew,  
A thing that no more sought its tears;  
At times a faint smile came to view,  
And lulled the anxious father's fears.

But she grew feebler day by day,  
She could not reach the church-yard wall;  
The doctors sent her far away,  
Perhaps another scene might call,  
Her heart away from its long grief;  
So with her father she was gone  
Two years or more, and slow relief  
At last upon her faintly shone.

The bloom that mantled on her cheek,  
In former days had not returned;  
But in her eyes so dark and meek,  
A gentle lustre ever burned:  
Her graceful stature drooped no more,  
A chastened beauty was her own;  
She was in truth as some rare flower,  
Which trodden down has sweeter grown.

Her face no more revealed her pain,  
Her look was peaceful in her sleep;  
The father's heart grew glad again,  
He thought the past was buried deep:  
And then by slow degrees he sought,  
To bring her 'mid the young and gay,  
And she to please him in his thought,  
Without remonstrance went his way.

In Beauty's circle she was crowned,  
Of all the city fairest, best;  
No rival queens upon her frowned,  
They saw her heart was still unblest,  
For woman's eyes are swift to learn,  
Where sorrow's feet have left their mark;  
They know that though the cheek may burn,  
The soul within may still be dark.

And so in May Fair's giddy haunts,  
She sweetly bore her part in all,  
In play, and song, and joyous dance,  
The white-robed figure, lithe and tall

Went sotti on upon the round  
Which Wealth and Fashion gaily tread;  
Until at last the father found  
One that he wished that she should wed.

For he was all that heart could paint,  
As partner of a daughter's life;  
Who though he might not be a saint,  
Yet bore such gifts for future wife,  
The old man in his heart and head,  
Could not a single moment dream,  
That long devotion to the dead,  
Could thwart him in his darling scheme.

Her sire was wary, and he told  
The lover all her tale of woe;  
And then he knew to win the goal,  
He must be circumspect and slow:  
So Robert Grange with patience true,  
Was ever at her side, when she  
Might tender show of service view,  
In light that should most pleasant be.

He was in truth a man of mark,  
Young, proud, and stately in his air,  
With name esteemed since ages dark  
Had known its earliest scion fair:  
And he had riches;—lordly ease  
Was his through all the listless year;  
Such men but rarely fail to please,  
Or rob Bereavement of its tear.

A vein of wildest romance slept,  
Beneath his high-bred courtesy;  
Because fair Ethel long had wept,  
And that she still was far from free  
From her great sorrow, all the more  
This Sybarite to her was drawn:  
He cloy'd of happy beauty's power,  
And turned to one that was forlorn.

He recognized the mighty scope  
Of love that lay in Ethel's heart;  
Half vain—half noble in the hope,  
He minded to withdraw the dart,  
That Faith and Death had planted there,  
While yet her youth was in its glow;  
And she to him was then more dear,  
Than even he himself could know.

And in this way, that which had been  
But loe half awakened in his breast,  
Grew mighty passion: all within  
Her image took, and wild unrest

Was on him when away from her :  
But when she came, then murmur'd praise  
By others made his pulses stir—  
Sweet dreams of her filled all his days.

Such homage could not fail to touch,  
A heart not made of very stone ;  
And Ethel pondered deep and much,  
How her own thanks could best be shown,  
Without awakening in the end,  
A thought of any closer tie,  
Than that of dearly-cherished friend,  
Whose worth she valued very high.

And so communion 'twixt the two,  
Waxed close as time rolled onward still ;  
And greater longings daily grew,  
In Grange's heart and warped his will ;  
For he no longer could forbear ;  
His secret was at last her own ;  
And as she hid the rising tear,  
Yet never change in her had grown.

With winning grace, the simple tale,  
Of all her fealty to the dead  
She told, and Robert very pale  
Seemed one from whom bright hopes had fled :  
He merely bowed his head, and long  
Was lost in broken-hearted thought ;  
It seemed his nature brave and strong,  
Had yielded up the prize it sought.

“Then let me but be still your friend,”  
He said with sad and pleading eyes ;  
And she with tears thus brought to end  
A scene that gave her no surprise.  
The father's heart was sorely wrung ;  
Yet no complaint in word or air,  
Reached her, but on his brow there hung  
A sorrow newly fastened there.

And then sweet Ethel longed for home,  
St. Braix was now in all her dreams,  
She wished the strand once more to roam.  
The sea no longer hateful seemed :  
Within its dark, unfathomed breast,  
Midst coral caves, she fondly thought  
Slept one whose image then was blest,  
And only gentlest sorrow brought.

The father sighed, his hope was lost,  
But Grange had promised he would come,  
Ere Autumn brought her first-born frost,  
To see them in their village home :



So they left all the circle wide,  
 Known in the city's broad embrace ;  
 And soon the tower far-off espied,  
 Betokened their own dwelling place.

There Ethel finds that loving hands,  
 Have kept her trellised vines and flowers ;  
 The cottage fair still shaded stands,  
 Half-hidden in its leafy bowers.  
 St. Braix is peaceful as of old,  
 The sea still glistens far away,  
 The light-house lamps with red and gold,  
 Still gleam across the sleeping bay.

The blow that fell upon them sore  
 Has healed with slowly-moving years ;  
 No looks of anguish as of yore,  
 The town has dried its latest tears :  
 Few hearts among the widows left,  
 Of those lost on the Victorine  
 Yet pine for husbands long bereft ;  
 Small thought is their's of what had been.

For some were freshly wedded then ;  
 And in their new-born children's eyes,  
 Found scope to banish thought of men  
 Become at last but memories,  
 Of that dim past, that Time had hid,  
 In graves so still and darkly deep,  
 Remembrance dull, her heavy lid  
 Ne'er rais'd but in disturbing sleep.

But there was one that Ethel knew,  
 The widow of her Harry's mate,  
 Who wore her weeds, and woman true,  
 Still wept upon her husband's fate :  
 These two were nearly of one age,  
 Sworn friends they had been long and fast ;  
 The face of each was but a page  
 Writ' o'er with all the buried past.

And they with Mary's little child,  
 Made up their own sweet, quiet world ;  
 In thought and word, all undefiled  
 They sat and talked while o'er them curled  
 The ghost-like mists from meadows wide,  
 And both would shudder lest the night,  
 To coming ship, with fog might hide—  
 The light-house with its guiding light.

At last there came a cruel blow,  
 That brought fresh shadow on their home ;  
 A bank had failed and earnings slow  
 Of years long back were swiftly gone.

George Howe was now an aged man,  
He could not hope in any way,  
Such treasure lost, to make again  
A fortune at so late a day.

There was a remnant of the wreck,  
That he still held as his last stay ;  
But all the sky was very bleak,  
Unto the old man bent and gray ;  
His health gave way and then in bed,  
The feeble lamp might soon go out,  
'Twas grief to see the daughter's dread,  
Of loss that seemed so near about.

A helping hand was Robert Grange,  
For he sat hourly by that bed,  
The sick man's pillows to arrange,  
Or bathe his often-aching head—  
To lead his mind to other things,  
Than what was wearing life away,  
The thousand soothing offerings,  
That all may need some hapless day.

For then he long had been their guest ;  
St. Braix he said had goodly air,  
But in his heart how'er unblest,  
Was love which would not brook despair.  
With Ethel he was dearer grown.  
Than he had been before he spoke  
A year ago, and hope full-blown  
Within his breast again awoke.

Then as the artist feebler grew,  
He often lay with half-closed eyes,  
And gazing long upon these two,  
Would silent pray for dearer ties ;  
And Ethel saw the longing thought,  
That was unspoken to the ear,  
And all her heart was strangely wrought,  
And overflowed with boding fear.

One evening when they were alone,  
The father begged with all his might,  
For what he longed ere he was gone,  
And hid forever from her sight.  
His words were wise, his wish so plain,  
Though darkened all her future lay,  
With choking tears and look of pain.  
She said the words he wished her say.

And they were wed, before he died,  
But some there were who weeping said,  
She was the saddest, sweetest bride,  
St. Braix had seen alive or dead.

*The Heirs of St. Kilda.*

And she went meekly on her way,  
 The father lingered yet awhile,  
 Her cheek was paler day by day,  
 And fainter grew her gentle smile.

The spring flowers bloomed upon the grave  
 Of him who loved them long and well;  
 George Howe was gone, the gifted, brave  
 Slept as the shadows softly fell,  
 From ivied tower, where Ethel knelt,  
 That sacred night with Harry Croome;  
 Its influence then was doubly felt.  
 Although there was a single tomb.

She was as gentle and serene,  
 In her sweet waiting on her lord,  
 As if no thought of what had been  
 Stole up to break their full accord;  
 But on her pallid cheek was grief,  
 That feeble step was ominous,  
 The drooping flower, the withered leaf  
 Soon hide themselves in native dust.

One eve he took her to the pier,  
 A ship was signalled from the sea;  
 The husband hoped such sight would cheer  
 The listless form he pained to see.  
 And on it came with towering mast,  
 And clouds of canvas in the air,  
 "Bows on," she bore upon them fast--  
 In truth a noble sight and fair.

The village crowded to the wharf;  
 What ship it was no one could tell,  
 But soon all words were spoken soft,  
 A breathless silence on them fell:  
 The ship came near, she rounded to,  
 One wailing cry rose high and thin;  
 Pale Ethel shrieked in deadly woe,  
 "Oh God, it is the *Victorine*!"

And even then bold Harry Croome,  
 Had madly sprung unto her side;  
 She lay so still, gone all her bloom.  
 It seemed in truth that she had died.  
 He clasped her in his arms before,  
 The awe-struck husband saw or knew;  
 He kissed her pale lips o'er and o'er,  
 His face was wet with tearful dew.

"Oh Ethel, darling, do not die,  
 For I am here at last again;  
 I swear by him who rules the sky,  
 I'll ne'er return on yonder main."

Thus met these two who loved so well,  
And then poor George with frantic cry—  
"This is my father!" and Harry fell  
With reeling head and bloodshot eye.

Within a month and he was gone;  
The raging fever all was o'er,  
The pallid man one dreary morn  
Had left he said to come no more:  
No word he sent to her he loved,  
No clay to mark his lonely path:  
He looked as though he was unmoved,  
And least of all was he in wrath.

There were but few who with him sailed,  
Came back from a voyage evil-starred:  
And stoutest heart with terror quailed,  
When all the sea was unbarred:  
Fierce battle fought with Malay hordes,  
All night on that dark eastern coast,  
Wherein the heathen's ruthless sword,  
Had triumph got at fearful cost.

A few survived and then in chains,  
Went years as slaves on weary round  
Enduring all that chafes and pains,  
Until they had deliverance found:  
And they were rescued with their ship  
Their leader had from durance broke  
One night when guard was careless kept,  
And he was gone when they awoke.

His skin was stained Malaysian brown,  
His was the garb the country wore,  
And as the speaker to him was known,  
He pressed at length unto a shore,  
Where English ships were found and soon  
The vengeance dire, so long delayed,  
Had on the secret stronghold flown,  
And it was as in mortar brayed.

The Vicerine in friendly port  
Was fitted once more for the sea;  
Assistance they had not to court,  
For all was rendered full and free:  
New seamen took the place of those  
Slain in attack and after woe;  
And then once more with plashing prow,  
The rescued ship did homeward go.

But who can tell the anguish known,  
In those six years when hope had fled;  
They knew it home, what grief was grown,  
And they long numbered with the dead.

They saw the circling years roll by,  
 And they as in some living tomb,  
 All deaf unto the world's great cry,  
 To higher things could never come.

They saw the sun arise and set  
 Each day and still no hope arose ;  
 Some pining died and lowly slept,  
 Secure at last in death's repose ;  
 But he the leader, strong and brave,  
 Still aided by his faithful mate,  
 Kept life and hope, though some did rave  
 With curses on o'er-ruling fate.

What Ethel said and what she felt  
 Was known to none but Mary Gore ;  
 But all that night in tears she knelt  
 Upon the bare and chilling floor :  
 To Robert Grange no word she gave,  
 Since they had seen the Victorine ;  
 And he was sad and very grave,  
 And not the man that he had been.

He long had known her love so true .  
 To one he thought would come no more ;  
 But with that rival here anew,  
 His peace was broken deep and sore ;  
 To see the wife he cherished still  
 A' faint with worship not his own  
 Brought to his heart a deadly chill,  
 To madness he had well nigh gone.

With falt'ring tongue at last he spoke  
 And chided her with fealty lost ;  
 A wailing cry upon him broke,  
 Her look was that of spirit lost :  
 " Oh spare me all these cruel words,  
 My burden from you soon will pass ;  
 You know not by what feeble cords  
 I cling amid the wintry blast."

" I never more shall see his face,  
 No word of his upon my ear  
 Shall ever come, oh in your grace,  
 My pleading cry in mercy hear :  
 Oh leave me to myself and God,  
 I am so weak, deep rest I crave ;  
 Ere long the wine-press will be trod,  
 And I shall rest within my grave."

He never sought to chide her more ;  
 His every thought was now to save ;  
 But vain is love in its weak power,  
 However nobly it may rave.

One evening Mary Gore was there,  
And when she went as night came on,  
The husband found her sleeping fair,  
As though all grief had from her gone.

The light was full upon her face,  
Around her swept the long brown hair;  
A letter which she just had read,  
Was still all damp with falling tear:  
He touched her forehead, it was cold;  
A shiver ran through all his frame,  
His agony could not be told;  
He loudly called her dear, loved name.

But Ethel slept the sleep that knows  
No waking up to further pain;  
Her look was that of deep repose,  
Upon her cheeks a rosy stain  
Still lingered, as if joy had come  
Unto her, as her closing eyes  
Beheld some scene alive with bloom,  
And lighted all by sunny skies.

The letter in her clasping hand  
Was from the one she loved till death;  
They both were in that mystic land,  
Where is no pain or failing breath:  
And this is what with glazing eyes,  
The hopeless man wrote ere he died;  
As on his ear came wailing cries  
Of many round him sorely tried:

I am dying, dearest Ethel, slowly ebbs my life away,  
I am sinking here all lonely, at the close of my brief day;  
When I know that death is certain, and no hope of life remains,  
I may tell you my anguish, ere I lose earth's weary chains.

When I found you were another's I could not live and see  
The grief my fatal presence would surely bring on thee;  
So I came to this dark city where pestilence is rife,  
With the hope that it would ease me of my overburdened life.

It hath served my purpose surely, I am dying swiftly now;  
I can then in freedom tell you all my love, sweet Ethel Howe;  
For before you see my letter, I shall surely be no more.  
And you will forgive me, darling, as I tread that happy shore.

I have not a word of chiding, that you waited not for me;  
I was so long in coming back across the fatal sea,  
I know of all your grieving, and your dying father's work:  
You and he were right, sweet Ethel, but it made my way too dark.

For years, a slave down-tradden, I had gone and still bore up;  
 To its last and foulest dregs, I had drained affliction's cup:  
 With the hope of you before me, while I thought your love my own,  
 Sorrow's night could never darken the light that round me shone.

In all my darkest musings, in my chains I still could see  
 Your eyes in sadness swimming and waiting long for me:  
 I had never dreamed of living with other than your smile,  
 Your image had gone with me, and blessed me all the while.

Then forgive me all the weakness, that came o'er me when we met,  
 If you sat here now beside me, not a tear my cheek should wet;  
 I know your piteous story, and I am satisfied,  
 My love has not grown colder, though my wish of life has died.

God bless you, darling Ethel, now I can say no more;  
 I feel my spirit drifting swiftly to another shore —  
 Something tells me you will follow, and to me you will come,  
 Be it late or soon my lost one, I am still your Harry Croome.

Rosamond grew strangely beautiful as the glow of inspiration deepened upon her in the progress of her chant. Her voice gathered power and pathos as the sad story developed, and when she ceased her entire audience had been melted into sympathy with the woes of the unhappy bride of St. Braix. The ladies were not alone in their testimony of tears, for Judge Eustace and other gentlemen were testifying their deep emotion in the same manner.

"Rosamond," said Mr. Grey, "your story is as beautiful as it is affecting. Your voice has wonderfully developed."

"I thank you, sir," said she. "I must beg pardon for the sadness of my poor entertainment."

"Its tragedy is all the sweeter," said St. George, "as a foil to our Christmas mirth."

"Oh, Rosamond!" said Mariana, "why did you let Ethel marry that Mr. Grange?"

"I give you the story," said Rosamond, "as it came to me."



"Miss Courtenay," said Kean, "I had no dream you would give us such a treat. Pray accept a thousand thanks."

Thus, amid the plaudits of all, the blooming girl sat down, the centre of admiring friends. No one had ever seen her so radiant. A strange new beauty and grace was hers which were unaccountable in the suddenness of their advent. The night had deepened until the hour had arrived for prayers and rest, and a peaceful slumber had come to every one of the happy circle at Ellesmere. Philip mused of Rosamond, and a fit forgetfulness came, and then in fantastic dream she was metamorphosed into an angel of ever increasing and varying loveliness.

## CHAPTER X.

PERCIVAL ST. GEORGE.

"How use doth breed a habit in a man !  
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,  
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.  
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,  
And to the nightingale's complaining notes,  
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.  
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,  
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless ;  
Lest growing ruinous, the building fall,  
And leave no memory of what it was !"

—*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

THE dreary reign of winter was drawing to its close. The red buds of the maple had commenced swelling. The voice of gladness was returning to the long silent birds, and in sheltered nooks the faint gleam of tender grass blades was just peering into light. With the approach of spring the clouds of coming war with Mexico deepened into more ominous certainty. Forth from the loving circle at Ellesmere had gone the soldier, Stanhope Eustace, though but half of his leave of absence had expired. The recollections of childhood were still fresh in his heart, and the ties of kindred by no means disregarded ; but at the call of duty he gave up, of his own accord, his lease of pleasure, and went back to the head of his plumed squadrons.

Percival St. George regretted this loss of his early playmate, and was busy in adorning the walks and clustering parterres of Vacluse. Sir George Eustace had found the quiet vale in which it was situated covered with forest,

and was led by its beauty and fertility to reserve it for himself. Templeton St. George, the first proprietor who lived upon the place, had lavished upon it all that cultivated taste and large wealth could accomplish in one life-time. He was a friend of Shenstone, and had learned from him many secrets in rural adornments. The grounds at Vacluse needed but little of the artificial means used at Leasowes to impart the effect of distance; but in the direction of Sorrell's Peak was a noble vista, bordered by trees planted in conformity with the English poet's ideas. Here, amid the slumberous silence of great trees, and on the pebbly margin of still lakes, Percival St. George had passed the greater portion of his life in solitude. In the seasons of the year permitting comfort out of doors, he could be often found in his favorite haunt, in the depths of the park where all was still:

“ And more to lull him in his slumber soft  
A trickling streame from high rocke tumbling downe,  
And ever-drizzling rain upon the loft,  
Mixed with the murmuring winde, much like the soune  
Of swarming bees, did ease him in a swoone.  
No other noise, nor people's troublous cryes,  
As still are wont to annoy the walled towne,  
Might there be heard; but carelesse quiet lyes,  
Wrapt in eternal silence, far from enemyes.”

It was understood that St. George disliked visitors at Vacluse, and no one, except the families at Ellesmere and Thorndale, ever intruded upon the mysterious retirement of the recluse. Persons having business with him were informed, by advertisement in the St. Kilda papers, that such transactions would be attended to by Mr. Somerville. In this way, there was no excuse for violating his wishes, and many pangs of ungratified curiosity concerning him were endured by his neighbors. Such con-

duct generally produces invidious criticism and remark ; but whatever resentment was felt at his wish to be alone, was disarmed when, at rare intervals, he ventured forth among men. The charm of his manner won all hearts not already attracted by his perfection of form and feature. The countenance which had been dearer to Leonora Orsini than all the applause her own genius and loveliness awoke, was then more attractive than she had ever seen it. The love which had arisen in his heart still shed its glory on his face, and had not grown weak in the fifteen years past.

The fair Italian was long ago dead ; and, in most hearts by this time, would have become a pleasant memory, bringing neither joy nor grief in the act of recollection ; but with Percival St. George she was as sacred and much regretted as ever. While he felt her loss less poignantly, yet no person saw him, and, for an instant, failed to perceive that some great shadow rested on his life. Judge Eustace sighed to see such mental endowments darkened and rendered useless by calamity ; but in spite of all his earnest counsel, the master of Vacluse remained the same "mute, unglorious Milton." Percival would smile as the wise publicist strove to incite him to ambition, for with all his tenderness toward suffering in others, there was never born into the world one who more thoroughly disregarded the applause of man. While he felt, like a wound, any imputation of dishonor, yet he utterly despised whatever the populace might think or say of him.

He was a polished Sybarite, in the mysterious dispensations of Providence, deprived of his idol, and in this way disgusted with life. Sorrow, supreme and abiding,

had chastened the character of his enjoyments; but he resolutely avoided all things threatening to disarrange his dainty plumage. The insubstantial pageants and gorgeous expectations of hope, had indeed utterly faded; but humility was as far as ever from his heart. He really felt a large and proper interest in the numerous slaves upon his estate, and omitted nothing that would contribute to their welfare and enjoyment. His feudal temperament led him to appreciate the position he occupied in relation to these beings who, with their progenitors, had been for ages the property of his family, and therefore entitled to his care and protection. The mournful beauty of his person, and the solitude in which he lived, strongly impressed the sympathetic nature of the negroes.

Percival St. George was endowed with an exquisite capacity for enjoyment and suffering. His organization, in other respects, was admirable: and there is scarcely a walk, in which success is worthy of effort, where his ample endowments would not have enabled him to excel, but his youthful ambition was all buried in the grave of Leonora Orsini. His native abilities fitted him to shine as a conversationalist, but even in the circle at Ellesmere it was only when unusually interested that he could be brought to a hearty discussion of important matters. He never sought to conceal his opinions, but their expression was generally so sententious it rarely invited discussion, for he abhorred debate.

As Percival St. George seldom manifested a desire for the presence of his nearest kinsmen at Vauclose, he usually saw but one white person on the estate. This was an old and trusted agent who had been for thirty years the overseer of the negroes, and was one of the few

of whose presence the sensitive nature of the poet did not tire. Roger Earl had been born in the midst of humble competence, and early learned to be contented with his lot in the world. His attention to duty had, early in life, procured for him the confidence of the community, and Mrs. St. George, upon the death of her husband, had secured his services on the estate. The excellence of his management had been such that he had remained there a solitary bachelor ever since. Percival, when a boy, had learned to love him, and it was mainly due to his energy that the plantation had been so admirably conducted. Inside the stone walls encompassing the park, St. George was, in fact and practice, master; but in the broad fields outside, Roger Earl was lord paramount.

During the young heir's long absence in Europe, the manager had often reflected upon the subject of his marriage, but in his opinion this was a matter of secondary importance. He had promised to stay in command until Percival could finish his education and see something of the world. He was doubtful as to what exactions on his time and attention a wife might entail, and therefore resolutely set aside the project as a thing to be examined in the future. After the lapse of years Percival returned, but the sunshine that once danced in the eyes of the boy who had loved Earl was all gone. It was long before he learned the secret of the blanched face and listless figure; and when St. George had told the trusted companion of his boyhood, Roger knew that it was the great passion of which he had been thinking so long which had wrought this ruin in the fairest temple of strength and vivacity he had ever seen containing the human soul. He staggered back affrighted from a precipice over which he felt

his own peace and unbroken content might have sunk forever. It is true Percival St. George had left home, saddened in the loss of his fair and loving mother, but still the most radiant and promising youth of all the gay visitors at the Vacluse of those days. He had parted with this child of wealth and capacity for boundless enjoyment when he was as beautiful as Hyperion, who returned with dimmed eyes and wasted figure, to make a hermitage of the seat of gaiety. This was enough to banish forever the dreams in which Roger Earl, in common with other men, had indulged himself as to the joy of wedded love.

Stanhope Eustace had gone, and was by this time at the head of his regiment; the dogwood was becoming white in its blossoms; and the valleys were growing purple in the tints of the maple shoots; when Philip and Arthur Kean were asked by Percival to spend a few days with him at Vacluse. They had at once consented, and were now wandering about the house, looking at pictures and statuary so much valued by their solitary collector in the years of his seclusion. The house stood in the midst of a broad vale stretching southward from Sorrell's Peak, through the centre of which meandered the current of the smaller river frequently widening into lakes of surpassing beauty in its progress through the park. The grounds, with the lapse of time, and the careful attention they had received, had become extremely attractive. At the southern end of the largest of these lakes stood the mansion built by Templeton St. George, which was regarded by the people of the valley as the perfection of rural architecture. After Philip and Kean had passed several days in this retreat, one evening as the sun com-



menced disappearing behind the mountains they walked out to enjoy the balmy air and the face of reviving nature. They had gone nearly to the farther end of the largest lake when they seated themselves on a mass of rocks near the carriage way which led across a stone bridge just beyond them. They were reclining in the shade, admiring the scenery around, when Roger Earl approached from the upper fields which he had just visited on a tour of inspection.

"How is the wheat looking on the Gorse fields this year?" asked Philip as Roger reined up to return their salutation.

"About as well as I have ever seen it," said he. "I think the wheat will be better than I have yet known on the place."

"What was the amount of your last harvest?" said Kean.

"A little the rise of twenty-two thousand bushels sir."

"That was a large quantity of wheat," returned Kean. "It is more than is made in some States of the Union."

"Yes," said Earl, "Mr. St. George was telling me that several Yankee States have come to such a pass they make little else beside Irish potatoes and hay."

"What do you think," said Kean, "of such a state of things?"

"I have never read books and newspapers enough to give an opinion worth much; but if the world was composed of such communities we should all be starved out, once in a while, like the Irish."

"But when men are so thickly congregated," said

Kean, "it is impossible to raise enough grain to feed the population."

"Then let them emigrate," said Earl. "There is enough open land in the country for us all, and even St. Kilda Valley, rich as it is, lacks much of being reduced to cultivation."

"Mr. Earl," said Philip, "how do you get on with your dykes and drains in the Goldsby meadows?"

"They are as dry as this park now," said Roger, "and you must ride down with me some day before your return and look at them. I think Mr. St. George takes more interest in the progress of the works there than any thing I have seen him notice since he came from abroad."

"I think," said Philip, "that Cousin Percy is in better spirits than usual."

"No doubt of it," said Earl. "When he is here he is more than ever in the fields with me, and if that room they call Mariana's was not in the house I think he would be much better without it."

"What does it contain?" said Philip, "I have never entered it since I was a child."

"Many things," said Roger, "for it was built for Templeton St. George's wife, and is splendidly furnished. There are two beautiful pictures in it which Mr. St. George showed me and told me were the portraits of the young lady he was to have married."

Roger Earl here glanced at the sun, and seeing it was nearly night, rode away to attend to the stabling of the farm horses under his charge. Philip and Kean returned to the house, and found Percival opening boxes of books which he had just received.

Later in the evening they were sitting in a room, over the mantel piece of which was the portrait of a young woman. It was evidently an old picture, and though the flesh tints were faded with time, the grace of the figure and beautiful lines of the face were perfectly preserved. Kean at once recognized it as the counterpart of a picture at Ellesmere.

"Mr. St. George," said he, "I have never known a family in which the features of the ancestors were so perfectly transmitted as in your own. I see in that picture on the mantel a strong likeness to Philip and yourself, and, as Hamlet would say, a counterfeit presentment of Miss Mariana."

"It is strange," said Percival, "that we have changed so little in the lapse of time. It is a portrait of my great-grandmother, and, as you remarked, would be considered anywhere a good likeness of the Mariana Eustace now living."

"Cousin Percy," said Philip, "I recollect when I was a child, you carried grandmother and myself to see a picture in a room on the other side of the house. I think it represented a beautiful lady in regal attire."

"But few persons in this country," said St. George, "have seen that painting. If you desire it we will go to the room now. Come with us, Mr. Kean."

Percival led the way to an apartment built and furnished with exquisite taste, and passing along its length, paused before the larger of the only two pictures it contained. Kean and Philip stood spell bound in admiration of a beauty surpassing their dreams of female loveliness, while Percival silently struggled to suppress his evident emotion.

"That must be a portrait," said Kean, "for no imagination could have rendered an ideal so attractive.

"It represents Leonora Orsini," said Percival, "as I saw her in her first appearance as Norma. I had seen her before, in Paris and Vienna, and had been moved by the magic of her loveliness, but never until that occasion did I realize the perfection of her charms. I had gone from Rome to spend a few weeks in Florence, and with an artist-friend was loitering about the Pitti Palace, where we accidentally met Leonora and her father. We were mutually pleased with each other, and when she left the galleries, she invited me to hear her that evening in her first appearance as *prima donna* in the production of Bellini's beautiful opera. The artist and myself were half frantic with delight at the splendor of her personation, and you see her in the picture as she appeared in singing that most exquisite conception of sublimated sorrow—Casta Diva."

"The idea and execution of the piece are certainly beautiful," said Kean.

"In the other picture," said Percival, "she is represented as a Madonna."

"Cousin Percy," said Philip, "I cannot imagine the faces in heaven to be more beautiful than this, and I have little doubt the painting is less attractive than the original, for I think the new picture of Mariana by no means equals herself."

"That," said St. George, "must be the case with all portraits of lovely faces. The greatest charm in the human countenance is the almost infinite variety of expression some are capable of undergoing, and never was this more the case than in Leonora. Not an emotion flitted

through her soul but gave token of its presence in her faultless features. The portrait conveys but one of her thousand emotions, and, to that degree, falls below the resistless fascination of her own presence."

"Cousin Percy," said Philip, "you have never talked much with me concerning your love since I was a child. If it does not distress you too much give us something of your sad story."

"Yes, Philip," said Percival, "as I know your grandfather has for some time intended you should spend several years in Europe, I will tell you of my disaster as a warning against suffering yourself to become too much interested in any one object. It is always a grave and dangerous episode in the lives of the men of our family, when the happy season of youth gives place to the stormy passions of manhood. It seems impossible for us to know that calm and equable spirit to be found in so many others. I have seen men really attached lose the objects of their affections, and after a decent show of grief console themselves by supplying the place of the lost idol; but none of us have been able to rise to the height of this indifference, or, if you please, philosophy. Your father is of no such material, and you have no reason to think that, in case of similar calamity, you could find oblivion sooner than he or myself: therefore, beware of fascination which cannot promise a life of gratified desire."

"I have already told you how I first formed the acquaintance of Count Orsini and his daughter, at Florence. For two months I lingered there with them, where their ancestors had been so illustrious. The relics of the Medici family were abundant, and these, as they were connected with her own progenitors, were chiefly attractive to

Leonora. I soon discovered the absorbing passion growing up in my heart, and endeavored to crush it, for I was prejudiced against people of both sexes connected with the stage. Count Orsini was a prince in reality as well as in name, and the want of wealth, which first led him to consent to his daughter's appearance in the opera, had passed away with her splendid success. They moved as equals with the proudest on the Continent, and the Grand Duke of Tuscany was one of their best friends. Count Orsini was, at first, displeased with my attentions to his daughter, but with the lapse of time her entreaties induced him to consent to a suit he considered beneath the rank of his family."

"They had made a tour of the great capitals," continued Percival, "and I accompanied them to their home on Lake Como. Leonora was to spend a long vacation of rest from her toils and triumphs. Having gained her father's consent to our marriage, in our unclouded bliss we were as happy as human nature can become. She was to have left the stage, for we were both unwilling that she should longer remain in such publicity. Nothing prevented our immediate nuptials but her engagement to sing for a short time in Vienna, from which Leonora applied to the manager to be released. His stubbornness cost me my happiness forever: and subsequent to that time mine becomes a story too sad for repetition. In passing the Lagunes of Venice on our way to the Austrian capital some deadly malaria blighted my beautiful flower, and I saw her fade and pass from my reach. Ten days before the world was full of glory, but since my loss, 'This goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air,

look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof, fretted with golden fire, why it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors.'"

"God was more merciful than I deserved: instead of a maniac's death He gave me surcease from sorrow, in a long, dreamless, wasting sickness. I was carried to the brink of the grave, and after a period, which is a blank in my existence, I gradually revived from the stupor which had rested on my faculties. Leonora's death seemed to my struggling mind some dim memory of long vanished days, and, in place of my early agony, had succeeded lethargy and intolerable disgust for all things. Count Orsini had watched by me during my illness; and when I recovered gave me the smaller of the two pictures. I prize that more from the fact that it represents her own beautiful nature more perfectly. In the other you see her in the assumed despair of Norma."

"Cousin Percival," said Philip, "it seems that some strange dowery of woe too often accompanies the gift of great beauty in woman. The loveliest women have been the most unfortunate, as Tennyson sings:

"In every land  
I saw, wherever light illumineth,  
Beauty and anguish walking hand in hand  
The downward slope to death."

"I cannot believe," said Percival, "that there is a necessary heritage of woe belonging to this great gift. Beautiful women make their own destinies."

"I agree with you," said Kean. "Women in high station, if fair, have their dispositions ruined by early adulation, and are taught that their business in life is to



make themselves attractive. They grow up with the impression that life is to be one long day of romantic love-making. They marry, and of course, with the lapse of time, there is naturally an abatement in the little fondlings in which lovers and newly married men are so prolific. The young wife, still glorious in undiminished charms, weeps at what she considers the neglect of her husband, when often it is only the inevitable absorption of his attention to the graver duties of life. If in fashionable life, the pretty wife then amuses herself by flirtations. This naturally excites the jealousy and distrust of the husband, the old love giving place to duplicity and hatred, and, of course, unhappiness to both. Helen half consented to the treachery of Paris when he carried her to Troy, and Cleopatra and Mary Stuart were most accomplished flirts. Beauty is, I believe, when properly appreciated, one of the most unfailing joys in nature, for in a husband's eyes a lovely woman never loses her charms. She is still looked at with the old memories pressed into his heart. While to other eyes the faded matron may be less attractive, she is still as lovely to him as the blooming daughter he sees growing up and reproducing her mother's beauty."

Philip and Kean left St. George alone with the images of his lost love. No care was in their hearts to banish sleep, but their conversation had awakened a world of memories in the sensitive and excitable nature of the poet. The heavy carpet muffled his tread, so that his footsteps were unheard as back and forth through the long hours of the silent night walked the lone man. Occasionally he would pause before the pictures, and in low tones repeat :

I am thinking of thee, Leonore—  
 I am thinking of days that have been,  
 When you bloomed as a beautiful flower  
 And my soul owned thee for its queen,  
 In the daylight I wander mid throngs,  
 And unheeded I pass them all by;  
 In their clamor I hear thy sweet songs  
 As soft as the nightingale's cry.

I am dreaming of thee, Leonore—  
 I am dreaming of thee when the night  
 Is gilding the soft meadows o'er,  
 As they glow in the tremulous light.  
 But the darkness has never a veil  
 To shroud the light of thine eyes;  
 I am seeing thy brow that was pale  
 I'm list'ning for one of thy sighs.

So through the shadowy night and by day—  
 On the land, on the sea, everywhere,  
 Though brief was thy beautiful stay,  
 Yet thine eyes and soft waving hair  
 Return in my visions to me  
 With nothing but love in their light;  
 So I'm thinking of thee all the day  
 And dreaming of thee all the night.

Genius has been defined to be the capacity to suffer and enjoy to a larger extent than the same causes usually produce in ordinary dispositions. Others consider it mere unusual grasp and application of knowledge. In this latter view of the quality, there is nothing to induce unhappiness, except the incapacity of most men to entertain and satisfy such a mind, and the necessity of its retiring upon its own high resources for solitary self-communion. But the simple enlargement of the mental qualities is not genius: it is the power to draw happiness, or its reverse, in an extraordinary manner from occurrences of life. In this way Percival St. George, through his acute sensibilities, suffered years of depression in consequence of a disaster which would have speedily ceased to distress most men. Dryden has said:

“Great wits to madness nearly are allied.”

But eccentricity and mental aberration are by no means necessary accompaniments of greatness, much less of genius. While Sir Isaac Newton was so absent-minded that he frequently forgot to eat his dinner, Shakspeare was wise and prosperous in the affairs of the world. Byron was madly impracticable in all things, while Sir Walter Scott was the ornament of a large circle of friends: and hundreds of instances contradict this idea, that genius must be eccentric, or unhappy, in spite of Wordsworth's declaration:

"We poets enter on our path with gladness,  
But thereof comes despondency and madness."

Percival St. George was not a great man, but was possessed of fine poet sensibilities. His listless and aimless mode of life forbade excellence in any of the departments of human effort. With proper stimulus to exertion, he might have attained eminence in whatever he desired. As it was, even adversity, in a great measure, failed of its lessons; and while he never manifested a want of respect to those fully satisfied with the revealed will of Providence, yet in his heart he failed to acknowledge the extent of his obligation in submission to its decrees. He was too refined and sensitive to wound the feelings of others, by the expression of doubts concerning truths dear to them, and apparently even acquiesced in the leading claims of the faith of his friends; but in his heart was no trust of the many promises sustaining the Christian.

Percival's early loss was the key-note in all his sad minstrelsy. He had so long nourished his grief, it had become a part of himself; yet with all this melancholy

in his recollections, there was nothing maudlin or weak in his bearing. Only to his family friends, at rare intervals, did he make any allusion to his loss. If urged by Judge Eustace to a larger participation among the affairs of men, he would plead the necessity of his confining his efforts to the good of his slaves. He maintained that it required all that he and Roger Earl could do to minister to their efficiency and comfort. In addition to this, he was in no respect a democrat in his opinions. He distrusted popular institutions, and thoroughly disliked any communion with the mob. To those of his neighbors scantily provided with intelligence and goods, no man could have shown more charity and forbearance; but he steadily denied the wisdom or propriety of endowing them with equal franchises with himself.

The great mistake of St. George's life was his want of submission to the manifest necessities of his nature. With all the delicacy of feeling and tenderness of a woman, he had for years disregarded the sweet offices of man as a minister of consolation. While pure and blameless in his life, he totally ignored in his thoughts the very existence of any comfort beyond his own resources, and thus forgetful of God and his fellow creatures, in mingled strength and weakness, he had unavailingly continued the unequal struggle. Shall others think themselves wiser, because in ambition or vanity they have made no such essay of self-reliance? Shall self interest and worldly engagement plume themselves on any superiority to the mistakes of one too honest for deception?

“Oh momentary grace of mortal men,  
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!  
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,  
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast:  
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down  
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.”

## CHAPTER XI.

## MR. GREY.

"His eyes diffused a venerable grace,  
And charity itself was in his face.  
Refined himself to soul, to curb the sense,  
And made almost a sin of abstinence.  
Yet, had his aspect nothing of severe,  
But such a face as promised him sincere,  
Nothing reserved or sullen was to see:  
But sweet regards; and pleasing sanctity:  
Mild was his accent, and his action free."

—*Dryden's Tales from Chaucer.*

THIS amiable and devoted man has several times appeared in this narrative, and his virtues have been commended in more than one instance; but his influence was so potent for good in the formation of the characters of Philip and Mariana Eustace, that a larger meed of notice will be accorded him in the present chapter. He was, as has already been stated, nearly of the same age as Gov. Eustace, and had been his school-mate and play-fellow in early life. The story of his childhood was full of melancholy interest, and furnished the firesides of St. Kilda valley, for many years, with one of its wildest and most mournful incidents. He was born in the long and narrow vale that extends for several miles back between Mounts Leaming and Helliton. This retired nook formed a complete *cul-de-sac*; for the pass, at its extremity between the peaks, was so elevated and precipitous that it was considered impracticable, except to a few huntsmen who occasionally ventured out of Swelterdale across this mountain barrier. At the end of the lake, where the

valley widened out, were several cottages; but beyond these, by two good miles, was the humble habitation of Turner Grey and his wife Edith. William Grey was the older of their two children, and was just nine years old at the time of the incident about to be related. His parents were the only inhabitants of the almost inaccessible dale in which they lived, and depended on patient labor and economy to supply their means of life. The choice of his home in this lonely spot exhibited the daring of Turner Grey's nature. The distance between him and his nearest neighbor would be generally deemed in the American States inconsiderable, but from the peculiarity of the single approach was equivalent to a much greater removal from the friendly offices of men.

In the winter, when the snow commenced drifting down the mountain sides, it was often a matter of impossibility to communicate with the outer world; and the solitary cottage was, therefore, never highly valued as a place of residence. Turner Grey had been a soldier, and had lived for five years in the forest and plains of the West. The parents of his wife had objected to his marriage; and this added to the disposition toward solitude already strong in his mind; so, as the cottage was unoccupied, and could be had at a moderate price, the young couple, shortly after their nuptials, came to the little cot in the heart of the mountains, and had lived there ever since. Some months previous to the period referred to, there had occurred, in one of the cottages in which Turner Grey happened to be a visitor, a deadly conflict between two of the dalemen. There had been much talk of a gang of counterfeiters, who were coining and issuing spurious money in that portion of St. Kilda valley. These men

happening to get into an altercation, one of them charged the other with complicity in this infamous violation of the laws. It was promptly resented, and, before the bystanders could separate them, the accuser was stabbed and mortally wounded. The man who thus became amenable to the double charge of counterfeiting and homicide was arrested and put in jail, and was awaiting his trial. It was now the time of the winter session of the superior court, and Turner Grey, being an important witness against the prisoner, was of course summoned to attend. There had been several heavy falls of snow previous to his preparations for departure from his humble home, and his wife, Edith, was full of tender solicitude for his safety. He was a man of stern manner, but had ever been loving and considerate toward his companion. They were indeed all in all to each other, in the wild and lonely recess in which they dwelt. Turner Grey, like the strong-limbed, brave-hearted man that he was, went on foot through the great snow drifts, having laughed in derision at the fears that filled the bosom of his wife. He safely reached St. Kilda the day on which the case he had been summoned to attend stood for trial ; but the severity of the weather had detained other material witnesses, so the judge postponed the case two days in consequence of the continued failure of the expected men to appear. The trial should have begun on Tuesday ; it was concluded on Thursday morning ; and the jury and witnesses were dismissed. The weather looked unsettled ; but as some of his nearest neighbors, who lived at the end of the lake, were going home that evening, Turner Grey accepted their offer to carry him that far. They reached the lake late in the night ; but the fond husband, suspecting the



anxiety of his wife at his long and unexpected absence, in spite of his friends' entreaties to the contrary, went at once on his way through the narrow and awful glen in the direction of his cottage.

The boldest heart might well have shrunk back dismayed at the prospect which lay before him. The night was so dark that, but for the reflection of light from the spotless snow, he could not have seen at all. The masses of cloud that swept over the summits of the two mountains were already scattering around flakes of snow, showing the hardy mountaineer what was in store for him, who thus braved their fury. It was not snowing when he left the lake, or he, daring as he was, would have remained with his friends until morning. By this time he was in less than a mile of the little family who he knew were sleepless on his account. But now he had reached the commencement of the perils awaiting him who thus attempted at night the passage of the stream which flowed down the gorge to the lake. By his side was the trusted shepherd dog which was his inseparable companion. On they went in the blinding storm of snow which was drifting down in frightful quantities. The winds hurtling in the mountain tops roared, as if they would sweep down the vast barriers which in everlasting strength turned aside their currents. Occasionally the straining eyes of the fast despairing husband caught glimpses of a light faintly gleaming in the direction of the home he was never to reach alive. There he well knew sat his wife in her anguish awaiting his return. There were his rosy children in the warm cottage ever illumined through dreary winter. Who can imagine the extremity of his torture, as he groped through the snow

and darkness, step by step, in the direction of the spot where centered all his joys? He well knew beneath the drift he was slowly passing, lay the channel of the stream which ran with devious windings from the pool behind his house. Several times the unerring instinct of his dog had warned him back from yawning chasms, but the cold was so intense that he felt strongly disposed to lie down and rest his weary limbs. This longing was resisted after short pauses, for he was aware that slumber would result in swift destruction. The energies of his faithful dog, too, became paralyzed, for he now followed instead of leading, as directed by his master.

Edith Grey had been all this time, since his expected return, in a state of the most consuming anxiety. She loved her husband with a devotion which was almost infatuation in its intensity. She had been assured that he would not be longer absent than Thursday morning, and she supposed he would be able, in all probability, to leave the court house on Tuesday evening and reach his home some time that night, or at farthest, the next day. The happy couple, living in their loving retirement, knew little of the law's delays. He had gone away Monday morning and it was now Thursday night. Edith was strongly tempted, in the morning, to start for the houses near the lake; but, as she was a delicate woman, she well knew it would overtask her strength to go and return the same day; then she looked at her children and thought of the peril of leaving them alone, and with bitter tears gave up her scheme. She was in the greatest possible distress, as the shadows of coming night deepened around her. Little William, her first born, exerted all his childish eloquence to re-assure the drooping heart of his

mother; and as she looked into the eyes of the sinless boy she obtained occasionally fresh confidence in that Providence, a trust in which her own teachings had planted in his young heart. The storm raved and bellowed through the mountains, as the trembling wife listened to its fury.

In an agony of apprehension she vainly waited the coming of her husband. By some strange intuition she at last became convinced of the truth of his condition. She felt that by this time he was wandering bewildered in the midst of danger and death. She had lighted a beacon at night-fall in the direction she was certain he would come, and it was her only consolation, in the long watches of the terrible vigil, to keep this flaming signal freshly supplied with fuel. She could not persuade William to sleep, for the child saw such sorrow in his young mother's look that he begged to be allowed to bear her company. Several times she had gone out amid the war of the elements to listen for some sign of her husband's approach, and,

“ In the dead waste and middle of the night,”

as she stood straining her ears to the mighty dirge she caught, faintly in the over-powering rush of the storm, the sharp, quick cry of a dog in the extremity of terror. There was a momentary lull in the sweep of the winds and she heard now, full and distinct, the melancholy wail, and recognized the voice of her husband's faithful companion. The inarticulate note of grief told her at once that disaster had overtaken the two. She hurriedly opened the cottage door, and telling her first born to

remain with his unconscious baby-brother asleep in the cradle, with one last, long embrace of her child, she went forth in a vain trust that she could aid her mate then perishing in the snow. On she groped in the hideous turmoil, following as best she could the direction of the path that led to the crossing of the stream. At intervals she caught the howl of despair that still came from the dog. The love that was supreme in her heart was only leading her to a fate which had already befallen her husband.

With the departure of his mother there came a wonderful increase of intelligence to the infant faculties of William Grey. He was but little more than nine years of age at the time, but his conduct under the trying circumstances was characterized by much of the forethought and prudence of matured manhood. He seemed to realize at once the truth of his situation, that all must now depend upon him for the safety of himself and helpless brother. He anxiously awaited the return of his mother until daylight, when he proceeded to the stable to feed the few animals therein, and then brought wood from the shed for the fire. Little George had awakened by this time, and having dressed and fed him sparingly, he lay down to the first sleep he had known for thirty hours. In this way, for three days, he continued to care for and preserve his brother and the domestic animals. At the end of that time, the storm having ceased and their stock of food being exhausted, he went to the lake to communicate the extremity of his situation. On his way he found the snow so deep along the bed of the stream he could not discover the bridge, so he turned back and passed around the pool. On his arrival at the settlements the disap-

pearance of his parents was made known, and in a short time a dozen men had started in search of their missing neighbors. The little boy, already tired out with his previous walk, was taken back on the shoulders of the men to the rescue of his brother. The mountaineers at once recognized the truth of Turner and Edith Grey's death, and after considerable search, on removing the snow along their separate paths, the remains of both were found. Long experience in such cases had given them such subtilty and skill they read in the windings of their footsteps the story of distraction and despair preceding the last moments of both husband and wife, and their unfailing sagacity saw in the snow a history of the agony endured by the master and his faithful dog. The poor animal, they thought, perished in his attempt to reach Edith Grey, for he was found drowned in the stream near where she lay. Suffering was not confined to the hearts of husband and wife on that last dread night. Of the shepherd dog's sensations, no one but God

"Knows, who gave that love sublime,  
And sense of loyal duty—great  
Beyond all human estimate."

The story of this love unto death between the unfortunate couple, and the rare and almost incredibly precocious realization of the necessities of his position by William Grey, drew great attention and sympathy to the two little boys thus left orphans in the world. Death had evidently come to both parents through the exercise of the noblest and most unselfish motives. Judge Eustace, learning the truth of the sad story, induced the honest dale men to give him the children they had

already adopted in their own families. They remained at Ellesmere until William was sent to college, and George, having received a mercantile training, became a prosperous merchant at St. Kilda, on capital given him by his benefactor.

It was now the time for Philip and Arthur Kean to leave home for the University, and the heart of Mr. Grey yearned for the youth whose generous and amiable disposition he feared would expose him to temptations as yet unknown under the protecting roof of his forefathers. Mrs. Courtenay, Rosamond, and other friends, were at Ellesmere to take leave of the young heir who was now to encounter for the first time the pleasures and allurements of the world. The bright sabbath morning was radiant in the warmth and joy of early summer, and it was the day for Mr. Grey to preach in the little chapel in the park. The family having repaired thither, were seated, and the colored people of the estate sat in their sunday clothes and best behavior, awaiting the beginning of the services. Several neighboring families were also present, and all observed the evident emotion of the minister, as he arose and announced for his text:

“And Saul said unto David, ‘Go and may the Lord be with you.’”

“Dearly beloved,” said Mr. Grey, “these memorable words were uttered on the occasion of a great crisis in the affairs of two nations. As the bright rays of the morning sun illumined the crests of the Judean hills, on opposite mountains, across the narrow valley of Elah, stood the confronting hosts of the Israelites and Philistines. The long lines, with waving penons and flashing



armor gazed upon each other with all the hatred gendered in centuries of warfare between rival races. Both sides had prepared for a terrible conflict, and

‘Far in the horizon, to the north, appear’d  
From skirt to skirt, a fiery region, stretch’d  
In battailous aspect, and, nearer view  
Bristled with upright beams innumerable  
Of rigid spears, and helmets throng’d, and shields  
Various, with boastful argument portrayed.’

“For forty days the son of Kish had borne the repeated challenges of his enemies. Day after day Goliath of Gath had retired unencountered from his tender of combat. The brave blood seemed utterly extinct in the ranks of Israel. Jerrubbaal had for ages slept with his fathers, and Samson’s heroic death failed to awaken a kindred daring in the hearts of his countrymen. The boastful words of the giant were all unpunished, and the hosts of the Lord shrank cowering with none of their mighty men to accept of the wager of battle.

“Such was the condition of affairs when a new spectator appeared upon the stirring scene. To the amazement of every one in both of the confronting lines, a youth, whose cheeks were yet beardless and unbronzed by service, came forward to accept the long-tendered challenge. That Saul and his followers should have at all entrusted their honor to the keeping of the lad evinced their intimidation and fear of the giant. The Lord of hosts was about to give his chosen people another instance of His protecting power. While dismay chilled the hearts of those to whom the nation looked for deliverance, His spirit was breathing upon the heart of the stripling. David in his shepherd garb had asked permission of the king to do battle



in his behalf. Refusing the assistance of all the martial preparations of that age, with nothing but his sling and the smooth pebbles from the brook, the young hero stood ready to commence the seemingly unequal contest.

“Truly, my brethren, there have been but few incidents in the history of the world of such moral sublimity as this. Let us imagine the tall figure of Saul, as he stood up to give David his parting blessing. One of them, with all his royal dignity and experience in war, was the slave of doubt and dismay; the other, in his almost maiden modesty, serene and confident on the very verge of conflict.

“The first thought that presents itself in this beautiful episode, is one well worthy of consideration by men of all ages and conditions. Was Saul mistaken in invoking the divine presence? Were these the words of an unmeaning ceremony, or the evidences of a vain trust in one who has no existence? Was he justified in fact and the traditions of his fathers, in saying to the young hero, ‘Go, and may the Lord be with you’? From the days of Abraham until that time, the history of His peculiar people had been one long lesson of the great truth, that God not only is with nations who put their trust in him, but innumerable individual instances had testified his protecting care of his servants. Though many centuries lay between their eras, King Saul could not have forgotten the story of Noah’s preservation from the pervading disaster, which, in righteous judgment, had been sent upon the world. Think you he was oblivious of Joseph’s sudden advancement from a dungeon to a great station and lasting prosperity, or could he have been more ignorant than the Philistines, who yet trembled as they re-

called the memory of the Exodus and the subsequent triumphs of Joshua's advent? Could the sword of the Lord and of Gideon have passed from the recollection of the race, or can you imagine that a man in either army failed to remember the answered prayer of blinded and despairing Samson? No, my brethren, the prophet Simeon was yet alive in the land, and the royal Jew well understood he was uttering no empty invocation in the wise and affectionate words he used.

"God has been with righteous men since the creation of our species, and no man since Enoch's translation, in possession of the convincing proof, is for a moment justified in a serious doubt on the subject. The accumulation of testimony on this point has been going on with constantly deepening certainty from age to age, until now it is amazing that any reasonable being should hesitate for a moment in giving full and perfect credence to the unfailing goodness of God to his creature man. Saul, as he gave this parting blessing to the young lad, had never a doubt of the happiness and safety of those entitled to such protection. Who can study without pity the tale of his own life? Up to this time the blessings of heaven had been with him. In his early manhood he had gone out in search of his father's lost asses, and found empire and rule before his return. Victory and prosperity had flowed as a river around him. As yet, the Benjamite remembered his origin, and was humble before the power which had, with no effort on his part, made him the king of a nation.

"Alas! my brethren, this favorite of heaven, like many others, could not bear the dizzy exaltation to which the favor of God had raised him; and we find him, in the

sacred history, abandoned to remorse, and in the deep watches of the night consulting the woman of Endor whose sinful practices he had forbidden. Follow him a little further on his course, and you see the career which had opened so auspiciously at Mizpeh, closing in the gloom of defeat and death on the bloody field of Gilboa.

“God had, in those days, frequently manifested Himself unto His people as their kind and forbearing protector. He had led their fathers, by cloud and by fire, through the dreary wilderness and the retiring waters of the sea. They had seen pursuing Pharaoh and his countless hosts overwhelmed. The impregnable walls of Jericho had gone down before the blast of rams’ horns. They had looked upon the smoking mountain, and heard the thunders of omnipotence at Sinai, and alas! they had also witnessed the consuming wrath of God in the punishment of their sins. But they had not seen what we know He has done for us. He had not then sent his Son into the world to die for us. Christ had not then assumed our nature, and walked with man as brother with brother. In all his kindness to his people, He was yet full of unapproachable majesty. The veil was not yet rent, and the soul that presumed to thrust its sinful presence into the Holy of Holies was cut off from among men. Christ, our loving and affectionate friend, had not wept with the sorrowing sisters of Lazarus, and no woman taken in the act of crime had been dismissed with the gentle admonition, ‘Go and sin no more.’ Our gracious Master had not then declared, ‘He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me and I in him.’ ‘The Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world,’ had not, by His own death, sanctified His declaration, that ‘Greater

love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend.' While they knew there was an all-wise and just God, His Son had not yet declared, there is one supreme in heaven and earth who yet 'sticketh closer than a brother.' No dying thief, repentant in his last moments, had heard, as his ears grew dull and callous in dissolution, the promise, 'This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.'

"Oh! my brethren, would that we could fully appreciate this matchless blessing that Saul invoked in David's behalf. Oh! that our sinful natures would allow us to realize what it is to go and have God with us all along our weary way in this life. Oh! that we had thus that 'peace of mind which passeth all understanding,' and that consolation which the world cannot give, and feel with the Apostle of the Gentiles, 'there is around us that love from which neither height, nor depth, nor things present, nor power or principalities can separate us.' Let no man doubt that God walks with His faithful servants. Let not the reprobate think that because 'He sendeth rain on the just and the unjust,' that the wicked shall prosper, or the seed of the righteous shall come to want.' God is not only 'in us and over us, to work out a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory,' but as surely as we live, 'the angel of the Lord encamps around about those who put their trust in Him.'

"Then Saul was using no idle ceremony in his benediction. He was invoking in David's behalf a blessing compared to which all other advantages, that can be imagined in the heart of man, are small and insignificant. What are station, wealth, and the world's applause, to the comfortable assurance of him included in the gracious

promise, that 'He shall give His angels charge over thee?' What are the empty delusions and gratification of those who put their trust in riches, compared to the serene and undisturbed repose of him who relies upon the blessing of God? Who can fathom His goodness and mercy, or weigh in golden scales the advantages of His protecting presence? Long years after the incident alluded to in my text, David, realizing that God had answered Saul's wish in his behalf, at the close of his long and prosperous reign, after subduing all his enemies, and the dauntless boy had become the illustrious sage, conscious of the blessings he enjoyed, the king exclaimed, 'Who am I, and what is my house, that thou hast brought me hither?'

"As great and ineffable as this blessing of God's protecting presence is in this life, how can I hope to display the tremendous and inevitable necessity of its help in our last hours on earth? If it is so important to our happiness and success in the brief interval allotted to men in this world, to what unspeakable dimensions does it increase with the approach of the next. If sorrow and misfortune so darken the lives of the best men, that without an omnipotent arm to lean upon existence is often a well nigh insupportable burden, what shall be said of the soul's agonized craving for help as it passes 'the dark valley and shadow of death?' Oh! that each of us could realize the nature and extent of that dreadful emergency. Would to God that all men would remember, 'We have no continuing city in this world;' that our lives, at best, are but a short pilgrimage in a weary land. But brief and uncertain as they are, and fearful and inevitable as is the approach of death, if God has walked with us, and

we with Him, the king of terrors is robbed of much that is hideous in his aspect, and we

‘ Approach our graves  
Like one that draws the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.’

“ In contemplating such a close of ‘ life’s fitful fever,’ even venal Balaam was enraptured as he viewed the white tents and goodly array of the host he was sent to curse. Disregarding the wishes of Balak, and recognizing the blessedness of the chosen people of the Lord, he rapturously exclaimed: ‘ Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.’

“ The circumstances which combine to show the advantage of those realizing in this life the continual protection of God’s presence, are so numerous that their very profusion is a source of embarrassment to him who, from their vast number, essays to select illustrations to support that which, by this time, should have become evident to the understanding of all men. Some author has remarked that an unbelieving astronomer is mad, but the grand thoughts and sublimated faith born of nightly vigils and communion with the circling worlds which throng the depths of infinite space, are no more necessary corolaries than should be, to other men, an unfaltering trust in the goodness of that care promised to the faithful. He that keepeth Israel shall not slumber nor sleep. My brethren, let us not repine under affliction or grow timid in confronting calamity. Impenitent weakness may well grow pale in the presence of danger and death.

‘ These thoughts may startle well, but not astound,  
The virtuous mind that ever walks attended  
By a strong siding champion, conscience.’



“We know that darkness and solitude accompany him through the battle of life who attempts to live without the kindly offices and counsel of his fellows. Such men have passed their time in wretched grandeur, and died the monuments of their own folly. One of the saddest of all truths that experience thrusts upon us amid our social enjoyments is the fact that nothing is more uncertain and more the sport of circumstances than this loving exchange of regard. No species of hypocrisy is more frequent than the show of affection between men. Self interest and advancement are generally the controlling motives which underly and direct human action unsanctified by the grace of God. It is from this main-spring, added to the knowledge that unaided effort is almost necessarily abortive, that men court the good will of each other, and in this way, at rare intervals, have been reared structures of love and confidence which stir the blood in their recital, like the peal of a trumpet. Who can read unmoved the story of Jonathan’s love for David, and the grief of the surviving hero at the fatal tidings from Gilboa? ‘I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of woman.’ Then too, we have that sweetest of all sacred idyls, the devotion of fair young Ruth to the desolate and widowed Naomi. In profane story we have Pythagorean Damon ready to die for his friend, and in later days the courage of that high-born maiden who, hearing the footsteps of treason and death approaching her lord, thrust her own beautiful arm as a bar into the iron fastning of the door.

‘Or her, who knew that Love can vanquish Death  
Who kneeling, with one arm about her king,  
Drew forth the poison with her balmy breath,  
Sweet as new buds in Spring.’



"My brethren, let us thank God, there is noble and disinterested friendship on earth, and as we recognize the value of this privilege to what height of joy should we rise, as we realize the possibility of the love of him who crowneth us with mercy and loving kindness.

"How much better, then, was the simple benediction of king Saul than all the elaborate worldly wisdom unsanctified intelligence confers. Many of us have read with pleasure the parting words of advice which the greatest of the poets imagined in a wise and crafty father, to his son on the threshold of manhood :

'To thine own self be true,  
And it must follow as night the day  
Thou canst not be false to any man.'

"Brethren, the measure of our duty is not thus fulfilled, for however perfect the discharge of our obligations to man, our maker and preserver should be first in our thoughts. The recognition of this all-important truth, and the discharge of the duty arising therefrom, assure us happiness in this world and the next, and enable us to trust him in whose goodness there is no variableness nor shadow of turning. Of a man in such blessed estate David has declared, 'He shall be like a tree planted by the river of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season ; his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.'

"Then, if God goes with men, and great blessings follow His gracious presence, the question naturally arises, why He walks not with every descendant of Adam ? The answer to this most important of all inquiries carries us back to that paradise lost by our first parents. The

inborn proclivity to sin that led them astray has been transmitted to all their posterity, and they have not sought God in their counsels. If they have not declared this in so many words, they have in their actions; as did the French mob when drunk with the blood of innocence, as a climax to their infinite folly and shame, they forbade religion, and paid to a prostitute the honors due Him. How often, amid the wondrous and unceasing miracles of the Exodus was Israel sighing for the flesh pots of Egypt, and how could David, the man after God's own heart, have so despised his favor, in his sin with Uriah's wife! Solomon perhaps enjoyed all that his heart could imagine, and yet, with his surpassing wisdom, was weak enough to forfeit at last the crowning blessing of life, and so it will be with all nations and individuals who forget God. If we turn aside from him we need not look for the large bounty of his promise, and it is only through his forbearance that we, like the barren fig tree, are not stricken down in our places. That he suffers men to disregard his commands, persecute his church, and revile his own holy name, does not show that the Lord is with them, but it does prove that His mercy endureth forever.

“The divine favor to some men is often full of mystery to us. The craft and subtilty of Jacob was preferred to the unselfish magnanimity of Esau. The heroism and devotion of Jonathan could not atone for the sins of his father; and we can almost weep for Moses on the mountain, when he went on Pisgah to die with Jordan still pouring its flood between him and the promised land. But God doeth all things well; and it is as sinful to question his ways, as unwise to resist his decrees. There is an old maxim among the English lawyers, that the

king can do no harm to his subjects. They say, as the sovereign is the source of all law, and liberty nothing but franchises from the crown, therefore he can commit no infraction of rules granted by himself. God is the fountain of all truth and justice, and if he is gracious to one individual, as in early childhood to Samuel, we can only say that we are clay in the potter's hands. If after reaching accountability we lose his favor, it is only due to our sins that such is the fact. God's choice of men is one of the inseparable attributes of his majesty. Let us strive, my brethren, to make our calling and election sure.

"Then we may say, it is evident to the eyes of all who are not wilfully blind, that God is just in not walking with every one. Saul might well say to the young lad who, in the simplicity of his innocent trust, was willing to die for the good of his people, 'Go, and may the Lord be with you,' but how could Elijah have justified himself in using such language to king Ahab in any of his war-like expeditions? Could the mighty Tishbite, with all the favor God so lavishly showered upon him, have dared to invoke that pure presence upon such a man as the husband of Jezebel? Our sins drive God from us, my brethren, often when he is moving upon our souls. Since the cloven tongues of Pentecost, a richer heritage of his grace has been given the world; but men in our day grieve and expel the Holy Spirit as they did in ancient times. Do they forget there is a limit to the almost infinite forbearance of God? Have they yet to hear the declaration, 'My spirit shall not always strive with the sons of men?' Can we not realize that 'out of Christ the wrath of God is a consuming fire?' Alas! human

depravity sometimes reaches such a stage in its progress to perdition, that the patient Saviour of the world converts his pity into frowning and resistless indignation. Oh! my brethren, how shall I picture the state of a soul without God and without hope in the world? What shall I say of him who stands without an intercessor, exposed to the anger of God? Whither shall he turn to escape the tremendous energy of immortal wrath? 'If I ascend up into heaven,' says the Psalmist, 'thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there; if I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the earth, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.'

"The most appalling scene imaginable is that of a man abandoned by heaven. I can conceive of nothing so utterly wretched, as an immortal spirit thus given over by God to irretrievable woe. Let us thank him that this is seldom the case with those in the bloom of youth. Men, wicked as they sometimes become, even at an early age, rarely sink so deeply at once in guilt as to banish the wooing whisper of the still, small voice. We find the hopelessly lost among those whose hoary heads are blossoming for the grave, and who in their long lives have committed every crime which an imagination fertile in misdeeds and the conception thereof, can devise; who have revelled for years in iniquity; who have laughed to scorn the warnings they have received; who have rolled sin as a sweet morsel under their tongues; and whose lives have been one long effort to resist the duty demanded at their hands. What a ghastly scene is the death-bed of such a man! How pitiable and weak has then become the hardihood that derided morality and

despised justice ! How craven the spirit that once laughed at danger, and seemed to bear a charmed life amid the shafts of death ! Look at the shrunken limbs wasted by disease contracted in nights of debauchery ! Hear the feeble whine of that voice which once rang like a trumpet ; look at that animated skeleton, and realize, if you can, that here was once

‘ A combination, and a form, indeed,  
Where every God did seem to set his seal,  
To give the world assurance of a man.’

Listen to the mutterings of the tongue, refusing to do its office, in now useless prayer ! See how the glaring eyes grow dim, and the sunken cheeks pale in approaching dissolution ! and you will appreciate what it is to live and die without hope in God.

“ These remarks and the subject I have discussed to-day, seem to me peculiarly appropriate at this season. Some of you, dear to my heart, who have long attended my humble efforts to preach the gospel, are, like David, about to go forth to encounter danger ; my heart yearns for you when I think of the temptations that lie in wait for you so thickly along the pathway of life. The straight and narrow way of truth, with all its beautiful simplicity, is so apt to appear forbidding to the warm imagination of youth, that the seductions therefrom are too often successful. ‘ Where-withal,’ said the wisest of men, ‘ shall a young man cleanse his way ?’ And this remark implies the difficulty of correct deportment at such an age. But if youth is the period of warm passions, it is also that of heart-tenderness. Habit and skepticism have not then made callous the affections of the soul. Oh ! my young hearers, let me beseech you to love the Lamb of God,

while you are yet in the innocence and joy of the morn. Let not the pleasures and vanities of this life pall on your taste, before you begin the great work of preparation for eternity. Ask of the libertine if he has found rest amid his voluptuous indulgences, and you will find him miserable. Go to the Sybarite, who is too refined to seek pleasure in the gross joys of the sensualist, and he will tell you his beautiful dreams of bliss are all unrealized. Go to the man of ambition, and he will say the shouts of popular applause are but too often the empty clamor of ignorance. Inquire of him who revels in the delights of fashionable society, and with experience he will agree with Shenstone,

‘ Whoe’er has traveled life’s dull round,  
Where’er its stages may have been,  
May sigh to think he still has found  
The warmest welcome at an inn.’

“ Oh ! my brethren, trust to the experience of all men, when they tell you the fleeting joys of this world turn to ashes like Dead Sea fruit upon our lips. And now, in conclusion, let us take to our hearts Saul’s benediction to David, and I say to those of you about to go out into the great world, “ May the Lord go with you ; and may the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with us all, evermore.”

After the services had ended, Philip and Rosamond lingered in the church-yard, walking slowly among the monuments. The effect of the deep, shadowy quiet was heightened by the presence of the dead. Mr. Grey’s sermon had much affected Philip, for he well knew he was uppermost in the good man’s thoughts, in the choice of



his subject. The pointed allusions to himself; the unusual fervor of manner, and the unbidden tears, which at times welled up in the minister's eyes, were all unmistakable symptoms of the affectionate interest on the part of the teacher in his former pupil. Mr. Grey, on leaving the chapel, and seeing the young couple near the marble shaft raised to Templeton St. George's memory, joined them and said :

"My children, I gave you my farewell warning to-day. You are both going out from the homes which have so long sheltered you from the hardships and temptations of life. I trust you will both treasure up what I have said, and remember that love dictated the counsel."

"Be sure, Mr. Grey," said Philip, "I shall never cease to remember and reverence you. Your sermon to-day lays me under fresh obligations, and I am sure, while life and reason last, I shall frequently recall your counsel and example. Rosamond and myself were just speaking of you, sir."

"Yes, Mr. Grey," said Rosamond, "we have been saying such things about you as we really felt. We are older than most boys and girls when sent from home for the first time, and with the care that has been bestowed upon us we should be recreant to forget the good advice you have so often given us."

"Philip, when you are at the University I still love as my *Alma Mater*, and you, Rosamond, in that giddy city, I desire you both to write me whenever your minds are troubled with doubt and temptation, and I will endeavor in my replies to vindicate the ways of God with man. Examine the foundations of our religion, and see how from Abraham to the present day, not only the



prophecies have been fulfilled, but see in the types and shadows the coming of Christ foretold as plainly as in the rapt visions of Isaiah. The struggle between christianity and infidelity still continues, and is ever assuming new phases in the lapse of time. Rest assured that a system which has triumphed so long will survive unimpaired all future objections. I desire you to have your faith serene, and in all your investigations on this momentous subject, humbly trust in God for the truth, and he will solve every doubt which may arise."

Philip felt a melancholy satisfaction in surveying the objects around which, since his infancy, had been so familiar to his eyes. He was on the eve of his first considerable separation from them, and knew it would be years before he again should know Ellesmere as his settled domicile. It was natural that one who had been reared in so much affection should now feel distressed, as the shades of the last evening at home deepened around him. Long and tender were his conferences with Mariana and Rosamond. The beautiful blind girl was giving up her dearest earthly joy, but never a word escaped her to sadden the brother whose future usefulness much depended on a wise separation from his home. Rosamond perhaps felt a keener pang in parting: for deep as was the sister's love, there was now in the heart of the cousin a passion to which all other emotions pale their ineffectual fires. Her tall, slender figure had latterly acquired wonderful grace, and the dark eyes seemed to have deepened to fathomless profundity, with their ever-changing betrayal of the heart's images.

## CHAPTER XII.

## PHILIP AT COLLEGE.

"THERE in each breast each active power dilates  
Which broils whole nations, and convulses states;  
And in a smaller range, a smaller sphere,  
The dark deformities of man appear.  
Yet there the gentler virtues kindred claim,  
There Friendship lights her pure untainted flame,  
There mild Benevolence delights to dwell,  
And sweet Contentment rests without her cell."

—*Childhood.*

PHILIP had matriculated at the University as a member of the senior class, and Arthur Kean, having accompanied him, was in the law school. Judge Eustace's watchful care had not relaxed in its attention to the comfort of his grandson, now that increasing years had borne him from his immediate presence. An agent, sent from Ellesmere, had rented for Philip and Arthur Kean the spare rooms of a widowed lady, who lived in the village, close to the walls encompassing the college *campus*, and on their arrival they found every thing arranged for immediate possession. The buildings and grounds attached to the institution, the pretty village and pleasant surrounding landscape atoned for much of the enjoyment Philip had left behind him in the beautiful valley of his nativity. He and Arthur Kean were soon strolling through the walks where in golden-visioned youth had loitered so many predecessors since grown famous in the land. As they looked upon the ancient oaks they could but remember the orators, statesmen, jurists, and divines, who had there laid the foundations of their future great-

ness, and thrills of hope for future emulation expanded the hearts so full of homage to maturer powers. One vast poplar, towering the monarch of all its surrounding companions, was pointed out as hallowed by many a tradition of deeds yet remembered in college legend.

Everything around wore a look of studious repose, and the venerable walls of the buildings seemed redolent of memories haunting their chambers. Hundreds of students sauntered on the walks, or clustered around the stone steps of the different edifices, while lusty shouts greeted the ears of each luckless freshman who dared to show himself unaccompanied by an older member of college. Kean and Philip, being of the class denominated "newies" were thus saluted; but some one knowing their position shouted at the top of his voice the truth of their *status*, which acted like a charm, for every one was by traditional usage forced to treat a senior as one of earth's magnates. They were looked upon as an aristocracy in their little republic, and members of the lower classes were proud of the honor of their notice and acquaintance. The sophomores, who had emerged from the thralldom of freshman year six weeks before, looked down on their successors in immeasurable disdain, and were their chief tormentors. As the two friends were passing the front of the south building, they were recognized by Alfred Ridgely, the only son of the master of Knowlton in St. Kilda Valley. He had been at Ellesmere during the past vacation, and had just arrived.

"Philip, I am glad to see you at the University, at last," said he. "Allow me to extend my congratulations on your success in getting into the senior class; for five graduates of a respectable institution, who were desirous

of taking degrees here, were forced to enter our class last year as we rose juniors."

"Thank you," said Philip. "Several of the faculty desired me to do the same. They did not object to my scholarship, but disliked to grant diplomas to those who have not been members of the University two years. My grandfather had written to the president, and I suppose his influence was the cause of my success."

"The Governor, as we call him," said Alfred Ridgely, "is a trump, and I advise you to make him your friend, for in my estimation he is one of our first men, and is as kind as a father to those so fortunate as to attract his esteem."

"I am much pleased with him," said Philip, "but he certainly would make the worst model for a statue of Apollo I have ever seen among men not actually deformed. There is much dignity and kindness in his face, but I do not believe that even his wife could have ever thought him handsome."

"I am not certain of that," said Ridgely, "for I have often heard women speak of the beauty of their husbands whose charms were undiscoverable to other eyes. Shakespeare did not over-step the modesty of nature very much when he made Bottom declare, 'Truth, reason and love keep little company together.'"

Frederick Compton, having joined them, had been pointing out to Kean so many students, that the latter was surprised at the amount of information acquired in the two days he had been a member of the University. Philip invited his two acquaintances to tea with him that evening, and they were soon in his rooms. Alfred Ridgely was four years older than Philip, and had been

much of his time absent from home; so the two young men had seen little of each other for years, except in vacation. After supper, Philip joined his guests in their enjoyment of the Virginia weed, for in reaching his college dignity he had taken a step beyond occasional cigars to the superior dignity of the learned pipe.

"Well, Philip," said Fred. Compton, "this is not like running red foxes and getting snapped up by wounded wolves."

"No," answered Philip; "but as Reginald Vane is to marry cousin Helen, she will keep him so close at home, game will be abundant by the time we get back. He has promised to keep the cover at the foot of Sorrell's Peak inviolate until we can make another raid upon its peace."

"Philip," said Ridgely, "you will have to be careful with your horses, or you will have them ruined here. I brought Nelly Gwynn with me last winter, and I fear my friends have injured her so much she will never recover. It was a rare scene, when Bob Truesdale, to whom I loaned her, spoilt for the sake of a frolic one of the gamest animals I ever saw."

"How was that, Ridgely?" cried all.

"It was a muster day for the militia, and as the regiment was to parade near the University, many of the students went to the field to witness the evolutions of their country's defenders. After much bargaining among the countrymen, a large portion of the students mounted themselves for a drill under Truesdale, who had been a member of a volunteer cavalry company at home. The colonel of the militia did not relish the idea of this opposition on the field which he had supposed the peculiar theatre of his own glory, and sent a guard, armed with

unloaded shot guns, to expel the intruders, by this time often charging and wheeling in alarming proximity to his regimental flanks. The improvised cavalrymen had, by general contribution, purchased a barrel of whisky, and were ready to say with Tom O'Shanter :

' With tupenny we fear no evil,  
With usquebah we'd face the devil.'

The demand made by the guard, that they should quit the field, was resented as an insult to free Americans ; and soon, instigated by drink and their own native deviltry, the students had the luckless squad of infantry in rapid retreat on their main body. The colonel had just deployed his command, when by order of Truesdale the literary horsemen, howling like savages, charged in mad career full upon the startled militia. Never was field so quickly won or ingloriously abandoned. The mounted officers led the confused mass, as with flying feet they sought the shelter of a neighboring wood. Elated with their victory, they came to town with the horses they had hired for only an hour, and made night hideous with their clamorous charges through the streets. The militia were so badly frightened they recovered their horses as quietly as possible, making but small mention of a disaster which doubtless many of them considered a defeat as fearful if not as bloody as Waterloo itself."

"What did the university authorities say on the subject?" said Kean. "The story must have reached their ears."

"They doomed Truesdale to perpetual exile from these sacred haunts."

"Is our Greek Professor a man of violent temper?"



asked Philip. "My first impression led me to think he was very pleasant, but in his examination of me on the Greek tragedies, after dwelling, as I thought, long enough on the third syllable of *Philoctetes* to please the ear of the most fastidious critic, I heard him, as it were, gasping for breath. I looked at his countenance, and O horror! he was glaring on me like a fiend. His eyes flashed with fury—the muscles of his face hideously distorted—and when I discovered the cause of all this wrath, it was occasioned by my shortening that ante-penult."

Before Philip had ended this description, Ridgely fell into a fit of ungovernable laughter, astonishing the others, who could not imagine any ground for so much mirth in Philip's account of ill-humor in the Professor.

"Heaven send us no direr wrath than swells the genial heart of that man," said Ridgely. "Philip, excuse me, for your description of Mr. Reiter's horror of a false quantity, and the idea of that harmless gentleman's rage, was so amusing I could not control myself. There is not a gentler man alive, and the fury you imagined as contorting his face was nothing but an unfortunate habit of making wry faces, to be rid of which he, I expect, would give a kingdom. I have never known a kinder heart. Whenever in a position to justify it, he treats the youngest student with as much consideration as Gov. Young himself. His eccentricity has enabled the wags of all the classes to tease him unmercifully, but his good temper survives unharmed all these trials."

Occasional shouts were heard in the campus, which soon swelled into a wild uproar; and his friends knowing nothing of what they meant were told by Ridgely that the blacking club was going its rounds, and the



members amusing themselves with painting the faces of the freshmen. A pistol shot was fired about this time, and the report reached the four young men through the open windows as they sat conversing. This so excited Frederick Compton, that he proposed to go to the buildings to learn the nature of the difficulty calling for the use of deadly weapons.

"I advise you, Compton, to stay where you are," said Ridgely. "The faculty will certainly be on hand to put a stop to the affair, and your going there might subject you to misconception."

"Yes, I would certainly remain here, Frederick," said Kean. "These violent aggressions of the older students upon the young boys just from home are wrong and should be discountenanced. I can see neither wit nor propriety in the invasion, by strong and experienced young men, of the room of a poor stripling grieving for his newly-lost protectors. Instead of there being pleasure in such proceedings, they are, in my opinion, unmanly and disgraceful. I suppose those who participate in such things think it ludicrous if a friendless boy should be terrified at the menaces of a large crowd hideously disguised in their clothing and the liquor which has made them brutes."

"Oh, I did not expect to join in the blacking," said Compton. "I only wished to see what was going on."

"Then, Fred," said Philip, "you are countenancing these proceedings. I am determined never to engage in anything I should be ashamed to confess."

A knock was heard at the front door, and Philip's servant, Reuben, coming into the room, announced Gov. Young. Philip at once went to meet him.

"Mr. Eustace," said he, "I am glad to find you at home this evening, as there is a serious disturbance among the students. I hope you will always continue to act with the same discretion, when the folly of others leads them to such acts as you hear going on in the campus. Your father and grandfather were students of whom this institution has ever been proud, and I trust you will follow their example."

"I shall assuredly try, sir."

Gov. Young glanced in to see who was present, and taking down their names departed.

"Gov. Young is one of the most remarkable men, in many respects, I ever knew," said Ridgely. "He was born and reared with but slender advantages, and yet has not only reached high judicial honor and the chief magistracy of his State, but is now recognized as one of the ablest college presidents of the land."

Four students, unacquainted with Philip, called at the door to request him to allow one of them, who had received a pistol shot in the shoulder, to use one of his rooms until he could obtain medical assistance. This was of course granted. The wounded man was a fair-haired youth from one of the extreme Southern States, and the pallor and nervous twitchings of his countenance plainly told of the torture he was undergoing. He was a young man of noble presence, and Philip wondered at the singular combination of grace and stoicism exhibited in his suffering. He was laid upon a lounge, and one of his friends went for a doctor. Charles Loundes, (for this was his name), by an odd mixture of gentleness and utter disregard of danger, was a great favorite among the hot-spurs, and by his talents won the respectful consider-

ation of those who could not commend his reckless leadership in all the frolics and mischief for months past. Philip, as he took his hand in introduction, could but observe the high-born courtesy triumphing over pain.

"I hope you are not hurt seriously, Mr. Loundes," said Philip, bending over him and removing the bloody clothing.

"I fear I am," said the sufferer, "but it is just punishment for countenancing conduct which my own better judgment condemned as brutal. I was knocked up last year, in trying to prevent the same thing to which I was at least consenting this time. My chief fear is that the matter will reach the faculty and cause my expulsion."

"Reuben," said Kean, "bring plenty of cold water. I am confident that will be the medical treatment prescribed when the physician arrives."

Dr. Johnson soon made his appearance, and having extracted the ball, which had not penetrated as deeply as at first expected, administered anodynes both from his medical chest and the fascination of his conversation.

"Mr. Loundes," said he, "you seem unlucky. Last year about this time you were laid up with a broken head, and now you are again under the weather. The fates seem fond of playing you tricks."

"Yes, Doctor, I am an unlucky dog, although many of my friends think I was born with a silver spoon in my mouth."

"You had better be still here until morning," said the doctor, "that is, if you do not incommode the gentlemen occupying these rooms."

"Not at all," said Philip. "We shall be glad to enter-

tain Mr. Loundes. If he desires it he can occupy one of our rooms until he recovers."

"I am under many obligations to you, Mr. Eustace, for your kindness," said Loundes, "but I must get back as early as possible to my chum. He will be lonely if I stay until this wound heals, for I expect it will keep me a close prisoner for at least a month. I think, after an hour or two, it will be best for me, under the friendly cover of the night, to regain my own quarters. I should have occupied them as soon as I came to grief, but I found they were in possession of the faculty, and had to change my base and assume a new position."

"Well, go when you please," said the Doctor, "but be particular, and do not jar yourself. If you will keep your arm in a sling, and not move the injured muscles, I can promise you speedy restoration, for it seems you are hard to kill anyhow."

"What do you think of Dave Fisher's case to-day, Doctor?" said Ridgely.

"He is very nearly gone, and there is scarcely a hope of his recovery. He staid here during the vacation, and has not seen any of his family for two years. The prospect of seeing them no more on earth seems very distressing to him, and I wish they lived near enough to reach him in time, as, in that event, I would telegraph immediately."

"He was a fellow of infinite jest," said Ridgely, with a sigh, "indeed a very Yorick in disposition. I have often sent for him to night suppers in my room, and, though there were but few present, he would make an after-dinner speech witty enough to set any table in a roar. Alas! poor Fisher, where are his jests now?"

"Not to change the subject, Ridgely," said the Doctor, "Mr. Eustace, you must be in some way related to our present Governor."

"I am his son, sir."

"I had supposed so, for you bear strong resemblance in feature to him; but in your length of limb you are more like your grandfather. You must be full six feet in height."

"That is my present altitude, sir."

"What has become of Percival St. George? I knew him in Paris, and I am confident he was then the handsomest man alive. We went together to the opera, and heard that wonderful girl whose subsequent death, I learned, so nearly resulted in his own."

"My cousin is nearly the same he has been for the last ten years, and preserves much of his comeliness, but is much altered from what he was when you saw him."

"I was never so attracted by a man," said the Doctor, "and for hours I have looked on, enraptured with his ceaseless gaiety, and half realized he was some embodiment of those old dreams which peopled our woods with fauns. His person was the study of artists, and the charm of his manner was such, that it seemed I could never tire of his presence. How he could deny himself to society, when his simple appearance was sufficient to gain all hearts, passes my comprehension. I have sighed to think his beauty and vivacity should ever be clouded and lost in the ruin of age. I was never sentimental about women, but Percival St. George interested me so I shall never forget him. Mr. Kean, I understand you were in Europe."

"Five years of my life were spent there, sir."

"I am afraid we shall not come up to your ideas of what a University should be. Indeed I think it a farce to call a literary institution with a law school attached a University."

"It is certainly a misnomer," said Kean, "if we mean by the term to convey the idea developed at Oxford and Cambridge, in England, and similar seats of learning on the continent. In their numerous schools can be found a particular foundation for instruction in everything worth knowing among men."

Charles Loundes now concluded that this was a favorable time for him to effect his retreat, and he soon reached his room in the south building, without attracting the attention of the faculty. The conversation was continued in the room he had left until late in the night. The next day he was doing so well he was able to entertain many friends who came to inquire as to his condition. He had been, since Truesdale's expulsion, the leader in all mischief-making and tricks upon the faculty. In addition to his fine presence and generosity, he was largely gifted with natural eloquence. There was a singular firmness in his adhesion to the strange ethics he had adopted, and with many his opinions had grown in weight, until they possessed the sanctions of law. He believed it the moral duty of every collegian to wage war on the faculty whenever opportunity afforded. This he held to be a natural and fore-ordained state of things, not to be prosecuted however to any further injury of the body or estate of his fancied enemy than circumstances required. The faculty were to be treated with respect in their presence, but on other occasions everything which did not involve positive injury to their character became



legitimate as an engine to bring them into ridicule. Added to this, he was the best shot, the most daring rider, and the hardest head to confuse with liquor, and nothing is wanting to account for his ascendancy but the mention of his lavish expenditure of his wealth.

The next morning he was lying propped up in bed, and was entertaining his friends in a style which evinced no depression of spirit from his recent accident. He had written, by the hand of a crony, a note to the young freshman who shot him, commending his pluck, and disclaiming any ill feeling on his part. He freely avowed that he was the man hit, and threw himself on the boy's generosity to say nothing of the affair. He had been waiting for more than an hour to hear what the lad would say to his peaceful overtures, and nothing had been heard from his trusty commissioner, Larkins, except that things were working well. This information was conveyed on a small piece of folded paper thrown out of the window to a confederate awaiting despatches below. At length the envoy returned with a message from Sidney Hay, that as the affair had taken its present turn, he was sorry to have injured Loundes, and would visit him during the day. The crowd in Hay's room the night before were disposed to beat him for firing the pistol, but when the weapon was wrested from his hands, and the blacking consummated, Loundes had gravely assured the crowd he would hold any man personally responsible for further injury to the boy. This was sufficient to secure him from further molestation.

"Well, Charley," said Henry Norton, "where did you take yourself last night, when you found the faculty in your room?"



"I went to Mrs. Bowles' house, now occupied by two new men. Eustace and Kean are their names, and they are living in a style surpassing anything I have ever seen among students."

"Ridgely says Eustace is as rich as a nabob," said Norton, "and I suppose he can afford it, but I don't see any necessity for his giving himself such airs."

"I don't suppose he thinks of his manner, Norton. Ridgely says he has been all his life at home, shut up with grandees and private tutors. I expect this has caused the hauteur you dislike, but in my opinion he has the finest manner I have ever seen in a fellow who knows so little of the world."

"How did he receive you, Charley?" said another.

"Well, he was on his dignity until he heard I was hurt, and then he became as pleasant as a May morning. He has two splendid horses here, and, they say, many more just as fine at home."

"I saw them going to water yesterday," said Larkins, "and I cannot tell, for the life of me, which I prefer, the black or the gray. Charlie, I need not ask you how you liked that wine he gave us; I could see how you relished it."

"A drink fit for the gods!" said Loundes.

Dr. Johnson now made his appearance, followed by Philip's man Reuben, who came to present his master's compliments, and to ask how Mr. Loundes had rested, and further to beg his acceptance of a few bottles of wine, hoping he would find them beneficial in his sickness.

"Loundes," said the doctor, "the wine will be of service

to you, if properly used—but I need not say too much will endanger your life.”

“I will drink it to a drop in accordance with your directions. Larkins, write to Mr. Eustace, and say I am doing well, and would be pleased to see him here. Tender him my thanks for his kindness last night, and the wine he has sent.”

After Dr. Johnston had examined and dressed the wound, he filled his pipe and sat down for a talk.

“Loundes,” said he, “those young men down at Mrs. Bowles’ are fine fellows, and I do not know when I have met two strangers who have impressed me more agreeably. They are men of good sense and have evidently been well raised.”

“They are devilish nice fellows, doctor; at least, Eustace is. I cannot say that I fancy Kean so much. Is not Eustace fine looking?”

“His is the most remarkable family in that respect I ever saw. They are all very much alike. You have seen Gov. Eustace here, and know his appearance, but Percival St. George, of whom you heard me speak last night, when he was young would have attracted Venus from Adonis himself.”

Philip, with no effort of his own, was now winning the favorable opinion of those students whose acquaintance could not be reasonably expected to afford much advantage beyond an enlargement of his knowledge of human character. With most youths this sudden introduction to the favor of one like Charles Loundes would have been too apt to result in disaster, unless the bad influence should be counteracted by something extraordinary. In the evening after prayers, Philip and Kean rode out on-

horseback, and enjoyed the soft outlines of the surrounding country. They found that the village, which surrounded the University on three sides, was situated on a lofty hill with many beautiful views around. It fell far below the attractiveness of the grander elevations which held in everlasting embrace the happy Valley of St. Kilda. Philip's mind and heart went back to those fondly remembered haunts, and dwelt tenderly on the memory of his fair home, and the dear ones clustered around the family altars at Ellesmere. On their return they rode into the campus and up to the building where Loundes lay disabled. Kean sat on horseback and held the horses while Philip made a hasty call on the wounded chief.

The students gathered around to inspect the beauty of the steeds, and Black Sultan resented the unusual course and scrutiny by angry symptoms of his displeasure, but Philip having returned, the proud animal moved off as if half conscious of the applause he was exciting. The next morning was the occurrence of his first Sabbath at college, and at the ringing of the bell the two friends repaired to the chapel. Here they observed several pretty faces among the village girls, but one, a daughter of a professor, was surpassingly lovely. Philip thought of Mariana and Rosamond as soon as he saw her, although her beauty was of an entirely different order. The heiress of Thorndale's face was full of passionate longing, and her full, dark eyes seemed ever aglow with some subtle enthusiasm, while the grey eyes of the University beauty were cold and passionless. The serenity of Mariana, with her abstract and heavenly illumination, seemed half unconscious of things around, but Lilly Seaton was full

of observation for everything that transpired in her watchful presence. Philip had heard Alfred Ridgely frequently refer to her attractiveness, for he, like a host of others, was desperately in love with the belle of the college.

One of the professors was to preach, and took for his text the parable of Dives and Lazarus. He was a short, stout man, with a harsh voice and large, fiery eyes, and was full of curious ideas of elocution. He was always insisting on the student's suiting their voices to the matter declaimed, and, never being satisfied with their performances, was eagerly criticized himself whenever an opportunity offered. He commenced his sermon with a dry recital of the story of the rich man's profligacy; how he spent his time in purple and fine clothing, and amid his feasts disregarded the hungry pauper at his gate, until between the tedious story he made of it, and the humdrum tone of his voice, the performance became so decidedly soporific on a large portion of an audience Boanerges could not have kept awake, that many were fast asleep. Suddenly he reached the end of his story. The rich man had lost his purple and fine linen, he had consumed his last good dinner, and with Lazarus was in the land

"From whose bourne no traveller returns."

Dives in torment lifted up his eyes and beheld the pauper in Abraham's bosom. The venerable stickler for suiting the voice to the matter, carried out his theory, and in a voice of thunder shouted the vain imploration recorded of Dives. The effect was an instantaneous awak-

ening of all the sleepers, and called forth a storm of laughter from the entire congregation. Philip had always been remarkable for his decorum in church, but this scene was too much for his gravity.

His careful and elaborate training in the classics and higher mathematics did not afford Philip an opportunity of displaying his erudition, as his class had finished these studies with the junior year, but in natural science, metaphysics, and constitutional law, he found many competitors who occasioned him severe application to keep pace with the foremost. Alfred Ridgely and several others were young men of close study and fine abilities, but he was determined to fall behind none, and soon occupied a position among the leading minds of his class. He became a favorite with the professors and the reading men among the students, and won the hearts of all by mingled firmness and suavity. He soon learned the status of Charles Loundes and his followers, and by adroit management escaped being drawn into their society more than he wished. They knew his love of field sports, and had heard of his success in the match between Tempest and Pepin, and these were things that filled them with admiration. He met Loundes and Norton one evening, as he and Arthur Kean were visiting at the house of one of the professors. Lily Seaton, having heard they were musicians, induced them to astonish the two madcaps with some of the grand combinations which long practice had enabled them to produce together. Loundes returned to his room, and declared that he had always before had a contempt for men who used the piano, as it was only fit for women to play on, but now he would give half his estate for the skill of either. This gave the two friends

much eclat in the limited circle of society in the village, but they had cultivated their musical taste for quiet enjoyment, so it was soon understood that applications for them to play in mixed assemblies were distasteful.

The literary society to which they belonged was a source of much interest to both; and the long and earnest debates were as novel to Kean as to Philip. In Germany, in other respects, the opportunities of mental culture are almost perfect; but Arthur had not there enjoyed the liberty of untrammelled discussion; here he at once understood the secret of frequent public eminence among the graduates of this institution. It was a matter of astonishment to him to see young men, who yawned through the hour of recitation, given to the study of Athenian and Roman genius, vexing the dull ear of night with tireless harangues, whenever subjects of moment were selected for debate. Kean, knowing the importance of participation in these discussions to himself, eagerly embraced the opportunity thus afforded for forensic preparation, and soon inspired Philip with a kindred feeling. They early discovered the advantage of their opponents, who had enjoyed years of practice in this the most cumulative of all arts. No man was ever a great speaker at once; for labor and habit are absolutely essential in the matter. Charles Loundes was also highly interested, whenever the debates had the slightest connection with politics, past or present.

The leader of the madcaps had recovered from his wound, and if the faculty ever knew the secret of his injury, they thought him sufficiently punished. He was at times brilliantly eloquent, for nature seemed to have supplied him with a store of metaphor and allusion, which was never wanting, when occasion offered, for sparkling

effect. His anecdotes, and his mode of telling them, were inimitable; and he often gained, by ridicule, where his logic would have been utterly unavailing. Kean and Philip soon learned to respect him as an opponent, while his admiration for them tempered the sarcasm with which he would, otherwise, have assailed their positions. The two societies were noted for the dignity of bearing to be observed in their sessions, and anything which in a student's morality was thought dishonorable in a member, was followed by summary expulsion from the body. This was equivalent to banishment from college, for the faculty allowed no student to remain who had been declared, in this way, unworthy of the companionship of his peers. These trials for grave misdemeanor were solemn and scrupulously conscientious in their investigations, and no instance is recorded of injustice done those who have suffered by their judgments. It is true, that in one case a student was accused and convicted of high crime and expelled from the society, who afterwards reformed and became a great man in the councils of the nation.

Philip soon had occasion to witness the high moral motives actuating his fellow students on such occasions. A member of his society, named McSnout, had frequently disgusted him by his coarseness and ill-nature in debate. He was possessed of rugged good sense, but was a bully in disposition. After a desperate fight with Loundes, against whose supremacy he had plotted, having lost the respect of gentlemen, he became the leader of the lowest and most contemptible spirits in the institution, and was in the eyes of the faculty an unmitigated nuisance. For some time he had been too crafty for detection amid the drunken debaucheries in which he passed nearly every



night; but at last, in a state of beastly intoxication, after the commission of a flagrant outrage, he was detected and dismissed. In a few months he would have graduated, and his clique made many complaints, that after his long stay he should thus miss his diploma. The sentence of dismissal, unlike that of expulsion, did not involve hopelessness of return; and it was urged by his friends, that the society should petition the faculty to allow him to rejoin his class. Philip and a majority of the members arguing that prudent management in similar cases had caused the faculty to treat such applications with respect, by which hardships under their decisions had been remedied, opposed doing anything in McSnout's behalf. To do so in such a case as this, where every one saw the necessity of punishment, they thought would impair the effect of petitions on the part of the society, whose judicious conduct heretofore had led to its success. In the course of the debates, one of McSnout's friends grossly insulted an inoffensive young man, who was courteously opposing his wishes. At the suggestion of the presiding officer, Philip, who was near the offender, Goals, promptly seized him, and, in spite of his resistance, put him out of the hall. This was on Tuesday at a called meeting, and it is hardly necessary to state that McSnout's wishes were refused by the society.

"Philip," said Charles Loundes, two nights later, in the room of the former, "I advise you to prepare yourself for a difficulty. McSnout and Goals, with several others, are going around bullying every one who said anything against petitioning for that scoundrel's return. They have insulted White, and swear they will settle accounts with you. Though I did not say anything on the occa-

sion, for fear some one might think me actuated by the old grudge existing between McSnout and myself, I have come to see you out, if they dare show fight here. Where is Kean?"

"He has gone out for a law recitation," said Philip. "I appreciate your kindness, Charles. Here is the pistol with which I shot the wolf last Christmas, but promise me to reserve your fire until you see an absolute necessity."

"Oh, never fear," said Loundes. "I have waged seven battles here with pistols in reach, but have shot no one as yet."

"I shall not receive these visitors in my room," said Philip, "so we will go to the front porch, and await their approach."

They went out and took their seats in the moonlight, and it was not long before they heard angry voices coming down the street. Several men halted at the gate, one of whom they recognized as McSnout. He inquired if Philip Eustace was in, and being informed that he was, came with another to the steps.

"Mr. Eustace," said McSnout, "I have come to demand of you an explanation of your conduct in opposing the petition for my recall."

"I am here, sir, to vindicate my right to say I shall give you no explanation on the subject."

"Who are you, sir, standing up there in the dark?"

"Charles Loundes, at your service, Mr. McSnout," and the fearless athlete came down to the front step."

"Mr. Eustace," said McSnout, "I think you very unreasonable in injuring me, as you have, and then refusing me satisfaction."

"I have done nothing of the kind," said Philip. "I hold myself responsible for all my actions."

"Then, sir," said Goals, "I hope you are ready to answer for your conduct on Tuesday."

He was standing in front of Loundes, and, with the conclusion of his words, rapidly drew a pistol which was not leveled before his quick-sighted antagonist had stricken him senseless with a slung-shot. McSnout attempted to stab Philip with a Bowie-knife, but a single blow with a stick was sufficient to quell him. The two friends were by this time in readiness for the others, who still stood at the gate. As they made no demonstration of attack, Philip called to them to carry off their disabled comrades, who were now disarmed and helpless. A loud laugh was heard near the gate, and the ponderous form of Dr. Melton, the Professor of Natural Science, drew near.

"Young gentlemen," said he, "I have been watching these two bullies ever since they left Mr. White, and you have served them the neatest trick my old eyes have seen for many a long day. You both know my theory, that in a hundred men there must be, of necessity, some scoundrels. Now to my certain knowledge, the two biggest scamps in this institution are lying like dead dogs at your feet."

"Doctor," said Philip, "we have done what we believed our duty. These men were apparently seeking our lives."

"I know all the circumstances of the case," said Dr. Melton. "You did your duty to the society, by your opposition to troubling the faculty with the petition in behalf of McSnout. I wish Mr. Loundes you always had as good reason for your other fights. Let us carry your

prisoners in, and see the amount of damage inflicted upon them."

They found Goals much more seriously stunned than his abettor, and cold water soon induced McSnout to open his eyes, but to hide his shame he assumed delirium.

"You need not attempt that game, Mr. McSnout," said Dr. Melton, "you cannot deceive me. You should be ashamed of yourself, to be coming here without permission of the faculty, and getting your head broken in this way."

The sullen and thoroughly cowed bully waited until patience and Dr. Melton's skill recalled Goals to consciousness, when they were again addressed by the stern old man :

"I have been watching you both to night in your brutal course, and I am glad we are now to be rid of your further presence; for the absolute necessity of your banishment has been long recognized. After your dismissal, Mr. McSnout, you have returned in defiance of our wishes, and came here with Mr. Goals prepared to assassinate Mr. Eustace. I now declare, if the morning light finds either of you in two miles of this village, I will have you both arrested and tried for assault with the intent to kill."

"I will go at once," said McSnout, "for I should not have returned but for Goals."

"I will go too," said Goals, "if you will promise this matter shall end here."

"I have nothing to do with it, in that event," said Dr. Melton, "if these gentlemen, you have attacked, are satisfied."

Philip and Loundes having expressed their willingness to the arrangement, the crest-fallen bullies took their de-

parture, followed by the professor, whose sleepless vigilance would track them in all their actions and words, so long as they remained in his neighborhood.

"Dr. Melton," said Loundes, "is the most mysterious man I have ever known, and is the only member of the faculty I cannot fathom. He is as insensible to fear as if possessed of absolute invulnerability, and fails not to discover everything occurring around him. It seems to me absolutely impossible to avoid his wonderful scrutiny. He was in the laboratory so much last session, that he bothered me in some of my schemes, and late one night I attempted to frighten him away, by fixing a *petard* to the lower part of his door. I was on the outside watching him when the explosion occurred, and he did not even arise from his seat, but continued reading. No one but my room-mate knew anything of the affair, although the shock awoke every man in the building. The next week I received a note from the doctor, saying the trick I had played him had doubtless caused more damage than I intended. He, therefore, demanded twenty dollars for the new door, and the glass retorts and bottles broken by the concussion. He concluded his note by saying, I could pay this amount or appear that evening before the faculty to answer for my conduct. As you may suppose, I gladly paid it, and resolved to interfere with him no further."

"Well, Loundes," said Philip, "I shall never forget your services on this occasion, so let us both resolve that we will not disturb an old man who can act with so much generosity and good sense. You have fine abilities, and in a few months will go out into the world. Let me beseech you, my dear friend, to look more gravely on this

great battle of life which lies before us. If you will only give up your fun and frolic, take my word for it, you can be anything you may desire. I expect to go to Europe soon after finishing my studies here, and I would be much pleased to have your company."

"Well, to tell the truth," said Loundes, "since I have been staying with you and Kean, I am getting ashamed of wasting so much time, and have been astonishing my friends at the amount of my reading, and the moderation of my drink. Mother wishes me to go to Europe, and I will accompany you with pleasure, if nothing prevent."

Kean now came in with Alfred Ridgely. They told Philip and Loundes that the story of their fight had already reached college, and the students were threatening to lynch McSnout and Goals. In the morning it was ascertained that those worthies had disappeared, and they were no more seen at a place where they had managed to incur so much disgrace. Philip acquired reputation for his coolness in the affair, and, under Loundes' version of it, became such a hero in the imagination of others that it was the last unpleasant incident of his career at the University. His influence for good with his new friend constantly increased, and the gifted and fearless leader, under the gentle persuasion of friendship, discontinued habits which the authority of the faculty was powerless to restrain. The professors understood and appreciated this noble work, and Gov. Young warmly applauded the good he was thus effecting. But the sweetest satisfaction Philip received for this interest he took in his friend, was a letter of thanks he received from Mrs. Loundes, who wrote from her home amid the orange groves, telling him she daily prayed for God's blessing

on his head, for the change she saw in her son's letters and confessions, and which he had told her had been wrought in him by his high example and brotherly counsels.

The reports of scholarship and conduct had been sometime before sent out, and Philip received letters from home expressing the utmost satisfaction. He had obtained the highest honors of the class in all his studies; and President Young, in a private letter to Judge Eustace, had expressed the warmest encomiums upon his conduct. The rooms at Mr. Bowles' became a favorite stopping place with him, where he frequently met Dr. Johnson, who was also fond of Philip and Kean. The learning and conversational power of these two men made them gladly close their books whenever honored by such company. Thus, in that quiet repose of college life, with no interruption to mar the even tenor of his way, went the stalwart youth upon whom so many bright hopes were resting; and in after years many hearts beat with pride and pleasure, as they recalled the pleasant smile and friendly words of Philip Eustace. He had no half way compliance with what he condemned, but gave his opinions without hesitation on all things he thought wrong in theory or practice. With this resolute dignity of character, there was no forward or officious intermeddling in matters which did not concern him, for he was generally modest in expression; but when anything stirred his indignation, then his eyes shone, and the voice, at other times gentle, became a fit reflector of his emotion.

Philip had grown very much in the last two years, his figure being large and well proportioned; incipient beard had commenced darkening his ruddy cheeks. It was now



near vacation time, and, having obtained the consent of his grandfather, he invited Charles Loundes to accompany him home. He well knew that his friend, living so far away, would remain in the college buildings, with time hanging heavily upon him during the next six weeks. Philip did not wish his recent reformation to be subjected to the temptation of dissipation so strong in such a season. The Christmas times at Ellesmere were more than usually festive this year, and Reginald Vane made good his promise about the cover at Morton's glade. It troubled Philip to think of Rosamond now far away at school, and his greatest joy, in all this happy season, was the returning vision which he saw in the eyes of his beautiful sister. Mariana was radiant with loveliness; but the meek spirit was the same at this hallowed season as at other times. She missed Rosamond's voice, and some lines of a poem Percival St. George had been reading to her, haunted a mind that was only conscious of grief through sympathy with others. She thought of the heiress of Thorndale, and repeated to herself:

"The time draws near the birth of Christ :  
The moon is hid ; the night is still ;  
The Christmas bells from hill to hill  
Answer each other in the mist.

. . . . .

"Again at Christmas did we weave  
The holly round the Christmas hearth,  
The silent snow possessed the earth,  
And calmly fell our Christmas eve.

"The yule-log sparkled keen with frost,  
No wing of wind the region swept,  
But over all things brooding slept  
The quiet sense of something lost."

## CHAPTER XIII.

## PHILIP GOES OUT INTO THE WORLD.

YEARNING for the large excitement that the coming years would yield,  
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field,  
And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer drawn,  
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn;  
And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,  
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men;  
Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new:  
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do."

—*Locksley Hall.*

PHILIP and his classmates had now reached the most interesting and pleasant period of college life. They were enjoying the liberty and ease of senior vacation, and in less than a month they would be in possession of their diplomas. The examinations had all been passed, and no doubtful Rubicon rolled its waves between them and the object of their desire. No labor but the preparation of their speeches for Commencement remained, and Philip with his accustomed good fortune had secured the valedictory oration over his four associates in the honor of the first distinction. Alfred Ridgely was to deliver the salutatory, and from the number of graduates and the amount of preparation a grand time was expected. Philip, by his frequent participation in discussions, had become one of the leading debaters in the society to which he belonged, and from his known excellence in literary composition, high merit was predicted for his farewell address. Alfred Ridgely and Charles Loundes had been talking with Philip in his room when Gov. Young and Dr. Johnson came in.

"Mr. Eustace," said the Governor, "I have been thinking and reading on the interesting topic which we were discussing with Mr. Kean the other evening, and I find the whole subject covered in one of Lord Stowell's last admiralty decisions. I have brought the report of the case with me, and would recommend you both to read it. The two brothers, John and William Scott, were remarkable men, and it is difficult to say whether Eldon was greater in equity, or Stowell in international law."

"I am very much obliged to you, Governor," said Philip. "Mr. Kean and I will certainly examine the case to which you refer."

"I wish," said Gov. Young, "that you would not only study this case, but make the noble study of the law your life-long employment. You will leave us with as high honor as was ever won in so short a time. What course in life have you and your excellent father mapped out for your pursuit? Do you intend imitating him and your grandfather in the devotion of your time and faculties to one of the learned professions, or will you go home and become the servant of your slaves? I feel much interest in you, Philip, and I have often regretted, since I knew you, that instead of humble competence you are the heir to so much wealth. Had you been born and reared with smaller expectations, I can scarcely fix a limit at which, in my estimation, it would have been reasonable to expect the legitimate expansion your powers would have ceased: but I fear that mere business and pleasure will usurp faculties which ought, in the fact of their excellence, to be for the benefit of the community at large. How do you intend spending your time for the next two years?"

"I shall remain in Germany at least that long, for my grandfather is unwilling for me to engage in business until I shall have reached my majority."

"Governor," said Dr. Johnson, "I know you are giving the true expression of an idea that seems almost a part of American religion, that whatever is excellent in mind and character should be given to the State. I concede that the doctrine is eminently patriotic, and so long as it prevails among our leading minds, and the people have the good sense to employ prime ability, the condition of the country must be vastly better than it would be were second rate men to lead and control affairs: but pardon me in saying I think there is a limit in this devotion to the public good. I do not believe, where a man's private affairs call for his supervision, that the community has a right to make him suffer for the mere fact of his intellectual eminence and popularity. Now it may be in some great emergency that Cincinnattus becomes, from his known, peculiar fitness, necessary to right the laboring ship of state; but I think the emergency must be imminent, and Cincinnattus, by the confession of all, more suited to the helm than any other man, before the State has a right to drag him from his plow handles and domestic usefulness."

"The direction of my future life," said Philip, "and the nature of its pursuits, have been anxiously revolved in my mind since my last conversation with my grandfather. He then gave me to understand that in all human probability I shall be burdened with the management of an estate of unusual size; that he, my father, and cousin Percival, had determined to settle the bulk of their estates upon me, and for that reason desired me not

to form any professional schemes for the future. If I study a profession at all it must be as a mere accomplishment, for it will require all my energy and discretion to manage properly the large and varied interests, including a host of slaves. I cannot believe it right in a man who, under the providence of God, is vested with the control of negroes, and gives no care to the manner and matter of their lives. I hold it a great sin before God, and a shame on our civilization, that intelligent masters so often disregard their duty, and leave to ignorant agents those who have no appeal in case of oppression but in the watchful care of him who has assumed the control of their existence."

"With such views," said Gov. Young, "if I believed myself capable of public usefulness, as you must be aware is the case with you, Philip Eustace, I should sell to others property that thus kept me back from a higher career. It is a shame, that one should forego fame and usefulness as imperishable as the people it benefits, because a small community of negroes should perhaps be less lazy, and consequently less happy by the withdrawal of his immediate supervision."

"Governor," said Philip, "you will pardon me in saying that such a course would be chiefly prompted by that passion which deprived the fallen angels of their original blessedness. I should feel myself a disturber of the long sleep of my ancestors if I could, to ambition, thus surrender for my own advancement the patrimony which, in the lapse of time, may some day fall to my possession. I feel as if those noble estates, upon which I have lived all my life, are a part of my being, and I could no more think of turning my back upon Ellesmere than I could

think of deserting my blind sister. Then, too, how can I forget that Reuben, who stands at the door, was my playmate in childhood, or that his father killed the wolf which was ready to destroy my life? Why, sir, these negroes, whom you would sell sooner than embarrass your march to fame, seem to me the noblest recipients of my good offices, in that they can understand and appreciate my self-denial in their behalf. I love my horses, and could scarcely be induced to part with them for money, but I shall value my slaves infinitely more highly because, like myself, they are immortal beings."

"Philip," said the Governor, "I honor you for these kindly sentiments of your heart. Had I been reared as yourself, I know not but I should have been actuated by similar promptings; but in the humble mountain home I had none of these feudal ties to bind me in shaping my course through life. My maxim is and has been, that it is every man's duty to follow that pathway which promises benefit to the greatest number. If the peculiar bias of mind fits men for special walks in life, let them devote that intelligence, which nature and experience give, a certain direction. If a lawyer has a son, whose natural endowments and tastes evince genius for art, let him forego the bar and the forum, and prosecute his calling amid the beautiful images of the ideal. If the artist's son, like Sir Robert Peel, exhibit fitness for public station, let him turn from the profession of his father, and devote to the State those rare qualities of counsel which are the perfection of human usefulness."

"I shall, at all events, Governor, fit myself for the practice of the law, and then the exigencies of the future will determine what shall be my course in life. My

friend, Mr. Kean, will commence the practice of law at St. Kilda next month. When I return from Europe I can then definitely decide whether I shall ever be his partner."

"Mr. Kean," said Gov. Young, "I am glad to hear you will become a citizen of our State, and I predict for you eminent success in the profession you have chosen."

"I am at least safe from the embarrassments which surround Philip," said Kean, "and, as the law is proverbially a jealous mistress, we shall live in the most perfect harmony, as I intend to devote all my energies to my profession."

"Mr. Loundes," said Gov. Young, "I hear you and Mr. Ridgely intend making farmers of yourselves."

"That is our present determination, sir."

"You are both cursed with the same superfluity of riches against which I have been inveighing in the case of Mr. Eustace. I expect, Mr. Loundes, you will follow in the wake of your distinguished relative, and become as keen a politician as your State has produced. I know your disposition too well to think you will rest contented on a plantation."

"I like to talk politics, Governor," said Loundes, "and you know I was once remarkably fond of good liquor; I have sobered down. nevertheless, in the company of Eustace and Kean, and if I have been able to control my appetite here, I shall also be able to resist the allurements of office."

"Mr. Ridgely," said Gov. Young, "what subject has Mr. Brantley selected for his oration at Commencement?"

"I suppose his ill luck in failing to secure either the



Valedictory or Salutatory led to his choice of ‘*Unaccredited Great Men.*’”

“A noble theme,” said the Governor. “That greatness, as a general thing, will, like water, seek its level, is most true; but there are many grand natures hidden by overruling circumstances. Who would have heard of the eloquence of the blind preacher if Mr. Wirt had not, by chance, stopped at his church for noontide rest, and what a small figure Cromwell would have presented in history had the first Charles and Elizabeth exchanged the eras of their reigns? That,

“There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune ,”

is beyond all denial; and while some natures may seem to control destiny, they are after all much indebted to opportunity for what they attain.”

“Governor,” said Kean, “do you suppose that Julius Cæsar or Napoleon could have, under any circumstances, been restrained to the ordinary level?”

“I do not,” said the Governor. “Their opportunities lay in their inordinate ambition and disregard of the welfare of their countries; but I am afraid if Mr. Brantley were here he would think us forestalling him in his discussion of his subject. Gentlemen, I wish you good evening.”

With this the pleasant circle of friends separated for the night. Philip had been but little of a beau in his college life, and now it was so near its termination he had determined to give the following day to the enjoyment of a pic-nic in the woods. He was engaged to accompany Lily Seaton, who, in spite of his loyalty and truth to

Rosamond, filled his heart with pleasure, when at rare intervals he ventured into her charming presence.

Early in the day a gay throng of pleasure seekers had gathered in the pretty dell yet bearing the name of a distinguished divine in a neighboring State. The learned and eloquent bishop, when in the halcyon days of youth, haunting these classic shades, could be frequently found alone in the silence of this retreat. A brooklet poured its sparkling waters over crystal pebbles, and murmured between mossy banks, while the wide-spreading limbs of huge oaks maintained, at noon-tide, the softened gloom of twilight. The wild flowers, in their new mantles, seemed all rejoicing in the balmy air of spring, and the nimble squirrel frisked amid the feathery young leaves, astonished at the invasion of his accustomed solitude. A rustic pavilion had been erected for the dancers, and a negro band were discoursing loud if not eloquent music to the groups scattered around in the cool shade. Cornelius Burnet, the aldermanic leader of the "musicianers," as he called them, was now in his glory. No fear of summary and disgraceful flight from the midnight bull-dance, in the south building, was before his eyes. It was Saturday, and he knew his persecutors, the faculty, had no authority in this sylvan retreat, which was outside of the charmed two miles limiting their jurisdiction.

The ball managers had already received a portion of the dainties which had been so profusely provided for Commencement, and Sam. Morphis had, in the four-horse hack in which he delighted, a demijon filled to its utmost capacity for use on this occasion. Willis Jenkins, another gentleman of color, with his confrere, Charles Liggins, was

in charge of the solids, and was frequently cautioned against allowing his risible propensities getting the better of him. This was a great tax on Willis' enjoyment, for every student present knew that, barring the presence of the ladies, he was prepared to have laughed into silence the loudest-mouthed donkey in the land. David Moore, in all his courtly politeness, was there too, while Chesterfield Merrit stood in silent wisdom, evidently elaborating some mighty theme of discussion for his next meeting with Dr. November. That pleasant day of rural delight lingers still in the memory of many hearts.

It was a select party, in which grave seniors, who were soon to leave the place, were joined by a few of their friends of the lower classes. Philip had escorted Lily Seaton, and they were seated near the brook. She was as fair as a wood nymph, in her white dress and the fresh spring flowers in her hair.

"Mr. Eustace," said she, "I am sorry you are going away so soon. I wish you had come here two years earlier."

"You are very kind, Miss Lily," said Philip, "and one of my chief regrets on leaving college will be that I have been so little in your charming company."

"I have been at home all the while, sir, and should have been more than glad to have seen you. I suppose you were reading hard, and thinking of that fair cousin of yours."

"You refer to Rosamond. How could you have learned anything about us?"

"I have heard you were to be married soon after you graduate."

"On the contrary, I shall spend three years in Europe

and I do not know that I shall once see Rosamond in that time."

"You are a mystery to me, Mr. Eustace. With all your accomplishments and favor with the ladies, you only visit them at rare intervals. Though you are a paragon of perfection in the eyes of the faculty, yet you are almost worshipped by Mr. Loundes and his wild associates. You are fond of books, but no one has finer horses, or follows the hounds with greater zest than yourself. I can not understand you. I wish you were a junior, and had to stay here another year, so I could learn more of what, I must confess, is all mystery to me now."

"And what would become of me," said Philip, "subjected to the fascination of such eyes for another year?"

"Oh, Mr. Eustace!"

"Come, Philip," said Charles Loundes, "we are waiting for you and Miss Lily to make up our set."

Soon the dancers were threading the giddy mazes of youth's favorite and most graceful pastime. It was well that Philip was interrupted in his conversation, for it was taking a turn inconsistent with his dignity and truth of character; but much allowance must be made for the ardor and impulsiveness of his youth. It is difficult for a young man to be in the presence of so much beauty and vivacity and not speak rash things. As well may we preach moderation to the confirmed inebriate, or tell children of the unhealthiness of sweet meats as to expect such a one, in the warmth of his youth, not to be moved by the influence of beauty. Burnet's large eyes protruded in undisguised admiration of the sylph-like forms floating in the softened light of the pavillion, while his sable assistants blew their brass horns with might and

main. On went the dancers, and long and loud arose the music in the echoing dell. Enjoy thyself, O golden-visioned youth! In the spring tide of joy let no wrinkled care obtrude itself on thoughtless revels. The world's unrest finds us out soon enough, without our anticipating what lies hidden in the undeveloped future. What shall be the fate of these gay revellers? Shall rosy children, and the long rapture of love wedded in happiness, attend these maidens; or shall hollow deceit and cold neglect mar their beauty? Shall prosperous usefulness in the walks of peace, or the destroying angel of civil strife, mark those manly forms for its own?

"Mr. Kean," said Lily Seaton, in the pauses of the dance, "do give me a description of Rosamond Courtenay."

"I have not seen her in twelve months, Miss Seaton. She was then promising to be one of those rare and faultless beauties resulting from generations of happy accidents. She is as full of genius as of the promise of loveliness, and, when I last saw her, was in that transition state between a shy girl and the superb woman I am confident she will soon become. Add to this, that she is the heiress of immense estates, and you have some idea of a young girl who can be, if she desire it, the most brilliant belle in America."

"I hear she is to be the bride of Mr. Eustace," said Lily with a sigh. "I wonder if she loves him."

"They seem to be fond of each other."

"Late in the evening the party returned to the village, some happy in the recollection of the day's pleasures, others heart-sore from smiles denied and love proffered in vain. Philip and Arthur Kean were too full of other thoughts to be in such predicament; so having finished

their supper, they sat down to discuss a matter highly interesting to both.

"Philip," said Kean, "I received a letter this evening from Mr. Somerville, your father's friend, proposing to take me into partnership with him. Your grandfather is the best man in the world, and I am confident he is in some way the author of this proposition. I am so slightly acquainted with the distinguished advocate, he would have scarcely made me this advantageous offer, without strong recommendations from Judge Eustace."

"You may rest assured, my grandfather would not have recommended you, without a conviction of your ability to aid Mr. Somerville in his lucrative transactions; so allow me to congratulate you on this piece of good fortune."

"It is the very thing I desired above all earthly blessings, and I cannot tell you how joyous it makes me feel. I am now certain of early success, as I shall at once come into notice at the bar. I shall write Mr. Somerville immediately to accept his proposition and assure him, if industry and attention can avail, he shall not repent of his generous offer."

Philip was highly gratified at the prospects of his friend, for the disparity of their years, and his former tutelage, did not prevent Kean's treating him as an associate and equal on all occasions. In the simple dignity and moral strength of the youth, the tutor had long ago seen intelligence and discretion demanding no further counsel from him. As they sat conversing young Compton came in, and his wild manner and pallid face plainly told that something unusual had occurred.

"Frederick," said Philip, "are you ill, or have you seen a ghost?"

The young man only hid his face in his hands, and moaned. The two friends exchanged glances of astonishment, for Compton was one of the last they would have expected to exhibit so much feeling.

"Have you heard bad news from home?"

"No."

"Has Lily Seaton discarded you?"

"Oh, no!"

"Well, what on earth is the matter with you?"

As Philip said this, Compton arose without speaking a word, and went to the windows which were up and lowered them; opened the door, looked out to see that no one was near, and then locked it. He exacted of them a solemn pledge, that as long as he should live, they should never divulge what he was about to tell.

"I have," said he, "witnessed a scene of horror this night I shall never forget. You know that Drumgoole was with us at the pic-nic to-day. He was never before so full of life, and was waiting on Nelly Clayton, with whom he was madly in love. Stapleton Cowell, you know, was discarded by her last session, and they have not been good friends since. Cowell threw a nut shell at me to-day in the pavilion; it missed me and fell on Miss Clayton's dress. I noticed she flushed up and seemed angry, but I had no dream of anything serious growing out of it, until after dinner, Cowell remarked to me that he had a difficulty with Drumgoole, and asked me to be his friend. I, not suspecting anything more than an ordinary fight, consented, and we soon received a note by the hand of Drumgoole's second, stating that as Cowell had de-



elined making a written apology, he took this opportunity of demanding personal satisfaction for an insult offered to a lady while talking to him."

"Cowell," continued Compton, "promptly accepted the challenge, and we left the ground immediately for the hill a mile south-west of the University. Dalton went to town and brought out to us a pair of duelling pistols belonging to his principal. I proposed to him that we should settle the matter, as it was too trivial to proceed to blood, and he reported what I said to Drumgoole, who, disregarding the formalities used on such occasions, loudly remarked that Cowell knew there could be no peace between them until he had written an apology for his conduct. Cowell said he had no further apology to make, and demanded that we should be as quick as possible. We measured off the distance and posted them. They fired, and Drumgoole fell mortally wounded. He was shot near the heart, and was dying when we reached him."

"Oh! Cowell," said he, "why did I have the folly to drive you into this fatal quarrel! My poor mother! what will become of her, if she ever knows how I am dying? Give me your hand, Cowell; let us be friends; it was not your fault—not your fault."

He fell back, and we thought he was gone; then he raised his head, and said:

"Come nearer, fellows, I can scarcely see you. Oh God! how hard it is to die thus in the spring of my life and hope! Put your hands in mine, and promise me never to tell the secret of my death."

"He was too far gone to notice that I did not touch his hand, and the next minute his soul was in the pres-

ence of his Maker. Cowell begged me to observe Drumgoole's request, for the sake of himself and the dead. It was too horrible a secret to bear about with me! What shall I do under the circumstances?"

"What have you done with the body?" asked Philip.

"That was the most harrowing task of all; we waited until the poor fellow grew stiff in death, and, having dug a grave, we placed him in it. I shall never forget the gentle expression of the face of the dead, as I looked at it in the deepening twilight. It reminded me of Hood's dream of Eugene Aram:

'Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,  
That could not do me ill;  
And yet I feared him all the more,  
For lying there so still;  
There was a manhood in his look,  
That murder could not kill.'

"After covering him, we conveyed the superfluous dirt to a neighboring branch and restored the pile of rocks we had removed from their original position to avoid suspicion."

"You have committed a serious breach of the statute law," said Kean, "which in such cases condemns, not only the man who uses the deadly weapon, but the second who aids and abets. However, men do not regard the slayer who kills his antagonist in fair combat, as guilty of so high an offence, but the law sees no difference between the duelist and the assassin. My advice to you, Compton, is to say nothing more about this, as your confession, if made known, will implicate you in the offence against the law."

"Do you think I am morally responsible in any way

for the shedding of this man's blood? I did all I could to prevent their proceeding to extremities."

"I think you and Dalton should have refused to have had anything to do with the matter, after Drumgoole violated the rules by speaking in the hearing of Cowell. The quarrel rests in the hands of the seconds, after the affair has once reached them, and the principals are bound to abide by their decisions in all matters whatever touching the subject at issue. On any other theory the practice of calling in friends to manage such difficulties is worse than useless. Then, if a duel is fought upon insufficient grounds, it must be the fault of the seconds, and I think they ought to be held responsible. You and Dalton are too young to be expected to be acquainted with the rules which govern personal difficulties, and this advice comes too late now; the deed is done, and I do not know that you ought to be blamed for a thing you honestly desired to avert."

"What do you think of it, Philip?" said Compton.

"I sympathize with you in the remorse I know you feel, and think your greatest fault was your want of firmness."

This disastrous affair soon resulted in the utter ruin of Cowell, for he sought in hard drink surcease from his haunting memories. Young Compton also grew excessively dissipated, and, though but few suspected the cause, he never forgot the dying look of the victim he saw expire in the glory of his youth. Unceasing restlessness and indefinable apprehensions became his companions. The freshness of youth fled from his cheeks, and he became the embodiment of Coleridge's Ancient Mariner:

“Like one, that on a lonesome road  
Doth walk in fear and dread,  
And having once turned round walks on,  
And turns no more his head;  
Because he knows a frightful fiend  
Doth close behind him tread.”

The occasion of the college year was now arrived; for it was Monday of commencement week, and visitors were rapidly assembling from all directions. Philip was momentarily expecting the arrival of his grandfather with Mrs. Eustace and Mariana. His father, being Governor of the State, was *ex-officio* chairman of the trustees, and would also be present. Reuben, who was on the watch, announced that the carriages from Ellesmere had arrived, and on Kean's and Philip's reaching the hotel, they found, in addition to those expected, Ida Somerville had accompanied the party. Mariana's vision had so much improved she could plainly discern the outlines of her brother's figure, and she seemed astonished at the height he had attained. When she saw him last he was a little boy; she now recognized a form whose proportions and power were unmatched even in the great throng of students and visitors surrounding the hotel. She was unable to perceive the beauty and symmetry of his person, for her sight was as yet imperfect; yet she was as happy in this limited blessing as any of the fair maidens who surrounded her, in the full possession of all their faculties.

Philip was astonished at the warmth of Judge Eustace's commendations, for his grandfather was one of those rare, well-poised intelligences, subjecting feeling to the dominion of mind so completely that his emotions were seldom visible in his manner. Gov. Eustace had, in the meanwhile, arrived, and Percival St. George and Mr. Grey were the only missing faces belonging to Ellesmere. They sent

their warmest congratulations, and wished Philip great joy of his college honors; but the sweetest reward amid all this well-earned satisfaction were the words of his father and grandfather, when they told him in the summer twilight how he had fulfilled all their hopes, and felt at the same time the sympathetic pressure of Mariana's hand.

Bell Ridgely and Mae Glancy, with Col. Ridgely, were also in the village to honor Alfred in his graduation, and many of the most distinguished citizens had come to lend additional lustre to the occasion. Young men, after years of toil, were now to go forth and take their positions in society. The goal, for which they had been laboring so long, was attained, and with much fluttering at the heart, as they thought of their audience, did the new bachelors of art repeat their orations to themselves.

After supper some engagement had taken Philip to the college buildings, and Judge and Gov. Eustace went to his rooms, finding therein Gov. Young and Dr. Johnson.

"Gentlemen," said Gov. Young to them after their salutations, "I have just been speaking of the mysterious disappearance of a student who has not been seen or accounted for, for several days. From what I can learn, he was interested in a young lady who spends much of her time in this village, and I suppose she must have refused his addresses, and he has gone off in despair."

"Have you written to his friends?" asked Judge Eustace.

"Yes; but have received no reply."

"I am glad," said Gov. Eustace, "to know that the condition of the University is so excellent; the number of students is unprecedented."

"I have never known a more satisfactory condition of the institution," said Gov. Young.

"Gov. Young," said Judge Eustace, "you have laid me under much obligation for the interest you have manifested in my grandson."

"You may thank Philip, sir," said Gov. Young, "for much of that interest was the result of his own merits. His modest and sensible deportment attracted my esteem in our first interview, and our subsequent intercourse has increased that sentiment into admiration of his character. I believe the present satisfactory condition of the University, in the matter of discipline, is as much the effect of his influence and example, as anything else I can assign. While his conduct has been faultless, he has by some strange magnetism obtained unbounded influence over those students who were previously disturbers of our peace. I earnestly wish he was entering, instead of leaving college; for I can hardly limit the benefits which would accrue in four years of his presence."

"You give me much satisfaction and comfort in my son," said the father, "but the credit of his present excellence belongs to his grandfather, who has reared him since his infancy."

"In the formation of character," said Judge Eustace, "very much depends on the early direction imparted by others to the thoughts and inclinations of the human heart; but some natures are so essentially corrupt that they seem to resist every influence for good. As Shakespeare says of virtue:

"As it never will be moved,  
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven;  
So lust, though to a radiant angel linked,  
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,  
And prey on garbage."



Philip, from his infancy, while he has ever possessed that exuberance of spirit which is the result of physical and moral health, has never exhibited a disposition to violate those things he had reason to believe proper moral restraints forbade. In his early education, my first lesson was to convince him of my love, and then that he should look to obedience for safety. From his natural intrepidity, it was difficult to impair the trust in his own power, but accidents robbed him of this vain confidence, and since then he has implicitly followed the way I indicated."

The four learned men sat in earnest discussion of Philip's future until his return. Judge Eustace was immovably opposed to any professional scheme, in which he was joined, with moderate views, by Gov. Eustace. Dr. Johnson agreed with Judge Eustace in all his plans for his grandson. The father seemed disposed to leave to Philip the determination of a matter more nearly concerning himself than any one else.

The literary address on Wednesday was made by a gentleman of high respectability, and his words were wisely conceived and beautifully delivered. The time passed rapidly by to the large concourse in attendance. In the day they partook of intellectual feasts, and the shadows of the campus were stirred by the strains from the band hired for the occasion. At night the moon filled the air with unclouded splendor,

"And all went merry as a marriage bell."

The speeches of the graduates, which had been the burden of so much care, were at last delivered; and the faces, hitherto wreathed in smiles, now saddened with the



thought that Philip Eustace, their ideal of a high-souled, chivalrous friend, was standing before them to say his parting words. They knew, from the sincerity of his nature, they would hear the true sentiments of his heart, and every student gazed in respectful attention as he took his place on the rostrum. The gay maidens, unappreciating the manly sorrow of those who were now about to part forever, continued the hum of conversation. Not five words were spoken, however, by the solemn voice of the valedictorian, before every eye was riveted on the noble form in its black academic gown. The speaker's pale brow surmounted features regular in their classic repose, as if copied from some antique sculpture. His tall figure was faultless in its symmetry, yet the massive shoulders evinced strength almost realizing the truth of mythic Hercules. His tones, though full of pathos were sonorous and distinct, as he recounted to his fellow students the blessings they enjoyed. How God had given them a land and ancestry worthy of comparison with those celebrated by Pericles in his funeral oration. They were reminded of the limited opportunities of the masses, and the large responsibility of those who, in the fact of their superior knowledge, owed a greater degree of watchfulness, lest they should mislead others whom nature had caused to lean on higher intelligence for support and guidance. Then, as superior intelligence brings with it higher duties to the State, so arise higher claims upon ourselves.

“Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,  
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.  
Yet not for power, (power of herself

Would come uncalled for,) but to live by law,  
Acting the law we live by without fear;  
And because right is right, to follow right,  
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence."

"And now," said he, "how shall we, who are about to leave these chosen haunts of learning, take leave of you the guides and instructors of our youth! How can we find words to express our gratitude for the kindness and forbearance with which you have met our waywardness and folly! You have not only been untiring in your efforts to instruct the mind, but you have watched by our bedsides in sickness, and constantly directed our hearts to Him who is the author of our being and the guide of our footsteps.

"It is a bitter pang, my comrades, to feel that we are looking into each others eyes for the last time. These halls shall soon be filled by other forms. New faces will be seen in yon familiar windows, and we shall have gone hence forever;

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
And God fulfills himself in many ways,  
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

"Our attachments have been those the world knows but little of, and wherever we have bestowed our affections, no selfish motives have actuated us. Who of us has dreamed of ulterior advantage in the matter of his likes and dislikes, or fawned on his brother with hatred in his heart? Go beyond the walls that encompass us here, and you will find that esteem is born of promised help. Ours then have been blessed days in this respect. We have lived here in serene repose, listening to the world's contentions, but its sordid motives have not reached us. So

nature has held her course, unwarped by the practices which self-interest teaches.

“But these halcyon days have passed away forever with many of us. Shall we allow sordid meanness to corrupt our hearts and drag us from the high course we have hitherto trod? Shall we only love where we shall be benefitted, and envy succeed to magnanimous emulation? I cannot believe you can soon forget the noble lessons of self-denial and philanthropy we have been taught here. I cannot believe you will allow the world at once to taint you with its selfishness. I tell you, as truly as God rules, charity and brotherly love are in no way inconsistent with worldly prosperity. If by sordid parsimony some men accumulate largely, have you learned political economy to so little advantage, as to dream for a moment that any miser can be rich?

“‘I stand not here in Wisdom’s sacred stole,  
My lips have not been touched with holy fire.  
An humbler office than a counsellor  
Of human duties, and an humbler place,  
Would better grace my knowledge and my years.  
‘I would not seem presuming.’”

“But our duty as christian gentlemen ends not with the bestowal of our earthly goods upon our necessitous neighbor. If God has enjoined upon us to prevent his coming to physical suffering, how much more imperatively are we, whose opportunities for mental culture have been good, called on to exert ourselves in behalf of truth. Can we be justified, if we stand idly with folded arms and see others stumble blindly to perdition? Can anything set us free from the obligations that bind us to our fellow men? Can man become so exalted that delusion cannot

reach him? Can we ask help of God, and be too indifferent to counsel our neighbor who perishes for the want of a word in season? Let us, then, as we value our future usefulness among men, and happiness in the world to come, discard such selfish and fatal infatuation. There can be no sinless escape from this duty, for a wisdom mightier than man's has decreed that weakness shall be the rule and strength, the exception, in the sum of human intelligence. A brotherhood in ill has been bequeathed us by our first parents, and it becomes us as men to assume each for himself his share in the general burden.

“‘For so the whole round earth is every way  
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God!’”

“To you, my classmates, I would especially appeal, to remember how much good or evil may be accomplished in each individual life. I know that you will agree with me, that obedience to duty is the only theory of conduct consistent with self-respect, and that none other can possibly fit us for heaven. As this beautiful life of cloistered ease has at last reached its conclusion, so must I find an end of my words. With Wordsworth:—

“‘Knowing the heart of man is set to be  
The centre of this World, about which  
Those revolutions of disturbances  
Still roll; where all the aspects of misery  
Predominate; whose strong effects are such  
As he must bear, being powerless to redress;  
And that unless above himself he can  
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!’”

The tone of deep and earnest feeling accompanying these parting words strongly moved the hearts of all who

heard them, and when the dense throng left the chapel many a bold spirit made fresh resolution, that the duties of life should find new energy in their discharge.

With the rising moon came the joyous notes of music from the ball-room now full of the beauty and pride of the State. Flashing diamonds were vainly seeking to rival the brightness of eyes more lustrous in their life and animation. Graceful figures in their snowy drapery were gliding beneath the brilliant lights; the managers were busy in arranging new sets; and festive joy was mantling on every cheek. It was the last night of commencement week, and no thought of rest entered the minds of those who had resolved there should be

“No sleep till morn when youth and pleasure meet  
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.”

“Philip,” said Ida Somerville, “you were so solemn and grand in your valedictory, I never felt so useless and sinful even in listening to Mr. Grey’s sermons.”

“Perhaps you thought me prosy.”

“No, I was thinking what a glorious thing it is to be a man and bear about such a heart as I know you possess. You are so full of consecration to duty, so fixed in your high resolves, and with such a field for display of usefulness—while I am but a woman circumscribed and trammelled on all sides. Oh! Philip, a woman’s life is at best a series of little pleasures and great pains. Unsatisfied longings for love and a brief episode of romance in youth, are all we have to gratify these yearnings; and then too often come solitude and neglect for the remainder of life. Poor mistaken Shelly, with all his errors in

theology, was right at heart in his sympathy for us when he wrote of man's injustice:—

‘ Woman! she is his slave, she has become  
A thing I weep to speak—a thing of scorn,  
The outcast of a desolated home,  
Falsehood, and fear, and toil, like waves have worn  
Channels upon her cheeks, which smiles adorn,  
As calm decks the false ocean :—well ye know  
What woman is, for none of woman born  
Can choose but drain the bitter dregs of woe,  
Which ever from the oppress’d to the oppressor flow.’ ”

“ You look at the dark side of the picture,” said Philip.  
“ If woman’s mission lies in a smaller compass, it still is as full of duty as that of man, and I think, where they are happily wedded, the wife has equal opportunities with her husband of fulfilling the requirements of her station and of enjoying the happiness consequent thereon. As you have summoned the beautiful madness of Shelly, I shall offset it by the majestic wisdom of Shakspeare. He says:—

“ ‘ The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,  
Are their males’ subjects, and at their controls,  
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,  
Lords of the wide world, and wild wat’ry seas,  
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,  
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls  
Are masters to their females, and their lords :  
Then let your will attend on their accords.’ ”

“ But here comes my friend, Miss Lily Seaton. I wish you to know her.”

“ Miss Somerville,” said Lily, after introduction, “ I am very glad to see you St. Kilda ladies here. We liked Mr. Ridgely, and have just seen enough of Mr. Eustace in his college career to become interested in him. Then, too,



his beautiful sister, who is leaning on her father's arm, has added to my curiosity concerning your happy valley."

"It is the home of beauty and enjoyment, Miss Seaton," said Ida, "and no one can give you a better idea of the perfection to be found in its limits than Mariana Eustace."

"She is wonderfully lovely," said Lily, as she gazed across the room at Mariana. "I should idolize such a being if I were much with her."

"She is more like the angels than any being I have ever known," said Philip.

"Then she is so fond of you, Mr. Eustace," said Lily. "You ought to be very happy with so many sources of pleasure. I have never known a person so singularly blessed. I could not help thinking this evening, as you were speaking, how well you could afford to feel thankful and strive to do your duty, when everything conspires to swell your felicity."

"I have never repined at my lot, Miss Lily," said Philip, "and trust I feel grateful for the many blessings I have enjoyed; but I cannot see how disaster could alter the nature, if it did the extent, of our usefulness."

"I did not mean to convey that idea," said Miss Seaton. "You will certainly admit that we are creatures of circumstance, and happiness follows in the wake of gratification, whether actual or prospective. Notwithstanding all that, you have realized, you are buoyed by one bright particular hope, which I think the most charming of all incentives to duty."

"What can possibly be the cause of Frederick Compton's being so grave?" said Ida. "I have scarcely seen him since we came, and he looks like he had lost his last friend."



"You must ask Miss Seaton," said Philip, dexterously avoiding an unpleasant question.

"How should I know?" said Lily. "I have no means of information as to Mr. Compton's affairs."

"Well, I knew that Fred. was smitten," said Philip, "and I have heard of many others who have come to grief and long faces, in their admiration of the fair maiden whom Compton loved."

"It is too bad, Mr. Eustace," said she, "to teaze me about so many of those silly young men. I am not responsible for their folly, and of course must get rid of them in some way."

Thus passed Philip's last night at the University. He was full of tender emotion, as he wandered about amid the gay throng, and felt that all the happy associations of the place he had come to love so well would to-morrow be things of the unreturning past. The flowing music still rolled in voluptuous cadence to the giddy dancers, and eyes, which had been so sparkling hours before, became soft in the whispered vows exchanged. Pleasure muffled the already noiseless wheels of time, as hour by hour slid away, and midnight deepened toward morn. Joy was yet unconfined; full and rich poured the tide of music; brightly as ever gleamed the lights until even this scene of gaiety, mad as it was, found its conclusion. The white-shouldered beauties gathered up their shawls; the tired musicians left their places, and over the ball room, as over all things human, came a change. The lights were extinguished, and the holy calm of serene, unchanging nature returned, as if in derision of the fading joys which for a few fleeting hours had disturbed the repose of silent night.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## GRIEF AT ELLESMERE.

"ALAS! that all we loved of him should be,  
But for our grief, as if it had not been,  
And grief itself be mortal! Woe is me!  
Whence are we, and why are we? of what scene  
The actors or spectators? Great and mean  
Meet mass'd in death, who lends what life must borrow.  
As long as skies are blue, and fields are green  
Evening must usher night, night urge the morrow,  
Month follow month with woe, and year wake year to sorrow."  
—*Adonais.*

PHILIP's stay at the University had become a pleasant memory of the past. He had nothing in his recollection of the time spent there, to bring with it regret or self-reproach. His opportunities had been faithfully met and appropriated, and no slighted tasks remained as ministers of future trouble. No trust had received his neglect, and amid his ancestral oaks he felt that he had done nothing to lower the reputation his family had borne so long in the land of their nativity. These high sources of consolation were needed by him at this juncture, for sorrowful tidings awaited the return of the family to Ellesmere. Stanhope Eustace had fallen in Mexico. The dauntless soldier had found a hero's death amid the shattered columns of the enemy, in the very moment of victory: surrounded by dripping sabres, as the shouts of triumph arose, a cannon-shot had torn him from future fame and his country's service.

This sad bereavement of course threw gloom over the household. Judge Eustace exerted himself to cheer the

drooping heart of his wife, but the wound was too fresh for consolation. She could not erase from the tablets of memory the image of him she had borne. It seemed to her but yesterday that he was at Ellesmere, cheering all with his gay and gallant presence ; looking forward with confidence to the laurels to be won in this very war, and now he slept in a new grave, amid his kindred at Ellesmere. With many tears, in the solitude of her own chamber, the fond mother bewailed the untimely death. After the first few days she made but little allusion to her loss ; but grief was written indelibly on her brow, and Philip turned away with a sigh, as he saw its accustomed light clouded and merged in constant gloom.

Judge Eustace sustained himself, as might have been expected, in this calamity. He well knew that the nature of his son's life exposed him to constant danger of a sudden termination of his career, and had been thus prepared for the fatal tidings. He was a loving father, but possessed much of that iron firmness of character Addison has portrayed in Cato's speech over his dead son. Had the ex-chief-justice lived in similar times and been actuated by a like creed, he, too, would have exclaimed :—

“ Thanks to the Gods ! my boy has done his duty—  
Welcome, my son ! Here set him down, my friends,  
Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure  
The bloody corpse, and count those glorious wounds.  
How beautiful is death, when earned by virtue !  
Who would not be that youth?—what pity is it  
That we can die but once to serve our country ! ”

The general commanding that portion of the army with which Col. Eustace was operating, wrote a letter of condolence to the afflicted father, full of the appreciation

of the virtues of the lamented dead. Stanhope's long service had been unstained by any imputation, and his fall carried sorrow to the hearts of all his brother officers. He was as efficient in counsel as daring in execution; and, had he survived his last action, would have become a general.

In this house of grief Philip found, in the few months remaining between the solemn present and his departure for Europe, need of all his philosophy. He had seen but little of his uncle Stanhope, for the soldier had been absent almost the entire period since his nephew's earliest recollection; but what he had known of him was so pleasant that he had come to look forward to the reception of his letters, and in this way he seemed to have been a great deal more with the family at Ellesmere than his rare visits implied. There had been, before the shadow of death fell across the threshold, much innocent mirth and enjoyment; now the hearts of all were unstrung to such music, and they went about their separate tasks, haunted by the memory that one who had always been mentioned in their prayers would return no more. This was a fresh injury to the old wound in Percival St. George's heart; but the nature which had so long fed on sorrow as its aliment seemed unchanged by additional grief. He had loved Stanhope as a brother, but what was such a loss to the disaster of that death which had darkened the world in his youth?

Philip and his grandfather were almost inseparable in their horse-back inspections of the estates. The large intelligence, which had been so luminous at the bar and in the Senate, had turned its far-seeing vision to domestic duties of life; on its greatest and most

satisfactory mission, the culture of the soil. The management of his plantations had long engaged the attention of Judge Eustace, and the infinite improvement to which enlightened agriculture may be carried, had induced him to leave public station to find a realization of his life-dream of contentment at home. In the cultivation of fields now yellow with ripening wheat or green for miles around in the luxuriance of maize, lay the marks of his improving presence; and to the young heir it was of much importance to know their peculiarities. What stiff, clay bottoms needed fresh liming for future crops; what exhausted spots called for help from the muck beds and barnyards; what drains were to be enlarged; and how the long hollows which stretched from the river needed continual work in strengthening the dykes protecting them from freshets.

It was now more than a year since Philip had seen Rosamond, as their vacations had not occurred at the same time. When he was at Ellesmere she was in the midst of her studies. This was a privation to them, but they were faithful correspondents; and Philip found constant pleasure in observing the continual enlargement of Rosamond's acquaintance with the forms and beauties of cultivated intelligence. He had observed a change in her demeanor towards him after the last happy Christmas they had spent together, but he could not account for it in any other way than to attribute it to the increasing modesty of the maiden, fast approaching the age in which the instincts and habits of the school girl give place to the crowning perfections of womanhood. He, too, was no longer the boy he had been when they talked so unreservedly before others at Thorndale of the nature of

their future relations. Rosamond had ever regarded Philip, in her childhood, as the embodiment of that chivalric nature of which she had read so much in the olden chronicles and romances. But this homage of childhood had been succeeded by passionate love, born amid the unforgotten delights of that blissful yuletide. The strange, imaginative girl became tender and considerate in her attention to the actual; and her old disregard of mere accomplishments no longer held her back from the study of music and kindred graces. The powers of her voice were becoming a matter of astonishment to herself; its strength and compass were only equaled by its sweetness; and passages requiring exertion even from the most accomplished singers, Rosamond soon sang with smiling ease. These things afforded her pleasure, because she associated them with the idea that they were fitting her for companionship with him, she supposed endowed with qualities of extraordinary merit. He was her Bertram, and she could say with Helena :

“ It were all one  
That I should love a bright particular star,  
And think to wed it, he is so above me ;  
In his bright radiance and collateral light  
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.  
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself :  
The hind, that would be mated by the lion  
Must die for love.”

These subjects, which had been a theme of constant allusion in their happy childhood, now became, with the approach of maturity, too sacred to be directly spoken of, although uppermost in the minds of both. While Philip loved Rosamond, of all the girls he had ever seen, next to Mariana, he was yet untouched by that sentiment



which glowed in the heart and reflected itself in the eyes of his cousin. Nothing had occurred to develop the grand passion in him. The desire, so freely expressed by all the family since his earliest recollection, that he and Rosamond should some day be married, and her own smiling acquiescence in his childish propositions, had deprived his wooing of those love-provoking difficulties which so much serve to call up and hasten the sentiment in ordinary cases. There was, from long habit, no doubt in his mind that she would in the future, when they were both grown up, become his wife; so he had but few of those romantic doubts and schemes for surmounting obstacles which largely contribute to the composition of the pleasures of that most charming period of human existence.

This certainty of future joy did not abide in the warm heart of Rosamond. She knew at an early age the difference in the obligation to obedience between men and women. Philip, as the future heir of the greatest estate in the valley, and the headship of the family, would be a very different personage from any maiden, whatever might be the extent of her inheritance. Her education had strengthened her original impression that her duty required of her absolute reliance on others in such grave matters as the choice of a husband; that while obedience was not only graceful in woman, but necessary to her peace; grand and unfaltering self-reliance must be the crowning glory of matured manhood. No hand but God's could lead the strong man in his search for the right way. She considered it right that Philip, with ripened judgment, should have it entirely in his own discretion,



whether he should sanction this family arrangement in relation to their marriage.

Her duty in her own estimation, then, lay in submission to the known wishes of all who were dear to her; while Philip's, on the contrary, involved the question of his own happiness and the amount of love he bore the woman who was to share his destiny. He in virtue of his manhood, and the very qualities which made him dear to her heart, must be, in the very nature of things, a free agent in this matter of such vital concern to the lives of both. Thus with her daily increasing store of personal and intellectual charms, pondered the maiden. She heard from her mother and Mariana such stories of Philip's increasing worth that she almost trembled at the thought of again meeting him in whose good opinion she was so deeply interested. Mrs. Courtenay had written to her at school, desiring her to visit Thorndale for a short time before Philip's departure for Europe, and she looked forward to their meeting with mingled emotions of joy and fear. Her mirror showed her a great difference from what she was a year ago, and the fond admiration of her associates often intimated that others appreciated more highly than herself the rapid progress she had made toward that perfection of grace and loveliness she was soon to attain.

Philip entered with enthusiasm into his grandfather's desire that he should embrace the present opportunity of acquainting himself with the nature and peculiarities of his future duties. The Summer waned in this search for practical knowledge, and golden-breasted Autumn came with her overflowing barns. The wheat fields were once again to receive the seed for the next harvest, and this

was to be a new era in cultivation to St. Kilda Valley. The "wizzard of the Pacific" had reached even this secluded vale. Liebig's remarkable prophesy of the future production of a concentrated fertilizer which should in a small compass contain all the stimulating properties of huge bulks of ordinary manures, had been realized in Peruvian guano, now for the first time introduced into the agriculture of this portion of the country. Judge Eustace had procured a few tons for experiment on his lands; and early in the morning he, with St. George and Philip, repaired to the field where it was being scattered. It was in that part of the farm lying along the turnpike, in front of Mr. Glancy's house, and was a portion of the Grafton property. Upon their arrival they found Nathan Dale in superintendence of the work, for he was overseer of the plantation, and with him were Mr. Glancy and Roger Earl from Vacluse.

"Mr. Glancy," said Judge Eustace, "Solomon says, there is nothing new under the sun, but I think this process would have created astonishment on the Judean hills."

"I have little doubt of it," said Mr. Glancy, "for it amazes me to see you applying that small quantity of dust, as a substitute for the heavy dressings we are in the habit of applying to our lands."

"Well," said Nathan Dale, "its consoling to think there 'aint much work lost in this 'ere sprinkling process we are going through."

"We are in our infancy in such matters," said Judge Eustace. "The study of chemistry, apart from the search of the old alchemists for the elixir of life and the secret of transmuting metals, is but a recent thing, and is, of all branches of science, more particularly the child of

patient experiment. Two hundred years from to-day our posterity will be in the common possession of facts and principles, the sudden production of which among us now would create more astonishment than a box of lucifer matches among our ancestors."

"Judge Eustace," said Mr. Glancy, "I think our attention to fertilizers is excluding a proper attention to good drainage. The Goldsby meadows at Vaocluse are the only lands, I know which are up to the mark in that respect."

"Ten years ago," said Percival St. George, "much of that land was considered a hopeless quagmire, but it is now as dry and productive as any in the valley."

"My drains are mostly open," said Judge Eustace, "but I think, with good cultivation, not a gallon of water should be suffered to pass over the surface of the fields. The soil should be open enough to allow the water that falls to pass through under-drains to the large, open ditches. In this way there would be no washing of the surface, but to carry out the idea would involve heavy expenditure."

"Philip," said Mr. Glancy, "I hear you are going abroad."

"I shall start soon after Christmas."

"I wish you much pleasure," said Mr. Glancy, "and as many laurels as I hear you won at the university. I fear Frederick Compton's stay there was disastrous, for he has become morose and dissipated, and I think his father acted wisely in acceding to his request to send him to another institution."

Philip rode back to Ellesmere with his grandfather

and cousin, and as they left the field Mr. Glancy remarked :

"There goes a young man who will be so rich he will be troubled with his wealth, and yet I have never seen any indication of a wish in him to avoid labor and exertion."

"Philip is a born gentleman," said Roger Earl. "When he comes to Vaucuse he brings sunshine with him, and Mr. St. George, now that Col. Stanhope is dead, seems to care more for him than for anybody in the world."

"I should like him better," said Nathan Dale, "if he weren't so grand in the way he carries himself. I have been living here on Grafton these ten years, but I 'aint seen any failings in Philip yet."

"So, you like a man better for having failings, do you?" said Earl. "I have never considered such things recommendations; if a man does feel easier in a grandee's company who, he knows, was as drunk as a loon last court-week."

"I don't mean," said Nathan Dale, "that a man should belittle himself in that way; but I want to see a young man be a young man. Why I am just as particular in talking to Philip as I am to his grandfather."

"Well," said Mr. Glancy, "I have known him since his childhood, and he is the same now he was when I first saw him. I honor his independence, and know that his manner is no loftier than the accidents of his birth and education justify."

There was much talk of this kind in relation to the young heir who was to become so conspicuous among those living in St. Kilda Valley. His neighbors did not fail to discuss his character as they viewed it, and it was

not unnatural that Nathan Dale should wish for some exhibition of human weakness in one so inferior in years to himself who, nevertheless, inspired him with a consciousness of superiority in other things. Dale was old enough for Philip's father, and his testy nature ill-brooked in youth a dignity and self-respect he looked for as a matter of course in Judge Eustace. He had been an overseer of negroes, and had acquired, by long habit of command, considerable notion of his own importance. It was repulsive to his nature to be brought in contact with those whose virtue and knowledge, in spite of their youth, exacted from him a deference he was only willing to bestow on those of maturer years.

The improvement in Mariana's eyes had continued, until in her evening excursions with Philip she could perceive the features of the surrounding landscape gradually emerging from the gloom of her previous blindness; and the only disquieting element in her present happiness was the reflection that he would soon leave her for foreign lands. She loved especially to visit the lake in the park, and to muse there in the soft twilight. She was comforted with the knowledge that her father's term of office, as governor of the State, would soon expire, for then she expected him to come to Ellesmere to live. The loss of vision had seriously retarded her education, and but for the help she received from the eyes of others, in reading aloud to her, her knowledge would have been extremely limited. Her blindness, however, interfered but slightly with her musical attainments; what she lost in vision was more than compensated in her wonderful development of the senses of hearing and touch.

Philip still retained much of his old fondness for his

horses and dogs, and frequently followed the hounds, as with wild clamor they drove their crafty prey over the hilly slopes. Tempest had repeated his triumph at the St. Kilda races, and had also won the sweep-stakes over several other courses. Judge Eustace was unwilling that his grandson should make up matches for his horse, for this or any other species of gambling was distasteful to him. He approved of racing, no further than a proper encouragement to those seeking to improve the speed and endurance of horses, and was warmly opposed to betting on the result. The silver cups awarded to the successful champion at St. Kilda, and the purses at other points, he regarded as allowable inducements to subscription, and had thus permitted Philip to send Tempest to several distant fields where he had reaped fresh laurels. The courser was now eight years old, and was, therefore, considered an old horse on the turf, consequently he had been withdrawn, and confined to his paddock and stable.

Arthur Kean had surmised truly, when, on the reception of Mr. Somerville's letter, he told Philip it was of his opinion that Judge Eustace had been instrumental in getting him the opportunity of immediate employment in his profession. The business of his partner had been so long lucrative he had accumulated a handsome fortune, and was now indisposed to continue the office duties connected with his practice. The commendations of the ex-chief-justice, of the diligence and good sense of Kean, induced Mr. Somerville to make the offer of association, and the young lawyer at once entered upon constant and laborious duty. He willingly assumed all the trouble of drawing up conveyances, contracts, wills, etc., and hunting up authorities on litigated cases. Mr. Somerville



became speedily convinced of the future prominence of his associate, and did all in his power, by timely advice to him, and judicious praise to others, to lay the foundation of a reputation destined to culminate in the highest legal honors.

Kean was not possessed of great original power in his intellectual endowments, and in this respect was fortunately constituted for a practising lawyer. While Lord Bacon, Sir Thomas More, Alexander Hamilton, and a few others, have been profound jurists, and, at the same time men of grand natural proportions; there is some truth in Junius' strictures, when he remarks in his letter to Lord Mansfield, "As a practical profession, the study of the law requires but a moderate portion of abilities. The learning of a pleader is usually upon a level with his integrity. The indiscriminate defense of right and wrong contracts the understanding while it corrupts the heart. Subtlety is soon mistaken for wisdom, and impunity for virtue."

The young lawyer was too much engaged to be much with his friends at Ellesmere, but occasionally spent a day with much pleasure in the circle so thoroughly appreciating his sterling qualities. They had all collected in the library, one evening, after supper. It was early winter, and the fire illuminating their countenances showed that time had brought alleviation of their sorrow. The accustomed look of peace and satisfaction had returned to every face, but that of Mrs. Eustace. The fond mother's grief was still fresh in her heart. Like Constance pining for Arthur, the tender memory kept whispering:



"Grief fills the room up of my absent child,  
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;  
There's nothing in this world can make me joy:  
Life is as tedious as a twice told tale,  
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man."

"Philip," said Mr. Grey, "I almost envy you the pleasure and instruction I am sure you will realize in the next three years; but beware of the insidious influence of German infidelity. That nation is in many respects the foremost people in the world; but a disbelief in everything which is high and holy, seems to pervade the philosophy of the country, and has reached the popular heart."

"The Germans of our day," said Judge Eustace, "have but few characteristics in common with those who lived there in Luther's days. The reformers and their enemies were all thoroughly in earnest, and were ready to die in defence of either their religion or country; but in the last century the two leading German minds have been as devoid of trust in God as of enlightened patriotism. Goethe's leading characteristic was his skepticism, and, great as he was as a poet, was but little interested in the woes of his people. Frederick of Prussia was no better than Voltaire, whom he imitated in ethics and warred himself into immortality, totally disregarding his father's assent to the Pragmatic Sanction, and the tremendous woes he thus brought upon his own kingdom."

"Grandfather," said Philip, "I do not think that all the Germans of the sixteenth century were so much in earnest. If you will recall the character of Maurice of Saxony, you will recognize a man in every respect as selfish and destitute of patriotism as Goethe himself, and the want of the nobler instincts in him is more than

atoned for in the genius and popularity of Schiller. I know there is a want of faith in all classes of Germany; and while I admire their research and acumen in historical matters, I as heartily as any one condemn their tendency to skepticism."

"The strangest feature," remarked Judge Eustace, "is witnessed in the centrifugal aspects of their governmental history. They have been for ages the most numerous race in Europe; but such has been the uniform division and discord among them, they have been, all the while, inferior to the concentrated power of their French neighbors. All their efforts for consolidation have proved abortive; and Charles V., himself as emperor only enforced the shadowy prerogatives of his position, by means of his matchless Spanish infantry. The Smaldkaldic League eventually triumphed even over him, and the other *kaisers* were never anything but magnificent pretenders. How a people, who would be of such majestic strength if united, should consent to dissipate its power among petty principalities, is beyond my comprehension."

"I doubt the policy of combining small communities into large empires," said Philip. "There must be conflict of interest between states sundered by long distances; how then can uniform laws of revenue and commerce bear equally upon those having no object in common, save that of defence against foreign invasion. Suppose, for instance, that an agricultural people are attached to a government whose legislation is chiefly directed to the support of manufactures: can one interest be fostered without injury to the other? and is it in the nature of man to so discriminate between antagonistic pursuits as

to weigh out in golden scales the damage and benefit equally between them? We have in the history of the small Hellenic communities, when their cities were autonomous, a state of prosperity which has probably never been equaled, except perhaps by similar Italian republics previous to the change of the trade routes from the East. The same effects were repeated in Germany by the cities constituting the Hanseatic League. I do not believe, trammelled by general systems of revenue, these small communities could have ever reached a tithe of the prosperity which was the consequence of their individual wisdom and freedom from restraint."

"That sounds very plausible," said Judge Eustace, "but where is the necessity of any conflict of interest between communities owing a common allegiance to the same government? Take your example of a nation constituted as our own, of two great sections: the one devoted to the cultivation of the soil, and the other to manufactures. I can see no necessity for undue depression or exaltation of either interest. I grant you, if one obtain the ascendancy in legislation, and disregards the rights of the other, oppression the most hateful and intolerable can be visited upon the community which is thus placed at the mercy of its competitor. I know this spirit has actuated many governments, and is not entirely wanting in our own; yet it is the most abject statesmanship which can be imagined. Instead of there being a necessary conflict, there should be a lasting benefit involved in the very diversity of pursuits distinguishing the two sections. Political economists have demonstrated that division of labor is beneficial, for one portion of the nation produces what the other consumes. Under a wise and economical

administration of the government, the only oppression possible would be from revenue laws; if for the sake of some interest, imposts should be laid on foreign goods: but even in such cases the injury is so slight, it is scarcely perceived in our present system."

"That is all true," said Philip, "but, grandfather, under your supposition there is mutual concession and compromise of the antagonisms in interest. You presume that great states are necessarily wise in their avoidance of favoritism among the sections; but you must recollect that nothing is so easily created and blindly maintained, as the animosities which seem almost certain to rise between communities defined by habits or geographical position, and ruled by the same government. How did the Flemings and Spaniards hate each other under Philip II. or the English and Scotch under James I? The people of England loathed the Dutch under William III, as they did the Hanoverians under the first and second Georges. I think it a poor reliance for the weaker to trust the stronger party, if there be any chance of self-protection and autonomy possible to the minority."

"That may be the case, my son," said Judge Eustace, but the important problem, we as a nation are working out, remains unsolved. I confess that these same jealousies and animosities of which you speak are ill omens of our ultimate success. They defy any system of government, and when carried to excess in a free republic can lead to but one result—the loss of liberty to all parties concerned. Sectional hatred and free institutions are incompatible with each other, and must sooner or later result in bloodshed. Such animosities are the most senseless infirmities to which large masses of men are liable.

Like jealousy, they subsist on imaginary wrongs, and like Otello discover, too late, the folly of their resentments. One community which has seen but little of the other, and often with many friends living in the hated section, yet for some unaccountable reason, takes up a deadly animosity, and is deaf to reason, until they have imbrued their hands in kindred blood. Many governments have been ruined, because a few selfish men have sown the seeds of future discord, expecting no direr result than their own elevation to office. All other evils of free government are slight in comparison to those which flow from the machinations of demagogues. They are reckless of what may be the consequence of their teachings, and with our natural proneness to evil we are too apt to prefer such to better men. Such men have not been confined to great states; in the small Greek and Italian republics, they flourished to perfection. Athenian Cleon has furnished the model for many modern imitators, and Dante knew many such in the Florentine troubles, whose bad names have been preserved in unenviable immortality in the *Divine Comedy*."

"How then, uncle," said St. George, "can you, knowing that mob-rule is certain to gender and too often elevate to office such curses as these men, still sanction democracy. I believe our American glorification of free institutions is all delusion. We have erected the senseless masses into another golden calf, and our public men vie with each other in their worship of an idol, which, in scriptural language, having eyes sees not, and ears hears not. It nauseates me to hear stump-speakers talking of the voice of the people being the voice of God; I would

much sooner expect to find them registering the devil's edicts."

"What wisdom can there be in looking for discretion among those who have no opinions of their own? and to low, dissolute natures for the preservation and encouragement of political virtue?"

"Your remarks, Percival," said Judge Eustace, "grow out of your theory of government, which you know extends but little beyond affording protection to the enjoyment of property and the punishment of guilt. You have always maintained that the masses should be held in quiet subjection to those who, by reason of their superior intelligence and virtue are better suited for framing and executing the laws. The true theory is, that government should be instituted for the protection of the helpless and weak, from the rapacity of the wise and strong. Intelligence and capital very well take care of themselves, and need but few safeguards from the law, but ignorance, with all the help that can be afforded, will suffer in the hands of unprincipled men. As the greater portion of every community thus stand in need of protection, they are made the fountain of political power to enable them as much as possible to counteract the schemes of crafty selfishness. That the people often blunder in their ignorance is true, but they gain wisdom by experience, and what is found to be bad policy to-day can be changed to-morrow. Then, too, freedom of speech allows any one who has enough of patriotism and ability to do so to pull the lion's skin from the shoulders of the demagogue who seeks to mislead them."

"I know that theory very well," said Percival, "but what punishment would follow such an exposure? If



he is not a high civil officer, nothing but his own conscience reproves him for his misdemeanor, and the self-reproaches of such a man are but slight. If, like Warren Hastings, he fills a station of importance, and is guilty of such enormities, another Edmund Burke may be fired with indignation, and put in process impeachment, with all its pageantry; but you well know how enormous the crime must be to produce such a state of things. It has been two centuries since the Earl of Stafford suffered for what his own violent political enemies alleged against him, and his was the latest impeachment, I now recollect, which ended capitally. The pitiless and bloody man, who had exhausted the catalogue of crimes in India, was never punished; yet who, but God, can say, that Thomas Wentworth's motives were criminal, in his advocacy of the Thorough?"

"If we can trust to Stafford's own declaration," said Judge Eustace, "he had labored for years to make England what France then was under Louis XIV. The best efforts of his life were devoted to the destruction of that assurance of liberty to the subject which had commenced at the field of Runnymede, and by slow and continuous struggle on the part of Parliament had assumed some form and substance at that day. If it be treason to seek the destruction of the barriers which protect individual right against the encroachment of the sovereign, then he was a traitor. His talents made him all the more dangerous to popular liberty, and had he been successful in his designs civilization would have borne a very different aspect from what it does. Trials for political offences are naturally difficult and delicate, and should be as seldom resorted to as is consistent with the safety of the state. The



modern mind justly revolts at the sequence of bloody vengeance upon the success of a party, for, however mistaken and criminal in their view, the conduct of their fallen opponents—patriotism and purity of purpose may, after all, have been the motives actuating their conduct.”

“Yes,” said Mr. Grey, “that charity which covers a multitude of sins, should be in our hearts and soften our judgments toward those in office. Without his own declarations to guide us, a public man’s motives are often only known to himself and God, and where our interests are identical with his it seems to me unnatural that any one should deliberately plot mischief when it is sure to recoil upon himself and his posterity.”

“I know,” said Percival, “that Lord Bacon has said, that in his children a man has given hostages to fortune: but the thoroughly selfish have small regard for those who are to come after him. Imagine Catiline or Benedict Arnold considering the interests of their grandchildren! Why such men are utterly indifferent to everything except themselves.”

“Cousin Percy,” said Mariana, “do you think it possible for men to become as sinful as that? How can they thus forget God and their future accountability? I cannot imagine anything desirable in high station, when memory brings shame to the man who has thus climbed a ladder of crime to reach objects which are only desirable, after all, in the increased pleasure successful merit imparts.

“How e’er it be it seems to me  
’Tis only noble to be good.  
Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood.”

"That is the true philosophy, after all," said Judge Eustace, "for Shakspeare makes Macbeth, even while reflecting upon his intended crime, acknowledge, that

"Vaulting ambition which o'er leaps itself,"

is after all insufficient, for, as the regicide declared,

"In these cases,  
We still have judgment here, that we but teach  
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return  
To plague the inventor: This even-handed justice  
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice  
To our own lips."

Often in such discussions of the great problems of human life did the circle at Ellesmere spend their evenings. This portion of the day had long been by Judge Eustace held sacred to conversation and pleasure. It would have been a matter of astonishment to Philip and Mariana to have known how much of their information on all subjects had been obtained on such occasions, for they were ever eager listeners to their wise and affectionate grandfather.

As the time of his departure drew near, Philip frequently amused himself in inspections of the stables and kennel. With all his interest in graver subjects, his mind yet recurred to the days when these were the most pleasant haunts of his boyhood. One evening, after returning from a ride with his sister, he found Thompson at the kennel gate, and remarked:

"Uncle Thompson, I am soon going away again, and shall be gone for a long time; so I fear Ringwood and Sweetlips will be too old to lead the pack when I return. You must take good care of them in my absence, for the good they have done."

"Shore and sartin I will, Mass Phil. Ise hearn tell how you'er gwine away agin, an' it hurt my feelins, for if you blieve me, I was hopin' how you was to stay here a long time. Whar you gwine to now, Mass Phil?"

"Away over the ocean to Europe, and I expect to be gone at least three years."

"Well, Mass Phil, some how I 'aint never had much opinion of dem folks sense de way dey served Mass Percy over dare. Why afore he went amongst dem he was allers a sky-larking one way or another. I never seed a young man fuller of life in my born days, and when he got back you wouldn't er knowd him. You was a leetle bit of a boy den, but he 'aint got over it yit; for sometimes I looks at him settin' upon his horse, an' he is so solemn like about de face, it hurts my heart to see him. Nancy said 'twas all about a young lady; but if you blieves me ef half de women in de world was clean dead and gone 'twouldn't serve me so."

"Uncle Thompson, you have never loved as he did."

"Maybe not, Mass Phil, but I sets a heap er store by Nancy, specially sense she's lef' off devilin' me 'bout sperits."

Philip had received, that day, a letter from Rosamond. She was tender in her allusions to his expected absence from the country, and besought him to allow her to see him once more before he departed. There were many things she wished to talk over with him, now that more than a year had elapsed since they had seen each other. She had met Lily Seaton, who had known him at the University, and she had manifested much interest in forming Rosamond's acquaintance. They had spoken much of him, and the heiress of Thorndale was very proud of his college reputation.

The happy days of thoughtless boyhood had passed away, and the future lay before Philip, full of glowing promise.

The death of Stanhope Eustace had much increased the prospective weight of responsibility which would some day come upon him, and with a clear perception of what would be his duties under the circumstances, he went on with his work of preparation. Grief was undermining the health of his grandmother, and was reflecting itself upon the strongly sympathetic nature of Mariana. The prospect of his departure, under these circumstances, brought with it many disquieting suggestions; but youth is ever hopeful; so Philip, placing his trust in that unfailing Providence which had thus far cared for him, calmly accepted the sorrows of the present, and with golden hopes awaited the future.

## CHAPTER XV.

## TITUS PAINE—THE OUTLAW.

"HE chose the Sinner's way, the Scorners' mirth;  
Now feigned contrition with obdurate tears,  
Then wore a bravery that betrayed his fears;  
With oaths and curses now his Lord denied.  
And strangled guilty shame with desperate pride;  
While inly rack'd, he proved what culprits feel,  
When conscience breaks remembrance on the wheel."

—*Abdallah and Sabat.*

THE annual races near St. Kilda had passed with the usual festivities, and Philip had looked on, as the high mettled coursers out-stripped the speed of the winds. He still found much pleasure in the noble animals, as in conscious power they spurned the dust from their impatient feet; but it was no longer the absorbing interest he had felt two years before, when Tempest was so all-important in his estimation. The honor of his family and native valley had ceased to be dependant, in his opinion, on the result of horse-races. With the lapse of time, higher aspirations had come, and the horizon of his hopes and joys had immensely expanded. No vague phantoms of unsatisfied ambition supplied the place of these buried idols; but with grave and hopeful consideration of the future, he realized, thus standing on the threshold of manhood, that comfort and usefulness must be found in higher walks.

The glare and heat of summer had given place to the chastened glories of autumn, and under the weird touches of the frost, the forest, with its unnumbered shades of green, was now gay in a thousand varied tints. The

squirrel revelled in the boundless profusion of ripened nuts, and the balmy air and dreamy voluptuousness of Indian Summer gladdened the land. The softness of the atmosphere and the gorgeous hill-sides filled the heart of Philip with delight. He thought of Rosamond far away in the dreary brick walls of the city, and longed for her to be with him, as he surveyed their native hills thus robed in the pomp of mysterious decay.

Alfred and Isabel Ridgely were visiting the family at Ellesmere. Late that evening Judge Eustace returned from Grafton with the information that Mr. Grey had been taken suddenly ill. Philip at once determined to go and spend the night with his former instructor, and Ridgely having joined him in this resolution, they were soon at the house jointly occupied by Nathan Dale and the good man. Mr. Grey protested they were giving themselves unnecessary trouble; that he would very well pass the night alone; but the hot, dry skin and unceasing pain convinced Philip that the sufferer, who was but feeble at best, was prostrated by a serious attack of bilious fever.

“I am scarcely ever sick,” said Mr. Grey, “that I cannot trace my bodily distemper to some sorrow of the mind. The death of poor Stanhope, and the prospect of your own departure, Philip, have weighed heavily on my spirits: added to this, Isham, in whom I have greatly confided, from the apparent christian sobriety of his behavior, is implicated in hog-stealing with a runaway negro, and I have been sorely tried in his apostacy. Many good men think negroes incorrigible, and have but little faith in their profession of religion, but I have not limited the divine grace in such a way. I believe the

promise is to all men, and now to find that Isham, who was, in appearance, one of the best of my little flock here is a hog-thief, has brought me much disappointment and chagrin."

"My dear Mr. Grey," said Philip, "do not suffer yourself to be distressed by this affair. Remember even one of the chosen twelve fell into the sin of denying his Lord, and expect no more of this recreant negro. I know how you trusted Isham, but there are others who at least have not openly fallen."

"St. Peter sinned," said Mr. Grey, "and bitterly repented his fall, but Isham is sullen since the reception of punishment, and seems utterly indifferent to what God requires. I can see no trace of penitence in his hard and obdurate heart."

This trouble was evidently uppermost in the good man's thoughts, but Philip's tact gradually led him to the consideration of other subjects, and the three consumed much of the night in conversation. Alfred Ridgely retired to an upper room, leaving his comrade to watch by the bedside of the sick man. Mr. Grey had fallen asleep, and as Philip sat in silence, many thoughts of his happy childhood, so largely associated with him who lay moaning in his troubled slumber, went and came through his mind.

The candle had been so shaded in the fire-place that but little light was in the room, when Philip was astonished to hear the sound of falling blows. He listened intently, and smothered sobs of pain came to his ear. This was followed by the sharp clatter of a horse's feet approaching at a gallop. He went to the outer door and noiselessly opened it. The moonlight rested full upon the



trees round the house, and Philip distinctly saw Nathan Dale dismount and tie his horse to a rack. He also noticed a bright light in the kitchen, the door of which was opened as the overseer approached, and a negro woman came out weeping.

"Miranda," said Dale, "what are you crying about, what did you make a fire for in the kitchen this time of night?"

"Oh! Mr. Dale," said the woman, "Titus Paine is here, and has beaten me almost to death to make me cook something for him to eat. He made the fire and is in the house now."

"Who are you?" said Dale, as he stepped into the kitchen.

"Didn't that woman tell you who I am?" growled the heavy voice of a gigantic negro as he arose from his seat.

"How dare you come here, runaway and outlaw as you are?"

"I comes when I please, and I goes when I please, I does."

Dale stooped to raise a broken chair which lay on the floor, when Titus Paine, with the spring of a tiger, leaped forward, and with a blow from a club he had held behind him, struck down the overseer, and kicked his body from the kitchen. The hardened wretch, without further attention to the man he had slain, deliberately resumed his seat to finish his interrupted meal. Prudence should have prompted Philip, after he had witnessed this scene of violence, to have aroused Alfred Ridgely to aid him in the desperate resolution he then formed; but the brutal atrocity of the murder had aroused a nature which brooked no delay in its wrath. He grasped a stick, and

before Titus Paine was aware of his presence on the plantation he was standing in the kitchen door. As the ruffian raised his sinister eyes he beheld a minister of vengeance, before whose awakened fury the stoutest heart might well have quailed. Philip was in his shirt sleeves, and Titus saw, at a glance, the power and activity of his new antagonist. He perceived in the steady eyes that regarded him a spirit before which one less determined might have shrunk with apprehension. The runaway exhibited no symptoms of fear, but at once sprang up without a word to meet his advancing foe. The heavy club was again brandished aloft, but striking the joist of the unceiled room fell with diminished force on the stick which had already inflicted a blow on the negro, but glanced from his thick skull as if it had been iron. Again the enraged Titan brought down the club, but its force was parried each time by the skillful fencer, until blinded by the strokes which fell so fast upon him, he dropped his weapon and rushed in upon Philip.

The extraordinary power of each was now strained to its utmost, but Philip's superior activity gave him the advantage, and with a shock that made the house tremble the African fell with his feet high in the air. The heavy club was grasped before the negro could arise, and a single blow sufficed to end the combat. Titus Paine lay insensible on the floor, as Mr. Grey and Alfred Ridgely made their appearance. The unconscious ruffian was tied, and on bringing into the light the body of Dale it was found that life was utterly extinct, for the blow on his skull had crushed it. Several of the negro men, in the meanwhile, had collected before the door, attracted by the outcry of Miranda at the commencement of hos-

tilities between Philip and the runaway. One of them came in, and looking in Titus' face, remarked :

"Mass Phil, dat nigger aint no more out of his senses dan I is."

"It makes but little difference," said Philip, "whether he talks or not."

"Mass Phil," said the foreman, "I didn't b'lieve the man was living calcerlated to throw Titus Paine, but I seed you when you tuck de *flyin mare* on him, and bless to heaven he natelly shuck de yeth."

"Philip," said Ridgely, "did you grapple with that huge man-mountain on the floor?"

"Yes, he ran in upon me, in spite of the beating I gave him with the heavy stick you see lying there. Poor Dale died under the first blow."

"I heerd Titus Paine say, day fore yistiddy, he were gwine to kill Mr. Dale," said one of the negroes.

Mr. Grey was too ill to remain up longer, but the two young men watched over the dead body and the prisoner the remainder of the night. At day-dawn Titus, evidently in his senses, but obstinately silent, was conveyed to St. Kilda jail. The fact of his commitment, and the brutal murder he had just perpetrated, became known, and a concourse of citizens, already acquainted with his infamous character, demanded the keys of the jailor, that they might proceed to summary punishment, but speeches by Judge Eustace, and Mr. Somerville, induced them to leave him to the law he had so often violated. It lacked but a short time to the occurrence of the fall term of the superior court, and he could then have his trial. There was scarcely a man in the valley who had not suffered by the depredations of the culprit who lay heavily ironed in

prison, and such was the determination that he should not escape justice, the men of the town and the surrounding country kept guard around the jail for fear he might possibly break out, as he had done on previous occasions.

Titus Paine had for some time been looked upon as the nuisance and terror of St. Kilda Valley. In some instances, after forcibly entering houses, he had unmercifully beaten the owners who resented his intrusion. He was never known to labor, but carried such of the animals as he needed for his subsistence to his den. Frequent attempts were made to arrest him, but he had contrived hitherto to elude every scheme for his capture. No man felt safe when he had reason to believe that Titus was in his neighborhood, for if he failed to get vengeance on the person of him he regarded as his enemy, he was apt to take satisfaction on the live stock and barns by burning the one and killing the other. The community was highly gratified, when it was understood that this desperate outlaw had been arrested in the midst of his crimes. His great stature and unusual strength were well known in the country, and it was thought a matter of impossibility for any one man to cope with him successfully, unaided by fire arms.

The community were astonished that Philip, unarmed and by his own physical strength, had encountered and overcome this son of Anak, and the popular admiration of his spirit and power rose to frenzy. Nothing sooner rivets the attention of the masses than the union of dauntless courage and great bodily vigor. This is the secret of Richard of the lion-heart's fame, and beyond these qualifications there is nothing in the character of Sampson to justify the admiration of men, and so

captivated even the grand genius of Milton that it led to the composition of his *Agonistes*. Stanhope Eustace had been correct in his estimate of Philip's disposition. He was as insensible to fear as any one having the same motives to desire a continuance of life. Unhappiness and despair often create heroes of very common-place characters, and men have astonished armies with the splendor of their daring whose disappointment and troubles had made them weary of life. Philip had much to hope for from the future, but this weighed nothing in the balance when his controlling sense of duty led in a different direction. He had periled his life in the conflict with Titus, because he believed it incumbent upon every good citizen to arrest the perpetrators of high crime. The deliberate slaughter of Nathan Dale had excited his indignation and hatred of oppression, for the overseer had fallen in the conscientious discharge of his duty.

On the evening succeeding the murder of Nathan Dale all the family at Ellesmere were collected, for Mr. Grey had been brought from Grafton in a carriage and was now able to sit up.

"Judge Eustace," said Alfred Ridgely, "I hear that Titus Paine has long borne an infamous character. Do you know much of his previous history?"

"Titus Paine," said the Judge, "first came to my notice when I was a member of the supreme court. He had been convicted of murder in the court below, and his counsel had brought the case, by appeal, before us. The case was one of intense interest, from the direct conflict between the facts deposed to, and the prisoner's confessions; and in this way my attention was strongly drawn to the accused. I learned that Titus had been owned by

a man living in the eastern part of the State, and hired to another who was getting shingles in that section of the country. This is a business much followed in that portion of the State, and in the same swamp in which Titus was working, a man named Cullens, assisted by his son, found his livelihood in a similar occupation. Amos Cullens, being subject to epileptic convulsions, was, at best, very feeble in body and mind, and was at times subject to fits of melancholy. One Saturday afternoon he told his son, Richard, to leave his drawing knife with which he was at work and go home to his mother, as she would need his services in procuring firewood. They had no servants, and such labor fell to the share of the oldest son. Richard obeyed his father's injunction, and left him alone in the swamp."

"As night came on," continued Judge Eustace, "Mrs. Cullens became uneasy for her husband's safety; but as it was two miles to the place where he had been left at work by Richard, she forbore sending her son, who was of tender years, to look for him, for fear he might come to harm. She spent the night much troubled in mind, and as soon as it was light on Sunday morning Richard set out in search of his father. He went to the point where Cullens had been left at work, and found the tools with which their handicraft was prosecuted hidden where they were accustomed to be concealed. At a small distance from them, the coat which the unfortunate man had worn the day before, was found lying on a fallen tree, and near by the boy discovered the dead body of his father suspended by the neck to a tree. Horror-stricken the son returned to his mother and informed her of the calamity which had thus deprived her family of its head



and principal support. The coroner of the county was at once made acquainted with these facts, and he summoned a jury of inquest to determine, if possible, in what manner the deceased had come to his death."

"Upon examination of the ground about the spot there was no trace of a struggle, as would have been the case had some other man been the author of the hanging. The body, when taken down and examined, exhibited no sign of violence, and the clothes Cullens wore were not torn or injured. His suspenders were used as the cord producing death. The tree upon which he was hanging was just rigid enough to lift his feet clear of the ground, and upon his arms and legs were found small pieces of moss corresponding to that on the tree, while on the maple itself a portion of the parasites had been rubbed off. The jury were further put in possession of the facts in Richard's knowledge, and I think were warranted by the testimony in finding, as they did, that the deceased had come to his death by his own hands."

"A few days after the jury of inquest had reached this conclusion, Titus Paine went by the house of Mrs. Cullens, and asked permission of her to drink at the well. She deposed, in her testimony, that she had consented to his request, and that after slaking his thirst, he told her he had heard of her husband's death and the verdict of the coroner's jury. He further said, though they might think Mr. Cullens had killed himself, he, Titus, had good reason to believe that some enemy had inflicted this injury upon her. Mrs. Cullens said, she thought no more of this declaration of the negro, considering it idle talk, and not believing for an instant that he really knew any-



thing of the matter beyond the facts already in common possession.

"Several years after this," continued Judge Eustace, "the man with whom Titus was then at work, declared, that late one night he was awakened by a conversation carried on in a low tone between Paine and another negro man who was spending the night under the same shed with himself in the swamp. He swore that he distinctly heard Titus ask his comrade if he recollected Amos Cullens, and upon his answering in the affirmative, Titus remarked, 'The white folks thought he killed himself; but don't you believe it, for I hung that man myself.' Some years after this, the accused went to a neighboring county where his master lived, and while there declared to the negroes the same thing. By some means these facts reached the ears of the grand jury of the county in which Cullens had died, and thus Titus Paine became indicted for a murder alleged to have been committed years before. When the sheriff arrested him, he inquired of his prisoner if he knew any cause why he should be taken into custody; and Titus supposed it was to satisfy some execution against his owner who was embarrassed by pecuniary difficulties. Upon being assured that he was mistaken, he seemed reflecting for an instant, and remarked, 'I expect it is about that old Cullens matter.'

"To prove that the physical strength of Titus Paine would have enabled him to have hanged Amos Cullens without much exertion, it was shown by the prosecution that for some grave misdemeanor his first owner had, on one occasion, determined to send him out of the State, to be sold in the city of New Orleans. In carrying out this object he was taken in chains to the nearest sea-port, and

placed on a vessel which was about to sail for his point of destination. Early in the voyage this vessel was wrecked on the coast, and lay beached upon the barrier of sand which there separates the ocean and sound waters. For safe-keeping, after the vessel was stranded, the captain chained Titus by one of his legs to the anchor of his bark, and went off with some wreckers to spend the night at their house. Titus was so fastened to the large mass of iron, he could not escape without sundering the chains by which he was confined. None of the crew having remained by the wreck, they discovered, the next morning, that the negro and anchor had both disappeared. Titus was traced across the banks to a house a mile off, to which point, by his unaided strength, like another Samson, he had borne a burden supposed to be impossible to human strength. Having found an axe there, he escaped from his massive clog, and his master having relented allowed him to resume his business of getting shingles."

"It was further shown that his unaided strength was sufficient to lift a hogshead of molasses into a dray, and it was a common feat with him to take hold of the two ends of a full barrel of whisky and, raising it up, to drink from the bung. This testimony was thought sufficient in the first trial in the court below to justify the jury in finding him guilty of the murder of Amos Cullens. Exception was taken to the ruling on some points of the presiding judge, and we of the supreme court, having granted a new trial, he was soon after acquitted."

"What!" said Mr. Grey, "acquit such a monster of iniquity after his repeated confessions that he had wantonly slain the man Cullens?"

"Yes," said Judge Eustace, "the last jury acquitted

mainly on the ground that there was no assignable reason for Titus' commission of the alleged felony. The facts, outside of his confession, indicated, unmistakeably, suicide on the part of Cullens, and a slight acquaintance with criminal practice will satisfy any one that no species of evidence is so liable to be false as confession of crime. It is a singular aberration of the human mind, and hundreds of cases have shown that under some strong delusion men have confessed offences which were impossible for them to have committed. I do not believe that Titus Paine really thought he had murdered Amos Cullens. His declarations to that effect were simple gasconade; but many have honestly been under the impression that they had committed offenses of which there could be no doubt of their entire innocence. The human mind, in dwelling upon some crimes, seems, by a mysterious fascination, to become convinced of participation in things which they have never witnessed."

"Grandfather," said Philip, "how did Titus come to live in this region of the State?"

"After his acquittal in the second trial," said Judge Eustace, "his temper, which had not been originally cruel, became fearfully malignant. For several years before he was arrested on the charge of murder, he had been living with a free woman of color as his wife. He had frequently told her he had slain Amos Cullens, and, when he was put on his trial, she had no doubt of his conviction and punishment with death. Upon his sentence becoming known, she had, with the facility of that class of our population for consolation in such distress, listened to the addresses of a free-negro; and while Titus lay in jail she became the wife of the new suitor. On his

acquittal and discharge, he, becoming acquainted with these hasty nuptials, manifested displeasure only in his scowling face, and said nothing indicating enmity toward the unfaithful partner of his bed and board. He had been at liberty but a short time when the house, in which she and her paramour were staying, was burned during the night, and two unconsumed hearts, with some of the larger bones of the human body, were all that remained of the couple who had lived there. Suspicion of course immediately rested on Titus Paine, and though the evidence was slight, there was but little doubt on the minds of the people that he had slain the objects of his resentment, and then fired the house to conceal the double murder he had committed."

"A portion of the community," continued Judge Eustace, "went to the farm of his master, and having taken possession of Titus, proceeded to hang him without further aid of judge or jury. His great weight broke the rope, when a negro-trader, who happened to be present, offered, at this juncture, to purchase him and carry him from the State, if they would consent not to kill him. The crowd, fickle as unlawful assemblies always are, agreed to the proposition, as Titus, in the meanwhile, had solemnly sworn that if they would thus permit his departure he would never return. Once more rescued from impending death, he was heavily ironed and put in jail until, shortly afterward, the speculator started with a gang of negroes for the Gulf States. To make sure of Titus this time, he was chained to another negro man of whose fidelity the trader had no doubt. Paine passed quietly through the country, and had gone fifty miles west of St. Kilda Valley, when, late one night, the camp

was alarmed by the stifled cries of the man to whom Titus was fettered. For the first time since starting, the speculator had neglected to chain the legs of Titus. He had arisen at midnight, and grasping his companion and threatening him with death if he made a noise, he sprang off into the darkness. The terrified negro made desperate efforts, both by outcries and muscular exertion to impede the flight of the giant who was thus bearing him off against his consent; but his struggles and the white man's pursuit were unavailing, for Titus made his escape, and was seen shortly afterwards in this valley. No one knows the fate of him he carried off.

"Since that time, he has mainly lived in the valley, in open war with the white men and every negro unwilling to join him in his desperate villainy. Four years ago Silas Haines, a white man of advanced age and great kindness of disposition, heard, late at night, some one breaking into his smoke-house, and going out fired both barrels of his gun to frighten away the thief. Titus Paine deliberately cut his throat, and carried off the bacon he desired. Many efforts have been made to capture him, but his cunning and desperate courage have enabled him to elude them all.

"Philip, you may congratulate yourself upon a feat of which Hercules himself might have justly felt proud, and, but for your knowledge of fencing, you would have met the fate of Nathan Dale."

Philip was much bruised in his desperate struggle with the outlaw whose heavy club, though in a great measure parried by the stout walking stick, had beaten down its defence enough to inflict several serious blows on his arms and head. His prodigious exertions, when he found

himself in the African's grasp, rendered him hoarse and feverish for nearly a month afterwards.

For some time past, Mariana had ceased to improve in her vision; for her health, at all times delicate, had evidently become affected through sympathy with her grandmother's sorrow, and her own distress at Stanhope Eustace's death. Dr. Vane, of St. Kilda, who had long attended her, wrote to her father recommending a change in her mode of life and surrounding scenes. About this time the President of the United States, knowing that his friend and supporter was nearly at the end of his term of office, tendered Gov. Eustace the mission to Paris. He had determined to withdraw entirely from political life, but Philip would leave in a short time for Europe; and here too was Dr. Vane, in whose sagacity he had much confidence, recommending change of scene for Mariana. Besides this, that love of office, which, like a second nature, infuses itself in the dispositions of men, suggested to him that he could be with his family and enjoy great station at the same time by accepting the President's offer. Let no man sneer at this double purpose of the brilliant politician, nor arrogate to himself superiority, thinking he would have acted differently under the resolution Gov. Eustace had formed. Let him remember, that of all the potentates of whom we have record, none but Diocletian and Charles V., have voluntarily laid down the purple.

Gov. Eustace had long desired to visit Europe, and was convinced that it would be beneficial to his mother and daughter to accompany Philip as far as Paris: added to these inducements, the position offered him by the president led him to visit Ellesmere at once, before taking any



further steps in the matter. The serene and passionless judgment of the father still maintained its ascendancy over the conduct of the son, clothed as he was with the delegated dignity of a commonwealth. His propositions were soon acceded to by the parents, and it was determined they should depart for the Eastern world as soon as affairs could be properly arranged. Gov. Eustace was to return in a few days to the capital, and having accepted the offer of the French mission, to resign at once his office as chief magistrate of the State.

The superior court, the next day, commenced its fall session at St. Kilda, and the male members of the family at Ellesmere were all in attendance. The grand jury, on Tuesday morning, brought in a true bill against Titus Paine for the murder of Nathan Dale, and on Wednesday he was carried to the court house for arraignment. The ferocity and manifold crimes of the prisoner attracted an immense concourse to witness his trial. The iron firmness of his character still sustained him in his resolution to be silent, and when asked how he would be tried, the counsel assigned him had to reply for him, "by God and the country." He bore an undaunted front, and met with unfaltering gaze the scrutiny of the multitude thirsting for his blood. When called upon to plead he said nothing, and the plea of not guilty was entered up by order of the judge.

The solicitor for the State opened the prosecution, aided by Mr. Somerville and Arthur Kean. He remarked that he was sure that men, who had acted with such extraordinary forbearance in not taking the life of the prisoner at once, on his capture, would now administer even-handed justice in listening to and weighing the evidence to



be laid before them. The law in its offended majesty was ever merciful to the criminal, for men not interested in slaves were not eligible as jury men on this occasion. After a few other remarks the witnesses for the prosecution were called and duly sworn, and a murmur of admiration arose from the dense throng as Philip Eustace took his place on the stand.

"Now there's a man as is a man;" said an honest old daleman, "thank God old Titus met his match at last."

"Well! now 'aint young Philip as proper a man as ever you see?" said the man at his elbow.

"You see that black bruise on his temple? That's where Titus struck him."

"Yes, I sees it; it was a powerful lick, but from what I've hearn, Philip paid him up for it when he got the *flying-mare* hitch upon him."

Philip's testimony was soon given, and the calmness of his demeanor was such that when the counsel for the prisoner took up the cross-examination he was soon satisfied that nothing could be gained by persistance in his interrogatories. The jury and audience exhibited signs of impatience and displeasure at questions they considered ill-timed and disrespectful to him they then regarded as the most deserving of mankind. Miranda had been seriously injured by the beating Titus had given her, and was so weak she could scarcely stand, but she entirely corroborated the testimony already given. She was unmistakably terrified by the scowls of the prisoner, being unable to realize, even then, that she was safe from his persecution. Two negro men swore they had heard Titus Paine declare, on more than one occasion, that he would take the life of Nathan Dale as a recompense for the over-

seer's efforts to capture him. As the prisoner still remained obstinately silent, no witnesses were introduced for the defense.

Arthur Kean and the solicitor for the State made able speeches, and were replied to by the learned and ingenious gentleman who defended the accused. He evidently considered his efforts exerted in a bad cause, and therefore fell short of his usual eloquent persuasion. His honor, in submitting the case to the jury, told them there were no controverted law points for his decision; if the testimony adduced in their hearing was believed by them to be true, then Titus Paine, the prisoner at the bar, was guilty of wilful and felonious murder on the person of Nathan Dale, as alleged in the bill of indictment. He charged them that however odious and criminal may have been the previous character of the accused, they should remember they were trying him on the merits of the case then under hearing, and the prisoner's former misdeeds should have no connection with the matter properly under their consideration in making up their verdict.

The jury retired to their room for consultation, and the dense crowd remained in breathless attention, awaiting their return. For the first time since the commencement of the trial the prisoner exhibited an interest in what was transpiring. He lost his indifference, and his eyes seemed riveted on the door through which they had retired. His respiration became quick and distressing, and, although the day was cool, big drops of perspiration collected upon his low forehead. The lower jaw seemed to lose its vitality and fell, displaying his strong, spotless teeth. The huge frame, which had borne itself so defi-

antly hitherto, now drooped with an agony of apprehension; and monster as he was, Philip, who was observing him, could but feel pity at his torture.

"Father," said he, "I have thought, until this moment, that Titus Paine was insensible to fear, but see how unmanned he is at the prospect of the sentence of death."

"You will find yourself mistaken when the jury returns," said Gov. Eustace. "Here they come; now watch him and you will see it was suspense which apparently unmanned him."

"Gentlemen of the jury, what say you?" said the clerk of the court; "is the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty!" said the foreman, and as he spoke the word the colossal figure of the accused straightened itself as if in positive triumph. The keen, undaunted eyes seemed strangely luminous as they roved over the assembly. With one long breath the heaving chest resumed its ordinary movements, and Titus Paine appeared as little interested in the proceedings as any man present.

"Let the prisoner stand up to receive his sentence," said the judge, and without further orders the murderer arose to his full height, towering like Saul, head and shoulders above the people.

"Titus Paine," said his Honor, "you have been duly convicted by a sworn jury of your countrymen of the felonious killing of Nathan Dale, then being in the peace of God and the State. You have committed a heinous crime, and we are told in the sacred scriptures and the practices of all civilized communities that the murderer shall surely be put to death. The court therefore directs that you shall be taken from the jail, by the sheriff of

this county, between the hours of ten and three o'clock, on the twelfth day of the ensuing month, and that you be hanged by the neck until you are dead, and may God have mercy on your soul!"

The prisoner was taken back to his dungeon, and the people retired from the court house. The judge and others were seated on the piazza in front of the hotel rooms occupied during court week by the lawyers from a distance.

"Nagle," said judge Marsden, "what was the matter with you to-day? You were by no means yourself in the speech you made."

"I was very much puzzled to talk at all," said Mr. Nagle, "and I think the people of St. Kilda valley deserve much credit for not hanging that wretch before the court met. I felt, all the time I was defending him, that he was the veriest scoundrel alive. Did you observe how soon the jury and bystanders commenced looking indignant when I was cross-examining young Eustace?"

"Yes; and I knew you were injuring your case by the questions you were asking. Young Eustace seems to be as much beloved here as his father is all over the State."

"He must be a Samson in strength," said Nagle, "to have overcome that gigantic negro in fair fight. I wonder if his mental endowments are up to the traditional mark of his family?"

"He has the best balanced mind I have ever known," said Kean. "Governor Young, of the University, regards him as the most promising youth of his acquaintance."

"I recollect now," said Nagle, "that a neighbor of mine, who was at college with him, spoke very highly of Philip Eustace, the son of the Governor of the State. He must

be very deserving, if the half of what Tom. Larkins told me is true."

"It is to be regretted," said Mr. Somerville, "that Judge Eustace opposes his practice of the law; for I am persuaded he would become an ornament to the profession, in the event of his turning his attention in that direction."

"Governor Eustace is to make his farewell speech to-morrow," said Kean. "His friends are preparing a dinner, and, after much persuasion, he has consented to address them. You have heard of his intention to resign his position as governor?"

"Yes," said Judge Marsden, "he told me he would accept the French mission, tendered him by the President. We must finish the court business in time to hear his address."

A carriage containing Judge Eustace and the governor now drove up. Judge Marsden had promised to spend the night at Ellesmere, and they went off in that direction. Ashton Eustace, George Marsden and Mr. Somerville were members of the same class at the University. In eloquence and native ability, the politician surpassed his early friends; but both had achieved eminence by diligence in study and unceasing attention to the details of their profession.

"Marsden," said Governor Eustace, as they neared the park gate at Ellesmere, "is not this a glorious region to live in and look upon? I was never happy out of these mountain barriers, and the pleasantest hope of my life is the prospect of spending the evening of my days amid their unfailing beauties."

"St. Kilda Valley is certainly full of charms," said Judge Marsden, looking on the noble views to their left,

"but happiness is rarely found in the loveliest spots of creation, unless the higher cravings of the mind are satisfied."

"Yes," said the Governor, "but I have not thus sweetened my toil amid my native hills. I have passed the larger portion of my manhood amid the fruitless paths of ambition, and now that I have the prospect of return, I shall shortly be borne away by overruling circumstances farther than ever before. Life is full of contradictions, and is, at best, the sport of chance. I have been promising myself peace and happiness, but

" 'To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time ..  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death.' "

Percival St. George and Philip were riding on horseback along the turnpike. They had been discussing the incidents of the trial. Philip felt solemn with the knowledge that through him a fellow creature had been dragged to punishment; but no foolish sentimentalism marred his satisfaction in his consciousness of the benefit he had conferred on his people.

"Cousin Percy," said he, "is there no hope of your accompanying us abroad?"

"No, Philip, I have been of so little use in life, I am determined, for this once, to strive to be of some service to my friends. As your grandfather and father will be absent for some time, I think some one of the family should remain in the valley. Cousin Henrietta, too,



would be without an adviser, and she and Rosamond need some one of us in their neighborhood ; so Mr. Grey and I will remain and see that matters are properly managed at Ellesmere, Grafton and Blenheim, and visit Thorndale occasionally."

The night wind was scattering the withered leaves in the park, as they neared the house. The stag-hounds bayed deep-mouthed welcome from the front porch ; and the stars threw their feeble radiance on the carriage way. Slowly, and in silence, rode the cousins, full of thought and emotion. Life had taught lessons to both. To the elder

"One fatal remembrance—one sorrow that throws  
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes—  
To which Life nothing darker nor brighter can bring,  
For which joy hath no balm and affliction no sting."

Both were largely gifted in whatever men consider desirable. One in the dawn of boundless hope was yet humble and contented with whatever the fates might bring ; the other, with equal opportunities, had found the promise of life all delusion, and the bubble of expected joy had broken in his grasp. The youth in body and soul yielded to heaven the submission of a child ; while the matured man united his womanly delicacy to the obstinacy of Prometheus, and relied only upon himself. Up beyond those stars, in the quiet depths of the infinite dwelt merciful forbearance with the weaknesses of both. One dreamed of the fates ever busy with their webs of human destiny ; the other of that divine love controlling the nimble fingers of the children of the night. To the



christian youth, existence was full of boundless hope and increasing joy; to the skeptic all was darkness, and he could but

“Chide the cripple, tardy-gaited night,  
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, did limp  
So tediously away.”

## CHAPTER XVI.

## GOV. EUSTACE'S VALEDICTORY.

ONE rubbed his elbow, thus; and fleered, and swore,  
A better speech was never spoke before:  
Another, with his finger and his thumb,  
Cried "Via! we will do't, come what will come!"  
The third he capered, and cried, "All goes well!"

—*Love's Labors Lost*,

THE preparations for the public dinner to the retiring governor were completed, and the entire population of St. Kilda Valley, having donned their best clothes, were collecting on the fair-grounds, near the village. There was but little division in their minds on political questions, and in their support of Gov. Eustace they always exhibited remarkable enthusiasm and unanimity. The merits of his ancestry, the virtues and position of his father, added to his own winning manner, made him almost an idol to those among whom he had been reared. To vote against him was to incur the odium of a community highly appreciating social enjoyments, and even his early opponent, Mr. Compton, soon discovered his own road to popularity lay in graceful submission to the general will. Many things had combined to feed this popular fancy. The charity of himself and father; the real devotion of his luminous intelligence to duties assumed, and the fact that he was enough absent to make his return always the occasion of congratulation, had conspired to fix him in the public mind.

This confidence of the people was warmly appreciated by the impulsive leader. The depth of this feeling beamed

in his eyes and trembled in his utterance whenever he confessed to them the pleasure he thus received, and hardy mountaineers would return to their humble homes after listening to these impassioned assurances; and eyes which never lost their steadiness in the face of danger would swim with tenderness, when wives and children were told how Ashton Eustace had been talking that day. It was, then, with great concern and regret that they learned one so long loved and trusted was about to leave their service. To many who had come to regard him as necessary to the public weal, it was a source of unmixed sorrow. The family afflictions at Ellesmere were known, and disabled veterans who had served in Mexico with Stanhope, returning, told the particulars of the dauntless soldier's death, satisfying all that these and other causes justified the governor in taking the step they so much deplored. In accepting the honor of the farewell dinner, he had requested the committee who waited upon him to make this the occasion for assembling all his friends in the valley. He wished to see the good men there with their wives and children, to rejoice with them that ere long he would be free to return to his home in their midst.

At an early hour the place selected was thronged by people from every nook and corner of St. Kilda vale. The rustic swains came on horseback with their sweet-hearts *en croupe*, and in waggons filled with all ages and descriptions of the population. Each good woman well recollected the smooth-spoken young candidate that was years ago so fond of her children, and as she had heard he wished to see her and her progeny, she had come to help her husband do honor to him who had done honor

to the valley. Gov. Eustace spent a greater portion of the morning in greetings and conversations with his friends. He had the faculty of never forgetting a face once seen, and all who were old enough to have attracted his attention in his early canvasses were recognized and addressed by him.

"Make way, men!" cried a strong voice. "Aunt Polly Dunn wants to shake hands with the Governor."

A venerable woman, bent with the weight of years, came slowly wending her way through the crowd. A long walking-stick was in one hand, and the other rested on the shoulder of a lad who walked by her side, in mingled assurance and modesty.

"I am glad to see you, Mrs. Dunn," said the Governor, going forward to meet her. "How are you and yours to-day, madam?"

"Thank the Lord, sir, we be all as well as we could look for. How is it with you and your folks, Governor?"

"I am well, but my mother and daughter are in feeble health."

"I have hearn as much," said she. "Well, Governor, here is the boy, my poor son, Henry, named after you. He wanted to see you, and I wanted to see you, so we have come all the way here to lay eyes on ye once more."

"How old are you, Ashton?" said the Governor.

"I am sixteen my next birth day, sir."

"We are all troubled in mind about you, up in Laurel-dale, Governor," said Mrs. Dunn. "Some of us knows what it is to have sorrow at the heart."

"God has sent me a great trouble," said the Governor.

"Well, Governor," said an old daleman, "I have always stuck by you through thick and thin, and I tell you now,

I believe you are taking away our best friend in going over yonder to them French folks."

Hundreds of such greetings and assurances met him on every side, and he was often touched by manifestations of attachment and sympathy, but the next moment his elastic spirits had recovered. Wherever he went, there was a circle of admiring listeners who were eager to hear all that he should say. The prosperous condition of the people not supporting much litigation in the courts, all the law docket had been disposed of, and the judge adjourned the session. The large audience-hall was filled to its utmost capacity, as the time approached for the orator to commence, and his entrance was greeted with loud and prolonged cheering. The beauty and intelligence of the valley were present side by side with its honest yeomanry. Every eye was bent upon him who was now to make his last speech. A thousand hearts beat quickly as he ascended the stage; and as the cheers died away, Gov. Eustace said he was unable to express the emotions which filled his heart. "I confess to you," he continued, "I have never so painfully realized my own unworthiness, as to-day in the face of this great and unmerited honor you do me. I cannot find words to tell my gratitude for your generous appreciation. I have this day met you all, among whom I was born and reared, and as I glance over this great throng I am reminded that you are here to testify your affection to me. Was it not enough, when I was young, that you took me by the hand and gave me your confidence? Think you that twenty years of loving trust are insufficient to gratify the cravings of my heart? Hard, indeed, would I be to satisfy, if such were the case. Then let me thank you,

my friends, with all my soul, in this, perhaps, the last speech I shall ever make, and assure you, that while life lasts I shall remember your kindness. When I came home I had no dream of such a thing, and I should not have consented to address you, as much as I desired to meet with you all, had not the high and important issues now being made, in my opinion, called for a parting word of advice.

"Fellow citizens, I am here, at your own request, to give you my views on political topics. I came with no purpose of my own to subserve. I am at the close of my career as a solicitor of your suffrages, and the wide ocean will be between us before you will cast your votes in determination of some of the matters which I shall discuss. Then I know you will believe what I tell you to-day, thus assured that I have no further interest in the matter than what every good citizen must feel in the welfare of the country.

"We have abundant cause for gratitude to heaven for the unnumbered blessings we enjoy as a people. Less than two centuries ago, our forefathers, led by the providence of God, came here to live in a wilderness. In the interval which separates us from that time, we have seen a republic, grand in all its dimensions, take the place of previous discord and petty division. Year by year the axe of the white man has been heard nearer the setting sun. Slowly, in the same direction, has retired the red man of the forest, departing like a shadow from the haunts of his forefathers, and with his frail canoe yielding place to the stately argosies of advancing civilization. This country, so vast in its extent, and so wonderful in the variety of its resources, has been, by the wisdom and patriot-

ism of our ancestors, blessed with a government free and beneficent in its nature. The statesmen who framed the Federal Constitution, have left us a legacy which will make us the happiest people in the world, if we are only virtuous and wise enough to adhere to its directions. Fellow citizens, shall we do this? Will the obstinacy and selfishness of mankind allow us to preserve this charter intact? I confess to you, I have many doubts on the subject.

“A cloud has arisen upon our political horizon, which was scarce discernible when we first knew each other; but it has increased its proportions, until now it overshadows the land. You all understand me as referring to the growing disposition of some people to interfere with affairs which were in the most solemn manner guaranteed to the several states, as things incident to their reserved sovereignty. We all agree as to what our rights are; but I wish to warn you against the insidious approaches of this spirit, which, unchecked, will some day destroy the liberties of us all. I declare to you, that in my opinion, the constitution under which we live is worse than useless, unless its spirit and letter are observed. A people who have agreed to a charter, which plainly declares the way in which they should be governed, are supremely blessed so long as that instrument is regarded; but when it ceases to be observed, and the dominant majority despise its restraints, the whole thing becomes a mockery and a delusion.

“We have long been remarkable for the moderation and conservatism of our habits. We have preserved more of the laws and institutions under which our fathers lived than any other American community, but it seems this



season of contentment is about to pass away. There is a wide-spread and persistent agitation of subjects dangerous in their ultimate effects, and, full of evil omens for our future happiness."

Governor Eustace proceeded to explain the anomalous condition of the Southern States. How, in a free republic, they were yet filled with millions of bondmen. That question had been of serious import ever since the action of Mr. Jefferson and Virginia had initiated the policy of the Federal Government as to the new States and Territories. The ordinance of 1789 was but one of a thousand other indications that the Southern men of that day contemplated gradual emancipation of their slaves. But this spirit had met with strange recognition. The early abolition petitions to Congress had been followed by movements, gradually increasing in offensive action and comment, until the former liberal and philosophic spirit of the slave-holders became lost in disgust and opposition to all the schemes of the abolitionists. This alienation of the sections was growing year by year. An enmity which could only eventuate in bloodshed was evident to the most careless observer. He besought his people to discard such a spirit and trust to the better feelings of the future for the healing of the great breach in the Republic's life.

He advised his hearers to give less devotion to party and more to the country. To cleave to their rights under the law, but at the same time to abstain from those animosities and recriminations which availed nothing but to increase the evil. He besought his people to act frankly and mercifully with their bondsmen, and to remember

that they were in no wise responsible for the dangers and distractions of the time.

The subjects discussed by Gov. Eustace are generally of passionless inquiry. The calm and deliberate political economist studies them in the quiet of his retirement, but the passionate leader discerned danger in the objects of his animadversion, and, throughout the delivery of his speech, exhibited the most intense feeling. No man in all the concourse went away with a doubt of his deep concern for the public welfare. The honest mountaineers had never heard Ashton Eustace speak with so much earnestness and solemnity before. Not an anecdote fell from his lips, and they were confident that a great danger was menacing the State. He was too much exhausted to reply, at length, to the toast in his honor at the dinner table; and this was generally regretted, as his fancy and exuberant feeling made his efforts delightful on such occasions; but other orators were present to make speeches and offer toasts until late in the evening.

It had been a day of deep enjoyment to him who had so long basked in the sunshine of popular favor, but with his return to Ellesmere, came the whispers of that ever present spirit asking, "what is all this worth?" Ambition had gained its desires; but applause and position must perish with the morrow. Even then the shouts, which had gratified him, were gone with the dying echoes that followed, and he felt with the poet:

"The world is too much with us. Late and soon,  
Getting and spending we lay waste our powers."

## CHAPTER XVII

## OUTWARD-BOUND.

"ADIEU, adieu! my native shore  
Fades o'er the waters blue;  
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,  
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.  
Yon sun that sets upon the sea  
We follow in his flight;  
Farewell awhile to him and thee.  
My native Land—Good Night!"

—*Childe Harold.*

ONCE more Christmas had come and gone. Gov. Eustace had laid down his magisterial honors, and another filled his place. The families at Ellesmere and Thorndale had vainly waited the coming of Rosamond; sudden illness had disappointed the hopes which she and they had indulged, and Philip saw with regret that if he met her at all before his departure it would be among strangers. His father had now completed all his preparations for the voyage save his visit to the President for final instructions and credentials. Letters had been received from the Secretary of State urging the importance of the new envoy's early presence at his post of duty. Titus Paine had expiated the crimes of his life on the gallows: meeting death with stoical indifference. Charles Loundes had come from his home amid the orange groves, and was once more an exile from the broad fields of cotton and sugar-cane.

Everything was in readiness for the departure of the family, and many of their friends were paying farewell visits. Philip looked with melancholy interest on the

home he was leaving. Mariana was less affected than her brother; her joy for years past having lain in the serene domain of her own thoughts. The trees and embowered walks, the beautiful lawns and the still waters of the lake, were things she faintly remembered to have seen and loved in a time which almost seemed to belong to another existence. Whether she remained at Ellesmere or crossed the ocean, her sources of peace would remain undisturbed. She regretted to be separated from Percival and Mr. Grey, and the organ in the library. In it she had found a voice and reflection of her soul, and its symphonies were to her what sun-light and nature's ever-varying loveliness were to others. Dimly, as in a dream, her partially restored vision received at twilight the outlines of forms; but as yet the soft, glorious tints and delicate shadings of the picture were hidden in darkness.

Judge Eustace gave his parting instructions to the two overseers, to whose care the estates of Ellesmere and Grafton were to be left during his absence. He fully appreciated the nature of his duties to his slaves and was anxious that his long-established rules should be observed during his sojourn in Europe.

"You are both aware," said he, "that I shall leave home to-morrow. The period of my absence will depend upon the health of my wife and granddaughter. I have yielded to the suggestions of Dr. Vane, and shall go abroad with the hope of their restoration. I need not tell you what will be my anxiety in thus separating myself from my interests here; but I have relied upon your judgment and honesty, in committing so much to your charge. Mr. Grey will remain, and I insist that you both treat

him with all respect due his sacred calling. He will in no way interfere with you in your duties, and I wish him to be aided in all that he shall think necessary to the comfort of the negroes who may be sick. My nephew, Mr. St. George, will exercise a general supervision, as I have done, and must of course receive your respectful compliance with his directions. I shall expect you to be firm and at the same time forbearing with the faults of the negroes. If their offences need punishment, equally avoid needless severity and fruitless leniency. Do not indulge in useless threats; but let your actions, not your words, inspire fear of your resentment. Any weakness on your part will be readily seen and made use of by the negroes. He who drinks with them or in any way sinks himself to their level, at once parts with his authority. You cannot give too much of your presence in the fields and barn-yards, but have no further association than occasional inspection of their houses to see that they are kept clean. Send for Dr. Vane whenever you have reason to think they are sick, and compel others to give them that attention they will rarely extend if left to the promptings of their own humanity."

The next morning saw the family group which had clustered so lovingly at Ellesmere *en route* for a distant destination. Mrs. Hewett, the house-keeper, and the two bachelors were the only white occupants of the large, silent building. The two stag-hounds, as the night deepened, seemed conscious of the exodus, and frequently howled their almost articulate sorrow to the winter moon. The cold winds whistled and sobbed around the angles, and darkness as of the grave reigned in the unoccupied rooms. Nothing is more painfully impressive than the

stillness and desertion of buildings long known as the haunts of pleasure. The mind realizes with difficulty the absence of beaming eyes and cheerful voices, and the hush of death is instinctively associated with the oppressive quiet. Percival was accustomed to solitude, as Vaulcluse had long ceased to be a centre of joy; but this absence of the friends of his lonely life weighed heavily on the heart accustomed to look to them for its only social enjoyments. The loss of another whose unforgotten beauty stole up in strange distinctness, kept him silent. Occasionally Mr. Grey had made overtures of conversation, but he saw that the mind of his companion was far away.

"Mr. Grey," at length said Percival, "think you in the other world there will be recognition among friends who have known and loved each other in this life?"

"I have no doubt of it," said Mr. Grey. "We are taught in the instance of the woman who had seven brothers as her husbands, that such relations should not continue to exist; but this cannot imply that we are to be oblivious of those who have been dear to us in the present existence. On the contrary, we are told that Dives, though separated by a great gulf, recognized afar off Abraham who had lived ages before he was born into the world. Whether our social affections survive or perish, in the hour of dissolution, we can safely trust our Creator in a preparation of bliss for the redeemed, the adequate conception of which surpasses our present comprehension. The variety of innocent and enduring joys which await the devout mind in this world, is but a feeble earnest of the supreme felicity to be enjoyed in the life to come."



"I have found," said Percival, "more sorrow than joy in the lives I have known; and in my own experience, as I recall the past, it seems I have been journeying all my years through a wide desert, where oases have been rare. In the general sum of my emotions my blissful moments have been to me as a few ineffectual stars on the bosom of almost rayless night—a few small islands of rest in a wide and weary ocean of toil."

Late into the long, winter night sat the two men discussing these deep and mysterious questions of God's dealing with his creatures. Years ago they were children: one a desolate and friendless orphan in whom a fearful disaster had seemingly destroyed the only chance of happiness in life. Small promise of joy remained to the little boy, already steeped in poverty and deprived of the tender oversight of the mother he had seen depart in the midnight storm on her fatal and unavailing mission. Who was to teach the ways of Him who dwelleth in thick darkness to this young life thus left alone in the world. His companion had been born amid all that men consider desirable. The dawn of incipient manhood was on his cheek, ere consumption had slowly removed the fair and indulgent being who had pressed him to her bosom, the first and only pledge of her wedded love. The irrepressible admiration of all beholders had greeted him in the lingering glance and gentle tones of affection; but with so much to give joy, he was now confessing that his pathway had lain through a land of sorrow and the problem of his own life shrouded to his scrutiny in impenetrable shadow. The wind had been tempered to the shorn lamb, but had fallen with chilling coldness on the warm and passionate nature of the child of wealth.



Gov. Eustace and the family went by way of Washington, but Philip left the party to take leave of Rosamond. The illness which had prevented her visit to Thorndale during the Christmas holidays had so enfeebled her that she was yet keeping her room when he arrived in the city. She had been placed by her mother in the family of one of her friends, the wife of an officer in the navy, and the heiress of Thorndale had in this way never known the discomforts of a boarding school. The commodore had been absent on a long cruise during her stay and Mrs. Leighton was very limited in her attentions to the mere pleasures of society. Her daughters were in attendance at the same seminary with Rosamond, and they were very pleasant to her who was now for the first time removed from the protection of home and the guidance of her mother. Mrs. Courtenay had been with her for some time, and had not yet returned to St. Kilda Valley, much as she desired to take leave of the family at Ellesmere. She warmly thanked Philip for the kindness of his visit, and after some conversation withdrew, wisely concluding that the young people would have much to talk over after their separation for the past eighteen months.

Rosamond was seated in a large, carved chair which so intercepted the softened lamp-light that Philip could not realize the wonderful development which had been wrought in the beauty of her he so much associated with his dreams of the future. She was thin and pale but her splendid eyes beamed upon him with a love that banished much of the weary languor seen in them previous to his arrival. The mass of waving hair was brushed back from her brow and with the snowy camellias in the

dim light the fair girl seemed almost divine in her beauty.

"Philip," said Rosamond, "I cannot tell you what a relief it is to me to have seen you before your departure."

"I should have come to you," said he, "had we not expected you to be with us during the holidays. All the while I was thinking of the happy time we spent two years ago when uncle Stanhope was with us. To know that you were sick and among strangers destroyed my pleasure."

"Poor cousin Stanhope," said Rosamond, "I wept long and sore when I heard of his death. You have not forgotten his anxiety to have you educated for a soldier."

"No, he was always partial to me, and seemed more so after my adventure with the wolf. He was a true-hearted man and met a death all soldiers regard as the happiest the accidents of life afford. I wish he could have lived with us to old age."

"I am very glad you did not go to West Point as he desired; you might some day have shared his fate."

"So I might, sweet cousin, but many soldiers come home after all their dangers and hardships. Mrs. Leighton and her daughters are so kind to you, your school days must be very pleasant."

"These long absences weigh heavily upon me," said Rosamond. My friends here are very good, but their affection cannot supply that of my mother. Then I miss you, and Mariana, and the dear faces at Ellesmere so much, and now to think you are all going away across the wide, trackless ocean, which will soon be rolling its

great waves between us. Oh! Philip, I am so weak, it makes me sick at heart to think of it."

"Dear Rosamond," said Philip, "I fear my visit has brought you trouble instead of the satisfaction my own heart feels in your presence."

"Oh no," said she, and the soft eyes with their depth of feeling were unspeakably beautiful. "My happiness in being with you is only clouded by the thought that it is the last time I may see you for years, and perhaps forever. I would not, if I could, interfere with your intention to visit Europe, but while you will be surrounded by so much to absorb the heart and mind, do not forget me in America, who will be thinking of you all the while."

"While I have life, sweet-heart," said Philip, "I shall never forget you. I have so long pictured you as my central joy, that I should feel recreant to the past and my better self if circumstances could weaken or destroy these fondest hopes of my life."

The conference was long and loving, and when it was finished both hearts felt the great calm which confidence in this momentous question always brings. Nothing in the accidents of life afford so deep and pervading a quiet to the restless affections as the first full assurance of requited love in youth. To Rosamond it was a glimpse of Paradise, for she had for years past cherished Philip's image with all the strength of her nature. She had always looked upon him as the dearest of playmates; but this sentiment had deepened into a passion, forming a source of joy almost necessary to her existence. The large mirror behind them had never reflected two finer forms, and Rosamond, as she leaned back with half closed

eyes amid the silken cushions of the chair, looked upon her affianced lover and compared him with her ideal pictures of the heroes of old romance. She felt assured in her heart that neither Sir Lancelot of the Lake, nor Sir Percival, in all their splendid attire at the royal jousts, were nobler than Philip. Sir Galahad could not have shown more tenderness than she felt in the glance of his dark eyes; and in the fleeting moments yet remaining she was storing away in her memory each tone and gesture of the happy present to be recalled in the future. Oh golden visions of unreturning youth, who can hope to paint the glory and depth of your joy! The softest breathing at evening of summer airs is not disturbed in the whispered vow, and the rhetoric of him who sways a senate is not so eloquent as the silent pressure of clasped hands. Oh mystery of human emotion! wherein concealed are the causes that clothe the universe with halos of joy, and then shroud it with palls of despair! Oh wondrous glamour! now everything is nothing to a pretty eye-brow, and a smile contents the heart which in coming years may weep like Alexander, that there are no more worlds to conquer.

“Philip remained with his cousin until he thought her weakness required his forbearance, and, summoning Mrs. Courtenay, amid their tears and kisses, departed. The next day he rejoined his father who was still in Washington. The President had long been the personal as well as political friend of Gov. Eustace, for they were at college together, and the intimacy there established had been subsequently cemented by mutual esteem and good offices. The influence and eloquence of the Governor had largely contributed to give the vote of the State to his friend, in

the great struggle for the chief magistracy of the nation ; and to his efforts much was due in the President's obtaining another high office, years before, when they were members of Congress. It was not, then, with the formality usual in such presentations, that Philip was introduced to and kindly treated by his father's friend ; and in after years, when both statesmen were no more, he remembered with gratitude these gentle amenities in one whose duties allowed him so little time for their exercise.

The winter evening, with its cold wind and leaden sky, had arrived, on which the steamship had been advertised to start for Europe. As if in noisy impatience to be on her way, she lay at the dock with the hidden forces bellying through her escape-pipes. Soon the great wheels were in motion, and, in the pride of her strength, the good ship Baltic turned her head seaward. Swiftly through the waters of the harbor glided this majestic result of the genius and skill of foregoing ages. Philip and Charles Loundes were on deck, watching the city as it gradually became dim in the increasing distance. On they went, through the narrows, and then, for the first time, they beheld the ocean. In the ashen, colorless sky, which was fast darkening with coming night, there were but few of the beauties that sometimes glow in the gorgeous and changing hues of the sunset. Philip saw in the wastes of water before him an instantaneous suggestion of an endless eternity, and he could but remember that life, with its largest illumination, is, after all, but a voyage through unknown seas ever surging beneath doubtful stars.

There was but little roll beyond the breakers ; but here, as at all times, the din of the surf seemed an angry remonstrance against the further progress of the steamer.

Nothing impresses the imagination with the mysteries of creation and existence like the deep and fearful suggestions of a lowering twilight at sea. The tendency of most minds at that season is, even under ordinary circumstances, disposed toward solemn self-examination; and Philip had never experienced more vividly such promptings, of which nature, and especially the sea, is so full. He felt a depression and isolation of feeling unaccountable to him. His interview with his cousin afforded him unalloyed pleasure in its remembrance; but now, as he stood silent in the increasing gloom, and looked out to the dim horizon of waters, he was overwhelmed with the insignificance of individual life in the aggregate of existence. The sense of danger, which so powerfully increases the sublimity of such occasions, was but a small element in this dim perception of the infinite.

"Philip," said Charles Loundes, "it is so dreary out here, let us go down to the saloon."

"Wait awhile," said Philip. "I see the clouds are passing from the east, and we shall soon have a cloudless sky in that direction. This dark and troubled appearance nature wears has strangely depressed me, and I wish to see the moon rise. I can never feel so pleasantly in company when I enter its circle gloomy as this mysterious sea has made me. I know, by the illumination to the right of the ship's course, we shall soon have these sullen waters smiling as brightly as Rosamond did upon me when I last saw her."

"I have never seen your *innamorata*, Philip, but your grandmother says she can smile like an angel."

"I would have invited you to have gone with me, when I left the party to visit her, but for her recent illness;



and you must recollect the shortness of the pleasure I then enjoyed : so you can pardon my desire to have her all to myself."

As Philip had predicted, the dense clouds that had previously enveloped the ocean rolled slowly away. The stars were seen glowing with all the more glory for their recent eclipse. Up, as from the ocean, came the full-orbed moon, and the scene, which an hour ago looked so full of threatened disaster, now sparkled and danced in the pervading light. Across the great waters, from shore to shore, fell that glittering pathway ; the ship sped on her way toward the storied orient, and as the night advanced the two young men, who had been in the meanwhile in the saloons below, returned to the deck with Governor Eustace.

The voyage, so far, had been delightful, not even the ladies had been troubled with sea-sickness ; but the wind freshened up, and upset many of their newly-formed ideas of the pleasures to be found on the rolling deep. Wind and wave were alike powerless, however, to stop for an instant the engines to which hundred-armed Briareus was a thing of weakness. Swiftly and steady on her course, went the good ship with her freight of life, and it was announced that the next day, in case no accident occurred, would show them the Irish coast.

Mariana, though somewhat enfeebled, was still as beautiful as ever, and the heart of Charles Loundes, from his first beholding her, had been strangely attracted. Mrs. Eustace, in the company of her son, had been more lively than at any time since the death of Stanhope, and all were eagerly expectant of the morrow's incidents. For the last two days the voyage had been remarkably



pleasant with the smooth sea and constant social enjoyment. There seems to be some peculiar result of voyages and travel, which develops itself when near the close, and, if people have been companionable in the meanwhile, is very apt to produce strong attachments. It is a redeeming feature in life at sea, that sailors, who have gone around the world together, come to love each other as brothers. Companions in arms, who have survived the dangers and carnage of war, become strangely attached. It was something of this feeling that gave a tender interest to the occasion in the heart of Mariana. She knew that ere long Philip and his friend would leave them for Germany, and she was more than usually pensive, as they stood on deck enjoying the pleasant air and the hills of the Emerald Isle now full in view.

Her vision was not yet sufficiently restored to afford her a full perception of the welcome sight, but as the state of the air and the mellow light of evening were not likely to prove injurious, she had been induced to leave the saloon with the remainder of the party. She and Loundes were standing apart from the others, and his frank and handsome face, instead of beaming with the satisfaction visible on others, seemed really troubled in its expression. They had been talking on indifferent subjects in which Mariana had been the principal speaker, for he seemed contented to lean over the railing and gaze at her.

"Mr. Loundes," said she, "you are so quiet this evening, you must be affected by the neighborhood of the brave people who live on that unhappy island, who, with all their genius and valor, have been denied the gift of liberty, and to my mind so needlessly oppressed."

"No," said he, "the Irish and their wrongs were not in

all my thoughts. I was looking at you, and wishing that this voyage could be pleasant enough to you, for us to turn southward and circumnavigate the world before we stop. I am really troubled at the prospect of its being so soon ended."

"Indeed, we have had a charming time, when the sea was not rough; and I too feel regret that we cannot all remain in the ship together until we reach Paris; but I should scarcely be willing to undertake a trip around the world."

"You have not the unspeakable pleasure, which is mine, of seeing one to remind you of the winged angels in Paradise; of beholding a sweet, thoughtful face that seems ever aglow with some heavenly light. You cannot realize the happiness of one who is contented to look on the object of his idolatry, and feel that while it is wellnigh hopeless to expect more, she is yet near at hand, and ever full of tender consideration. Now we are so near the busy cities and throngs of men, I know that we shall speedily separate, and I beg you to believe me, when I say, you have been long dearer than my own existence."

"Oh Mr. Loundes, you make me happy and sad at the same time! I am full of joy, that any one can find pleasure in my poor darkened presence, and sad that you nourish a sentiment which experienced in moderation adds to our happiness, but allowed to pass into extravagance is sure to bring pain both to him who cherishes it and to the object of his unreasonable attachment. Let me ask you, as the dear friend that you are, to love me in the calm and equable spirit which should ever characterize those owing a higher and holier allegiance. I dislike the idea of losing all this pretty comfort and quiet

we have been enjoying and the pleasure of constant association on ship-board, but do not let us dignify a mere shadow of the heart's natural repining, into a real and acknowledged cause of grief."

Charles Loundes looked at the sinless face, and knew that a full perception of his passionate words had not reached Mariana's heart. She evidently regarded his declaration only as a protestation of extravagant friendship, and with difficulty he restrained himself from saying all he so much longed to utter. He was abashed at the thought of analysing the promptings of his passion in the presence of one so little lower than the angels. With a sigh he locked his secret again in the recesses of his heart, and accepted the friendship of her he so much longed to make his bride. With all his love and delicate attention, she had never regarded him as her lover; so with resolute patience and but slight hope of eventual success, he determined to wait for future developments.

There was but little time given to their enjoyment of the scenery and historical attractions of England. A few days were spent in London, and then, as fast as steam could carry them, traveled the envoy and his party to their destination—the center and focus of civilization, the gay capital of the world. Paris, which has been wittily said to be very near heaven and next door to hell, was at length reached, and they all were charmed with the elegance and grace so lavishly scattered around. The throngs along the Boulevards, and the brilliant gas-lights at night, made it more like a fairy scene than a reality.

To Philip the world's metropolis was full of subjects for new thought. He had been reared in the quiet valley

of St. Kilda, where the river-side hills with their tall back ground of blue mountains constituted the scenery he had known and loved. The quiet of the woods, and the voiceless charm of still lakes, had fed his taste, until he passionately enjoyed the beauty and repose of nature. These old scenes were not forgotten, as he gazed upon the thronged streets, but his chief pleasures now were found amid the lavish adornments of Versailles and Fontainebleau, where he sometimes wandered in the midst of beauties, the creation of which had resulted in such woe to France.

Gov. Eustace was living in Place Vendome, and the family soon settled into something of home-feeling, amid the splendors of the French hotel they inhabited. The envoy devoted all the time he could spare from the duties of his mission to the comfort and happiness of his mother and daughter, and his efforts were crowned with the increased health of both. Mrs. Eustace could not forget her son sleeping in his far-distant grave, and had lost much of her sunny disposition, but was still cheerful and pleasant. The oculists, after a careful examination of Mariana's eyes, were confident of their complete restoration.

Philip Eustace and Charles Loundes were soon quietly pursuing their studies at a German university. Both had learned the language before attempting to avail themselves of the advantages there afforded. Before their departure, Loundes had often been with Mariana and wished to tell her all he felt, but as yet he despaired of success. They went a portion of the way along the beautiful Rhine; and but for the ruins of the old castles perched upon the hill-tops, Philip could have almost imagined he was again among his native mountains.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### NEW FACES.

"O MY good Gonzalo,  
My true preserver, and a loyal sir,  
..... I will pay thy graces  
Home, both in word and deed."

—*Tempest.*

NO PEOPLE in the world equal the Germans in their understanding and appreciation of the true comforts of life. There is, perhaps, more genius in Italy, and certainly more wit among the French; but mankind are largely indebted to the Fatherland for many other benefits beyond the production of Martin Luther and the art of printing. There is scarcely a department of human excellence in which Germany has not illustrious instances of successful cultivation; and in real research and acquirement they are, without exception, the foremost people in all the living world. In their university training they have equaled and surpassed the advantages afforded even the ancient Athenian youth. No philosopher has lived in the last century more profound and original than Kant, and in poetry Goethe and Schiller have equalled the proudest, while Jean Paul has traversed the enchanted boundaries hitherto separating the realms of poesy and philosophy. In historical research they have created a system under which the myths of profane story have been so scrutinized that admiration has been earned from all men. But this analysis, which has eliminated truth and discarded the fables from the recorded traditions of ancient days, has not been content with this eclecticism

among the mythological dreams of the poets; it has extended its unhallowed touch to those awful and hidden mysteries of revelation, and become skeptical to everything which does not conform to human probability.

Living in the midst of this cultivated people, the two young Americans found an abundance of amusement and instruction. The quaint, old city in which their university was situated, with its olden associations and habits, was full of unfailing interest; and the castle-crowned hills surrounding it were to Philip like the faces of dear friends. Fair landscapes on every side were studded with hamlets and with frequent remains of the feudal ages, in the romantic and ivy clad walls of ancient strongholds.

On one of the eminences in the city stood the house of Counsellor Strauss, the friend in whose home the pleasant student-days of Arthur Kean had been passed. His two friends, at his request, were installed in his former apartments, and from tall windows they looked over the city at their pleasure. A host of memories of the past were connected with that little sea of gables. What days of busy toil and traffic, and what pleasant nights of gaiety and song, had it known! What times of oppression and wrong had it experienced in those long vanished eras, when the wishes of iron hearted burggraves were the law of the land! Many traditions, dim with the centuries they had survived, still haunted the great tower, and seemed as black to modern view as the noisy rooks clamoring around its summit. The grave, beer-drinking burghers pointed to the marks of cannon shot made by an angry kaiser who was balked in his fury by the stout-hearted supporters of a rebellious kurfurst; and further



on the trace of an old breach in the wall was exhibited, which would have given the city over to the horrors shortly before endured at Magdeburg, had not Gustavus and his Swedes arrived that very evening, and forced the enemy to withdraw.

The beautiful creations of art were so abundant that even in the busy haunts of trade elaborate fountains were to be seen, rich in the unfading glory of sculpture. Huge, iron-bound linden trees, some planted by ancient queens, still bravely withstood the storms which swept from the mountains in the distance. Effigies of mediæval prelates surmounted the cathedral doors, as if guarding the marble hosts asleep within, and basking in the gorgeous tints of stained windows. Cherubs and satyrs gazed with their eyes of stone, and seemed eloquent with the truth that human life is ever compounded of good and evil.

The city had known many vicissitudes in the course of its history—sometimes the residence and capital of mighty princes, and then relapsing to the smaller dignity of a provincial town. At intervals, the Kaiser himself had held his court there; but the memories of all its potentates and councils were but insignificant shadows of the past, and its chief glory survived in the names of the poets and artists who had loved the place of their birth, and still lived in the deathless works of their hands.

Counsellor Strauss was prosperous in his affairs, and lived a busy, pleasant life. He had been absorbed in business in his youth; but now that he saw his children growing up to maturity, and he was getting to be an old man, he held in virtue thereof, that he was entitled to



relaxation when official duty permitted. His residence was a stone building, and had been previous to the Reformation part of a monastic institution; the forefathers of the present proprietor having inhabited it for many generations. The family, in whose increase he felt he was becoming such a patriarch, consisted of a son and two daughters. Their mother had been dead for years, but the widower concluded that his peace of mind and that of his household were of too much importance to be endangered by the introduction of a step-mother for his children: so M. Strauss, though he was admired and caressed by a large portion of marriageable ladies of his acquaintance, continued obstinately blind to their charms and content with the comfort he found at his own fire-side, and in the opera-house hard by. In the shade of a tree which grew in the court of his establishment, the counsellor entertained his friends on summer evenings, and in the flowing moonlight and music quaffed his wine and blest his propitious stars, that their radiance should have hitherto rested upon him with such slight interruptions. He was a pleasant-looking man, of medium size; while his daughters Ernestine and Sophie were pretty, rosy-cheeked damsels, always ready to spend the larger portion of the night in flirtations and the swift movements of German dances. Gustave, the brother, had been educated to succeed his father in the traditional calling of his family, which for ages had seen one of each generation a counsellor.

The geniality and kindness of these new friends soon made the home of the two students full of pleasure. Just opposite to where they lived, dwelt a large family of Jägerndorfs, which after a long series of brothers and sist-

ers wound up the roll with a large-headed, long-armed dwarf, named Sigismund. The counsellor managed to keep on the amiable side of this little monster, and was sometimes sent for to induce him to abandon an obstinately maintained position astride the weather-cock.

Philip had received as a present from his father, two superb English thoroughbred horses which he kept in the same stable with counsellor Strauss' span of Flanders mares, with which that dignitary, together with his daughters, sometimes went in state to their possessions beyond the city limits. If Anne of Cleves in any way resembled those great, spiritless brutes, Henry VIII. was somewhat excusable in refusing her as his bride. With the clean-limbed, fiery barbs, the two Americans sometimes made excursions into the country, enrapturing Sigismund Jägerndorf with the lofty movements of their horses, and transferring a large portion of his admiration of the animals to their owner. Philip pitied the urchin who so eagerly greeted his coming, and he soon became a pet of both students. Nature had compensated the dwarf's feeble lower extremities by a prodigious development of his chest and arms. His head was frightfully large, and his mouth would have graced the most savage of the carnivora.

This new life in a strange land was full of promptings to thought in Philip. His love of the beautiful in the arts was gratified in the countless paintings and sculptures he saw, and his appreciation of those things not merely useful was so different from the usual characteristics of his countrymen, he almost felt translated to another sphere of existence. The weary laborers, as they walked in the twilight from their work in the fields, made

the air musical with deathless hymns or songs of patriotism; and the city artisans, with full voices reproduced the grand harmonies they had listened to the night before at the opera-house. Philip felt in his heart that whatever errors there might be in the theology of such a people, the all-absorbing worship of mammon, at least, had not removed from their view the cheerful and half religious love of the beautiful. One evening, in the pleasant light of the declining sun, he was riding alone along the road in sight of a fine old castle still partly inhabited by the Schulemburg family. The vintage was at its height, and the odor of ripe grapes pervaded the air. The soft autumn atmosphere was deliciously soothing, and the young student was thinking of her who had been much in his mind since their last interview previous to his departure from America. The pure white brow, so blanched and transparent in the shaded light of that evening, he had endeavored to picture to himself in its matured beauty, when health and happiness had restored its roseate bloom. The effort was wholly unsatisfactory, for in the uncertain light in which he had seen her, he was unable to amplify and define the mental image to his wish.

He noticed the beautiful figure of a lady on horse-back enter the road from the grounds surrounding Schulemburg castle. She was followed by a groom riding a little distance in the rear; and Philip saw at a glance that horsemanship was a thing but little known to him. He was evidently ill at ease on the impatient animal, whose temper was only aggravated by his awkward attempts at conciliation. The horses of the young lady and her attendant were far inferior to his English steeds, but were

the finest of the German breed Philip had seen, and his interest in them and the trim, graceful figure of the fair rider, drew much of his attention, as he restrained the impatience of Hamlet, who was unwilling to follow when others led. The groom was evidently growing more uneasy at every movement of his horse, which, happening to pass a heavily-loaded hay wagon, with a sudden start, fairly dislodged the rider, and with a snort of triumph sped forward in pursuit of the fair equestrian. The rush of the riderless steed from behind at once started the spirited animal she was riding, and from her fruitless efforts Philip saw that she was unable to check the headlong speed with which she was being borne along. He gave rein to his horse, which speedily narrowed the distance between him and the fugitives; but he was doubtful of the result of his attempting to run down the one the lady was riding, for fear a sudden start might unseat her.

By this time she looked back, and uttered an imploring cry for help, for she well knew a dangerous curve and descent a mile ahead made it necessary that she should be rescued before reaching that point. But the fifty yards still intervening would require fierce riding to be overcome in that distance, and as Philip had never fully tested the speed of the powerful animal he was riding, he was by no means certain the feat could be accomplished. As he pressed both spurs fully home into the tender sides of his horse, he felt the mighty frame spring forward, as if the previous gait had been but child's play. The size of the rider would have been a serious drawback to most horses, but Hamlet's prodigious power was equal to any emergency; for he had been selected with a view to the

weight he would have to carry, and most fully did he answer every expectation. In less than three-fourths of a mile, he was alongside of the flying horses, and the next instant Philip had grasped the reins still bravely maintained by the trembling beauty. With gradual restraint, lest the lady should be thrown, the wild career was surely and steadily moderated, until, at an order from his master, Hamlet stood still. The presence of mind, which the sense of her situation had hitherto forced upon the beautiful girl, now forsook her entirely, as she looked forward and saw the hill-side she feared. The sunny head, with its golden curls, drooped, and she became totally unconscious. Philip with one hand held the horses, and with the other sustained the helpless form of the fainting maiden.

He looked into her face as it rested on his arm, and was filled with admiration at the perfection of its lines. Her eyes were of that rich, deep blue which so completely finish the contrast of colors in the radiance of a full blonde. The lustrous hair waved over a brow rivalling the lily in purity, and the rich, warm lips pallid in syncope, when Philip first beheld them, recovered their bloom, as the queen-like being resumed her erect position in the saddle.

"How can I ever hope to thank you enough, sir, for this timely aid?" said she in French, and a blush overspread her features, as the position to which her helplessness had reduced her became fully realized.

"I beg you to feel under no obligations," said Philip. "My satisfaction at your safety more than compensates for any efforts in your behalf."

"O do not think I can so forget my name and duty as to undervalue the great service you have rendered me."

Philip saw the necessity of his escorting the countess home, for the fiery animal his strong arm had arrested in flight was still unsubdued, and needed other restraint than that of the fair rider. Through the mellow light of the autumn evening they rode back to the ancient palace of the Counts of Schulemberg, the title of which, by the death of her father, had descended to young Theresa. Some of the most important seigniories which had long been attached to the proud house had by reason of the Salic rule of succession, lapsed to the Baron Waldemar of Keiningheim, her father's younger brother. He was a bachelor, and spent a greater portion of his time with his niece. In early life he had been a soldier, and had served with credit under Blucher and other German commanders. He participated in the disasters of the double defeat at Jena and Auerstadt, but was avenged, and lost his arm at Waterloo.

The beautiful grounds and vast size of the castle were observed by Philip. He noticed that a portion of the establishment was uninhabited and ruinous. The eastern wing was a palace within itself, and presented many evidences of wealth and elegance. They dismounted, and Philip accompanied the countess through a host of domestics; and, having traversed several apartments full of splendor and modern comfort, they found the Baron Waldemar. He warmly thanked Philip for his opportune services, and expressed astonishment that the countess should have ventured out with an attendant so ignorant of the management of horses. She told him that one groom had been sent to the city; another was sick; and



thinking there was no danger in a short excursion, she had gone forth thus poorly attended.

Philip returned to the city. It was nearly dark as he passed along the streets, and, being occupied with thoughts of his recent adventure, did not observe Sigismund Jägersdorf hanging by one hand to the projecting balustrade in front of his father's house; but the antics of the dwarf were a source of terror to his horse. Philip, to correct this foolish dread of what could really do him no harm, forced the animal close under the uncouth figure, when Sigismund, with the agility of a monkey, loosing his hold, alighted behind the saddle. This was more than Hamlet could withstand, and he sprang forward with a cry of mingled fear and rage. Many of the burghers witnessed the scene, and as horsemanship was no part of their accomplishments, they certainly expected to see both of the riders thrown. But they knew little of the firm seat and muscular power of Philip, and nothing was surer than while he kept his place the dwarf was not to be shaken off. The horse was soon subdued, but ever afterward manifested the utmost abhorrence and fear at the approach of his singular foe. The half-witted creature laughed at Philip's remonstrance, for fear of bodily injury had no place in his thoughts.

Philip had been anxious to return from the castle to witness the production of a German translation of Shakespeare's masterpiece, for he had agreed to go to the theatre with the family of Counsellor Strauss that night. He had often admired its beauties by the fireside, but had never seen it represented on the stage. The great drama lost many of its exquisite beauties in its change of language, but preserved enough of its vigor to enchain the



attention of the audience, as they listened to the majestic utterances of him whose genius was for the world and all time. Sophie was seated by Philip, and was awe-stricken as the ghost glided upon the stage. She wept at the madness of Ophelia, and was indignant at Hamlet's reproaches of her own sex.

Ludwig Jägerndorf, the oldest of Sigismund's brothers, was present, and was becoming a fast friend of the two Americans, who could but admire his genius as an artist. He was connected with the university where he labored to increase the funds realized from his paintings, in order that he might visit Rome and Florence to study the Italian masters. Ludwig was enchanted with the play, and when it was over went home with his friends. After the three young men had seated themselves to the enjoyment of their pipes and beer, Philip related his evening's adventure with the countess of Schulemburg.

"She is the greatest beauty and the richest heiress in all this principality," said Ludwig, "and has shone the star of Baden Baden and other spas, for the two last seasons. It is said that the Baron Waldemar, though her guardian, has never attempted to induce her to accept any of the many offers of marriage which have been tendered by nobles of different lands."

"He has never married himself," said Philip, "and it may be his own indifference to the nuptial tie is the secret of his forbearance toward his niece."

"Yes," said Ludwig, "I am persuaded some such feeling of consistency restrains him, for he knows, in the event of her dying childless, the titles of Schulemburg and Keiningheim will both lapse to the Grand Duke."

"Philip," said Charles Loundes, "you are always hap-

pening to some such good luck as this. Had I foregone my evening's flirtation with pretty Ernestine, I should have also made the acquaintance of this great beauty you and M. Ludwig are making me crazy to see."

"One of my pictures," said Jägerndorff, "illustrates a wild story connected with that old castle of Schulemberg. There was a spectre-lover, said to have haunted the northern portion now in ruins, to whom one of the daughters of the house had plighted her hand on the eve of his departure for the siege of Belgrade, under Prince Eugene of Savoy. She had promised to be his in life and death, but when she heard he was slain by the infidel Turk she forgot her vows and wedded another. In the midst of the feastings, the pale figure of him who had died in the Paynim trenches returned, and though invisible to others was recognized by the bride. He steadily regarded her, and lifting his helmet exhibited the marks where the fatal scimitar had severed his head. He disappeared from the revel, but each evening returned, and beckoning to the false one slowly withdrew, until after many visits, she was so maddened by conscience she followed and was never heard of more. We laugh at such stories now, but fifty years ago they were a portion of our creed in this part of the world."

"What new light has come to you," said Loundes, "that was hidden from the eyes of your forefathers? Is there any reason that you disbelieve in the manifestations of the supernatural, beyond the fact that you have not seen the evidences upon which the ancient belief rested?"

"Every person of intelligence now laughs at ghost

stories," said Jägerndorf. "You surely have no confidence in the old wives' fables."

"Suppose," said Loundes, "we strip this subject of its ludicrous aspects, and look at it seriously and reasonably. You admit there is an existence after death, and, with all mankind, feel in spite of your skepticism, that there is a conformity with the course of probability in the play we have been witnessing to-night. If this were not the case the whole plot of the great dramatist would be a tissue of folly. If we fully believed the dead king could not, under any circumstances, have communicated with his living son, we should be incontrollably disgusted at the recital of a foolish and impossible absurdity. The human mind in all preceding ages has instinctively recognized this life after death, and the possibility of communication of the dead under certain circumstances with those living. This mysterious affinity between life and death is termed the supernatural, but is it after all anything more than a legitimate development of nature itself? If the same law of existence which controls us in life, preserves our imperishable spirits after death, what is it more than a continuance of those causes and effects that we call nature? We hold there is a prolongation of the soul's existence, after the fact of physical dissolution, but we know nothing of the limits imposed by the laws which control the disembodied spirit."

"No," said Jägerndorf, "some confine it in purgatory, like dead Hamlet to-night declared :

"To fast in fires,  
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,  
Are burned and purged away."

And others say frankly, they have no information on the subject."

"Well," continued Loundes, "you are then forced to the conclusion that, after admitting there is a continuance of spiritual existence, there is no evidence to indicate the conditions of that state, how then can you assert that one of the most enduring convictions, which finds no conflict with probability, is after all unreasonable."

"Because," said Jägerndorf, "we do not see such phantoms without sufficient grounds for the belief that they are only optical delusions and the creatures of excited imaginations."

"You reason," said Loundes, "like the king of Siam, when told by the Dutch minister that the rivers and lakes of his country became so hard in winter that men could walk upon them. The Asiatic prince, living in the tropics with no knowledge of northern latitudes, laughed him to scorn, and deemed the whole story a pure fabrication, because it violated his knowledge of natural habits. I believe the rarity of supernatural appearances is a mercy of Providence, for the human mind is oppressed and awed to such a degree in the realization of such a presence, that life would become insupportable were men brought in frequent contact with what they believed to be the spirits of the dead. We feel awe in the presence of the corpse of a little child, and I believe this sensation is the result of the soul's recognition that the dead have entered upon a higher stage of existence."

"I do not believe in ghost stories," said Jägerndorf, "but I confess I have enough superstition in my nature to relish their recital, and to feel a little tremulous sometimes at night, when alone I have been startled by things

for which I was unable to account. I suppose, however, this weakness is due to early education in the nursery where all children hear those wild legends which have been transmitted from other ages."

"It seems strange to me," said Loundes, "to hear you confessing this, when all the lessons of your training and reason combat such a belief. Do you suppose the Creator would have formed men with this pervading and irrepressible conviction that there is a possibility of some dreadful apparition coming forth from the womb of mysterious night, unless there was a solemn reality to sanction the sentiment? Can the wisdom and teachings of education amount to so little as to leave us to a miserable deception of the imagination which you instance as the source of sensations you are powerless to escape? There is no such incongruity in the natural economy, as this wasteful creation of a great leading emotion among men, after all amounting to nothing when examined in its inner significance. There must be some corresponding reality in the realm of possibilities, to justify and account for such wide-spread and lasting convictions among men."

"I think," said Philip, "that it is unreasonable to deny the probability of such things, simply because we have not seen or heard them, while other men may have done so."

The next day a showy equipage stopped in front of Counsellor Strauss' office, and the countess of Schulemberg, for the first time in several months, called on him whose professional aid was frequently given to the young mistress of the ancient barony. The business concerns, which were apparently the occasion of her visit, were

discussed to her satisfaction, and she had arisen to return to her carriage, when she paused and remarked :

“ You have two young gentlemen from America living at your house, M. Strauss. I saw one of them yesterday evening, and his aid was so valuable in a serious emergency, I have invited him to visit me at my place. Will you please tell me who Mr. Eustace is ? ”

“ He is the son of the American ambassador at Paris, and comes recommended to me by those in whom I can place implicit confidence, as a gentleman. His ancestors have long been eminent among the wealthiest and most talented of the Americans, and I think him worthy of his lineage.”

The countess seemed satisfied with this information, and at once passed to her carriage. She was much pleased with the politeness of the American stranger, and the counsellor's commendations increased her interest. The coolness and grace of his bearing in the embarrassing circumstances of their first meeting, added to her gratitude, created a strong desire to see him again. She knew from the costly simplicity of his attire and the self-possession of his manner, that he had been differently bred from some of his countrymen at whose mingled assurance and bashfulness she was often amused in Baden Baden. Although she had rejected many suitors, there was no beauty in Europe who more highly appreciated the admiration her charms excited ; and the pleasure she thus received was one of the chief causes of her remaining unmarried. She had been reared and educated in her own ancestral halls, under the watchful guidance and advice of her uncle ; and while this training had not unfitted her to shine as a belle in maiden freedom, yet the



honest opinions of the old soldier had disgusted her with the habits of European married women. She was fully convinced that, with matrimony, came an obligation to forsake the general, and rely upon individual love and admiration as the sources of her pleasure. She frequently expressed her abhorrence of the conduct of many she saw around her, and resolved she would never bestow her hand in wedlock until prepared to forego the charms of love-making from all but one man.

Philip was utterly unconscious of the interest he had inspired in this lovely and high-born maiden. The studies he was pursuing did not absorb his time, and he wisely concluded that much improvement would result in attention to the habits of the people among whom he was sojourning. He was one evening in the opera-house, listening to Weber's fine music in *Der Freischutz*, when, looking across the hall, he saw the Countess Theresa in her box, and, receiving a glance of recognition, passed over and accosted her.

"I am very glad to see you again," said she. "You have not hurried yourself in redeeming the promise you made to visit us at the castle."

"I can assure you," said Philip, "it has not been from a want of inclination, but I have been somehow impressed with the idea that I should not take advantage of the acquaintance commenced in such an unusual manner."

"You distress me in speaking thus, Mr. Eustace. Could you think me wholly insincere in the invitation and assurance I gave you?"

"Not at all; we may be entirely honest under some imagined obligation in our efforts to discharge the debt



of gratitude we owe, but it does not follow because we are grateful for benefits conferred, we should desire to see the author of the kindness very often."

"Well, Mr. Eustace, suppose you forget that adventure with the horses—I assure you I shall not—and imagine we have met for the first time, and hear me again declare I esteem your presence a pleasure, independent of any gratitude I feel. My uncle authorizes me to say as much for him, but he will be here in a few minutes, and can speak for himself."

"I am truly obliged to your ladyship," said Philip, "for this kindness. I shall do myself the honor to visit Schuëmberg castle."

A passage in the music here drew their attention, and they listened until the song was finished. The countess was a passionate lover of the creations of genius, and did not visit the opera-house so much for small-talk as for the enjoyment of the harmonies and soul-pictures of the great maestros. Philip felt assured of the fine nature of the beautiful being before him, and was convinced that the artificial forms of high life had not been able to warp and destroy the passionate intuitions which still controlled her in all her graceful existence. She was the impersonation of winning elegance in her manner, and he soon learned the high tone of her principles. To admiration of her beauty, was added esteem for the freedom of her mind in matters merely conventional, which often so influence the sentiments of women and men that they become a second nature, enthralling the mind and poisoning the heart to all that is noble and unaffected in nature.

The autumn frost had stripped of its foliage the lindens

tree that stood in the court yard of Counsellor Strauss' house. The air was too cool to enjoy out-door pleasures, so largely appreciated in Germany, and the two, who had become thoroughly domesticated in their foreign home, were sitting in the pleasant glow of a fire with Ludwig Jägerndorf and the family. Philip had commenced his first original picture, and he and the artist had been looking at it that evening.

"I like your treatment of the subject very much," said Ludwig, "especially as it is your first effort at composition. The attitude of the two figures is full of passion and meaning, and I can almost weep to think it is probably your first and last effort in a calling I think worthy of any man's life-time devotion."

"What is your subject?" asked the counsellor.

"It is," said Philip, "the last interview between King Arthur and his guilty wife, Guinevere, previous to the battle in which the chief of the Round Table was wounded unto death. According to the ancient chronicle, the queen had fled from the court, and was at first supposed by Arthur to be with her lover, Launcelot, beyond the seas. After war against him of the Lake and fruitless search in that direction, she was discovered in a nunnery, and the king is represented in the picture as supplicating the blessings of heaven on her who lies grovelling in silence at his feet."

"Your countrymen," said the counsellor, "do not cultivate the arts for instruction and amusement as you do, Mr. Eustace."

"No," said Philip, "our system of education ignores the prosecution of studies opening to the human gaze the never failing enjoyment of the beautiful in art and nature.

The majority of our people are blind even, to the gorgeous American sunsets, which are generally richer than those seen in Europe. The loveliest scenery is to them only attractive in the probability of its fertility; and in music their taste is satisfied in the reels and jigs of negro fiddlers. They have but slight appreciation of what Milton calls

“Strains that might create a soul  
Under the ribs of death.”

Here the party were disturbed by cries of fire, and this announcement was soon followed by a bright glare upon the windows. They went out and found that a neighbor was removing his furniture, while the devouring element was rapidly destroying his house. The engines were, as usual, too late to save the building and limited their effort to prevent the spread of the flames to other tenements. The burning house was taller than its neighbors and its roof so difficult of access, that without considerable exertion it could not be reached. Those who had been engaged in saving the furniture of the upper rooms made a timely retreat by the stair-way already in flames, as were all the lower windows. The crowd were congratulating themselves that every one had escaped, when a cry of despair was heard from the topmost story. No one could imagine from whom it proceeded, until Ludwig Jägerndorf missed Sigismund, who had been with him a few minutes before, and thought he recognized the voice of the dwarf still faintly heard from high above. The next minute the window sash was thrown up, and far up, was seen, like a demon amid the ascending smoke and flames, the ill-shapen figure. He was thoroughly terri-

fied, and made hideous outcries for help. None saw a chance of rescue, for the ladders were too short, and the three lower stories were so far consumed that the walls might fall in at any moment. The conviction was settling in the mind of all that Sigismund must certainly perish, when a sudden thought struck Philip, and he ran into a house standing next on the right. He was soon on its roof, and by others was lifted high enough to grasp the balustrade that served as a parapet to the burning building. By this means he drew himself up and reached the roof. The crowd below, who were watching his movements in breathless suspense, were terrified when they saw him seize the parapet above the low window in which the dwarf stood and lower his tall frame in its front. Sigismund grasped the feet within his reach, and with the agility of a cat passing along Philip's body and over his shoulders, with a cry of exultation leaped upon the roof. He then turned to assist his rescuer who was soon beside him. As Philip once more regained the roof, a shout of applause arose from the astonished multitude who were almost frantic in their demonstrations, as the two, unharmed, regained the street.

Ludwig Jägerndorf could only grasp in silence the hand of his friend who had thus periled his life for his poor brother. The next day, the whole city was informed of the dangerous feat, and every one was wondering at Philip's recklessness. His reputation for courage was as well established in this city of strangers as in his native valley, and many became much interested in the handsome American who was pointed out as the hero of the fire, and whom they also saw frequently basking in the smiles of the Countess of Schulemberg, now fonder than ever of

the opera. She had heard the particulars of his conduct at the fire, and from Charles Loundes such lavish praise, that the heart of the warm and impulsive maiden became strangely fascinated. The deference of his conduct toward her was marked, and bore abundant confession of his appreciation of her charms. There was a difference between his admiration and that of other men she had seen, for all had yielded to the resistless attraction of her presence. Philip, however, always preserved a certain manliness and reserve which served but to increase the countess' regard for him; for she, like other beautiful women, keenly relished the power she was conscious she possessed over those of the opposite sex. Circumstances and observation had clothed him in her view with nobler attributes than she had previously witnessed, and yet with all her preference for himself she could remember no expression of his beyond what gallantry and good breeding justify.

Philip perceived her evident kindness toward him, but persisted in attributing these tokens of regard to her gratitude for his aid on the evening of their first acquaintance. In his own heart there was growing up a sentiment he never stopped to analyze, or he might have at once, through his high sense of duty, become unhappy with the extent of his attachment. His love for Rosamond was in his heart fresh as ever, and it did not, for a moment, occur to him that he could possibly transfer his fealty to Theresa of Schulemberg.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## HALCYON DAYS.

"O, SHE, that hath a heart of that fine frame,  
To pay this debt of love, but to a brother,  
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft,  
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else  
That live in her!"

—*Twelfth Night.*

THE German winter with its festivals and quiet, fire-side pleasures had happily glided over the heads of the two young students who had arrived, a year before, amid the strange faces of an unknown land. During the Christmas holidays, by help of railways, they made a flying visit to the family in Paris, then settled into enjoyment of home-life amid the noise and gaiety of the great hive of fashion. Philip saw with delight that Mariana's eyes had lost their look of abstraction. The darkness, which had so long shut him from her vision, had passed away, and her blindness existed but in the memory of the past. In the lapse of time and with increasing health, came a further development of her madonna-like beauty.

Philip had last seen Rosamond in the faint illumination of a sick chamber, and he could but judge, from the pure, pale brow, the remaining perfections of a face he did not see: but the magic of his cousin's attraction had but little in common with that of Mariana. The Countess of Schulemberg, too, afforded delicious suggestions as he looked upon the swiftly changing evidences of passing emotion. He noticed with his awakened artist percep-



tions the full blue eyes aglow with the splendor of joy, and anon swimming in the soft languor of maiden meditations. Philip saw much difference in these two. In his sister, an ethereal Minerva-like exemption from the fluctuations of feeling; in the countess, ever-active susceptibility to the changing complexion of her own heart-yearnings. In one, sensuous promptings seemed bound in the golden ligatures of sleepless wisdom; in the other passion was continually asking of supervising discretion limits to the extent of its joy. Innocence and beauty were alike possessed, and the hand of Providence had rested heavily on the hearts of both. Mariana had seen the world with its flowers, its sunsets, and its gleaming lakes, fade as she thought forever from her view; and the mistress of Schulemberg castle yet bewailed the loss of her parents. Both had grown wiser in these afflictions; but in their original natures, were planted the seeds which, though in the final harvest they might yield kindred sheaves, yet in youth necessarily presented a diversity of bloom.

Philip returned with a heart freshened by recent communion with those who had been so happy in welcoming him to their Parisian home. Charles Loundes had at last told his love, plainly, and unmistakably to her who was to him so full of inspiring beauty; and Mariana had so tenderly received his homage that he was wholly unable to fathom the soft yet changeless nature of the idol he worshipped. She seemed pleased with his devotion; and yet he felt, after all he had said, that in her present determination he could never induce her to become his bride. That she experienced a large and increasing interest in the friend of her brother, was evident not only



to himself, but to those around her; and that this attachment was stronger and more abiding than those usually producing betrothal was true; but while Mariana recognized in her own heart this growing interest, she never thought of Charles Loundes in connection with marriage, until with fervid eloquence he told her how necessary she was to his future peace. Philip had often talked with him in relation to his hope, and such was the confidence reposed by the brother in the honor, and such were the endearing qualities of his friend, that he was his choice of all the world as the husband of his sister, in the event of her own wishes toward such a marriage.

Of this much Charles Loundes was assured; but was also acquainted with Gov. Eustace's opposition to any such change in the relations of his daughter. Now that her vision was wholly restored, the father, who had always loved her with the tenderest affection, was annoyed at the slightest probability of her removal from his presence. The nature of his public duties had separated him so much from his children, that since she had reached maturity, and was restored to a full possession of her faculties, he manifested repugnance to another's interfering between himself and his daughter. He appreciated the passionless serenity of her disposition, and felt that the young men who frequented his saloons could fall in love with an angel with as much propriety as with Mariana. He knew she had lived for years in an atmosphere which was utterly beyond the comprehension of most people, and the idea of disturbing the composure of this sinless being, with the profaning company of man, seemed to him a thing unhallowed and not to be permitted.

From Philip's representation and his own observation, Gov. Eustace saw much in Loundes to attract his commendation ; but in this matter of surrendering his heart's idol, who now reproduced to his gaze the beautiful mother who had long ago faded from his arms, was a subject full of pain. That Philip should love, and some day marry Rosamond, was one of the chief wishes of his heart ; and both of the young people were well aware of this desire. The father and son had a long conversation on the subject during the Christmas visit, and Gov. Eustace was happy in the belief that there was nothing in the conduct of either to weaken the trust that ere long his wishes in this respect would be gratified.

The awakening influences of spring were as joyous to Philip in his German home as in his own native valley, and he was full of satisfaction as he traversed the smooth, broad roads leading in all directions around. Sometimes the gentler of the two English horses, called Exile, carried on these evening excursions a curious looking rider. Sigismund, from the peril he had induced Philip to undergo at the fire, since that event seemed to have grown strangely in his favor, and the dwarf regarded him with a devotion truly wonderful. No errand was troublesome, if Philip requested it, and his mother, whose tender blindness to his deformity in stature and disposition, made her ever gentle, saw with sorrowful astonishment that her own child now preferred this stranger to herself. But recollecting Philip's services, she told Sigismund, with a sigh, the gentleman was kind and noble hearted, and deserved all the love he gave him. The people would smile with kindly salutations as the American passed through the streets on horseback, thus strangely attended.

The story of his kindness, and the wild attachment of the dwarf, became known ; and all wondered at this condescension of the cavalier from beyond the seas, to one so many of themselves regarded with aversion.

Sigismund was a great lover of the theatre and opera, and, for the first time in his life, had full opportunity to gratify this passion for the bright lights and music which seemed to constitute the chief attractions of the whole affair. He was sometimes noticed to exhibit delight at the brilliant and unusual costumes of the actors, but the drama itself was entirely beyond his comprehension. He occasionally came to Philip as he was sitting at the play with the countess, who was interested in the dwarf from the fact of his devotion to one she so much admired herself ; but she could not, with all her beauty and winning kindness, prevent his growing restless in her presence. Ludwig was fearful Sigismund would prove troublesome in his attachment and sometimes remonstrated with Philip for not sending him off ; but this would have been such a grief to the half-witted creature, the advice was not taken. As Charles Loundes occasionally teased him, he was but little loved by the dwarf, who was slow to forget anything he regarded as an affront.

Philip and Ludwig kept their easels in the same room, and the more the American, who painted for the pleasure of mastering a beautiful art, saw of the calm, assiduous attention of him who was working for sustenance in life and immortality afterwards, the more was he attracted toward him. He had never seen such enlightened devotion to a mere calling ; for beyond his love of music and sculpture, the whole pleasure of the artist seemed centered in eager study of the forms of beauty in nature, and their

delineation. Apart from his recreation from toil at the easel, he seemed to care for no pleasure in life. His evening excursions on the streets were made tours of observation on the varying effects of light and shadow, and the shop-doors were observed, for new folds in his draperies. Philip's horses, with their elegant forms, were to him almost as great a source of delight as they were to Sigismund, and he sketched them in almost every possible attitude.

One evening Philip and he were standing amid the sculptured memorials of the dead, in an old cathedral long ago hoary with age. The mellow light of the declining day came in glory through the lofty arches of the stained windows, lighting up the marble effigies of those who had slumbered for ages in this venerable fane. Just before them was a reclining figure, with its crossed legs denoting a crusader, and beyond it some half-forgotten saint. The light from the gleaming marble was reflected up into the dim, lofty depths of the vaulted roof, disclosing the wondrous beauties long ago wrought by the hands of the matchless builders of mediæval days. Philip remembered and repeated Congreve's beautiful description :

“How reverend is the face of this tall pile.  
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads  
To bear aloft its arched and ponderous roof.  
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,  
Looking tranquility. It strikes an awe  
And terror on my aching sight ; the tombs  
And monumental caves of death look cold,  
And shoot a chilliness to my trembling heart.”

“Ludwig,” said Philip, “I shall sadly miss these grand temples, when I return to America. Years ago, before I

ever stood beneath them, I had imagined, with Milton, how sweet it was

‘To walk the studious cloister’s pale,  
And love the high embower’d roof,  
With antique pillars, massy proof,  
And storied windows richly dight,  
Casting a dim religious light.’

I shall wander in our great forests, and imagine myself in some huge cathedral again. This noble pile will be frequently in my recollection, I can assure you. But solemn and majestic as are the untouched forests of my native land, they are less impressive than this stately home of religion and death.

“Ludwig,” continued Philip, “a deep and unquestioning faith in the divine sources of their religion must have led those great ancestors of yours to conceive and erect this beautiful and stupendous temple of worship; for every portion of it seems to me stamped with impressions of the soul. How is it, that you Germans of the present day have come to believe in nothing but what you can see with your own feeble eyes, when so many of your noble forefathers were willing to die in the crusades?”

“We are wiser than our simple-hearted ancestry,” said the artist. “Credulity and faith are to my view synonymous terms, and, with their sister superstition, were produced at the same birth. Priest-craft and feudal tyranny conspired to fetter the minds of men for a long time, and were for ages successful; but since the advent of good Doctor Martin, their empire has been waning.”

“You must admit,” said Philip, “that Luther taught nothing to justify such skepticism; for his whole dauntless life was one long and eloquent evangel of this very

principle which you pronounce the sister of credulity. His central idea was that men are justified by faith; but the Germans of this day would make his whole mission a senseless disturbance of the world's creeds, to establish a dogma which is after all simple credulity, the ancient Romish stepping stone to dominion in spiritual matters."

"It is not reasonable," said Ludwig, "to expect men to believe things contrary to their knowledge of the possibilities of nature."

"You acknowledge there is a necessity for a religious belief of some kind?"

"Oh yes. Men turn instinctively to some religion, and I think it clearly evident, that by the constitution of their natures there must be some form of worship."

"It is passing strange," said Philip, "to hear you thus confess this necessity, and then say there is wisdom in any skepticism as to the revelation we possess. It is in the first place a system (even conceding it is of human origin) of such consummate wisdom and benefit in its practical injunctions, that on any other theory of morals the world would become utterly debased. Add to this, it claims to be the revealed will of the God whom I know you acknowledge; then in what an awful position you place yourself by infidelity and rebellion to His known commands. If Islamism, Boodhism, or the vanished creeds of the ancients, is either of them preferable in your estimation to this system which all enlightened nations have received in the spirit of its high claims, then to be consistent you should turn to that creed which in your belief most nearly approaches the truth. It seems to me preposterous to acknowledge the need of some



religion, and then raise difficulties and doubts as to the truth of a moral code you confess to be the best which has yet been made known to the world."

"I have no objection to christianity itself," said Ludwig, "for I acknowledge the wisdom and purity of the Decalogue and the teachings of Christ. I have no desire to weaken the reverence of men for this system of morals to which I endeavor to conform myself; but I do object to the persecutions which christians have visited upon each other, and I cannot believe in the wild stories of the Exodus."

"My friend, how do you fail to perceive the damaging nature of these very objections? You must know that the whole drift of Christ's teachings on earth was utterly opposed to the spirit of persecution. With what justice can you confound human misdeeds and want of charity, with the sublime patience and meekness of Him whose life among men was a long lesson of unobtrusive humility, and who, preaching peace in every imaginable way, denied that he had come to force men into His doctrines. How then can you hold Him or His true followers responsible for the bloody folly and intemperance of those who falsely persecute in His name? Again, you maintain that the system, resting its claims to divine origin on miraculous attestations of its truth, should be subjected to the same canons of criticism you apply to mere human statements. I maintain that Mahomet imposed a snare and a delusion upon men, because there are no divine sanctions to the truth of his teachings. I am satisfied that Jesus did not transcend in his claims the real truth of his descent, because through ages of the world's history there had been a series of miracles and



prophecies corroborating the great truth that Messiah, in the lapse of time, should come and suffer death at the hands of man. When I point you to these extraordinary evidences upon which I rest my faith, you turn upon me and ask me to prove them by the very rules of probability, the violation of which attest their divine origin."

"I have never taken that view of the subject," said Ludwig, "and I admit that Moses' statements, that the Israelites were led by the hand of God, are not amenable to similar tests of examination as those allowable in determining the truth of Homer's statements concerning the Trojan war."

"Then," said Philip, "if we are to accept the Bible as true in part, it is our duty to receive it as a whole. If the statements upon which christianity rests its claims to authenticity are proved in some respects, then should come into exercise the faculty of faith which trustingly accepts the truths over which reason is powerless in its efforts at dissection. You say you cannot believe what you fail to understand in religion; but you forget how little of the true operations of nature we really comprehend. Are not our technical terms after all but ingenious devices to hide our ignorance? In physics, we set out with the assertion, that all material bodies are subjected to the law of gravitation; but no man pretends to explain the secret of this attraction. The mariner in his wanderings upon the trackless deep, while clouds may have hidden the stars from his view, is confident in all the perilous darkness that his needle is still pointing northward. Do you know why it obeys this law? And yet with this inability to penetrate the hidden significance of things around us, that men should hope to fathom the

deep purposes of infinite wisdom, seems to me as illogical as it is impious. You do not understand the lost process by which your ancestors stained that gorgeous window, and yet you see its glory, and know how futile are present attempts to equal it:

‘ All garlanded with carved images,  
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,  
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,  
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,  
As are the tiger-moth’s deep-damask’d wings.’ ”

The artist, in the careless habits of German skepticism, had never reflected upon these questions in the earnest manner he saw actuating Philip, and their profound importance now engaged the speculations of the worshipper of the beautiful in a manner entirely unusual with him. He had witnessed his friend’s disregard of danger, and yet this youth, who seemed to attract all hearts with the resistless generosity of his nature, could pause amid life’s blandishments and seek the support of an unseen arm, when so many things conspired to bring the suggestion of the sufficiency of his own power. If this heir to abounding wealth and the favoring smiles of beautiful women could feel the need of such support, how could the poor artist continue in his unthinking self-reliance? Ludwig, that night, fell asleep pondering these weighty matters, and visions of beautiful forms went dancing through his brain. The great dream of his life was to secure immortality for the works of his hands, forgetting that within his own breast was a creative faculty in the very nature of its being, deathless whether he recognized it or not. Oh blindness and poverty of human concep-

tion! thus to lose sight of the Infinite and Eternal, in futile idolatry of the swiftly vanishing present.

Ludwig Jägerndorf was, as usual, busy at his easel, and Charles Loundes was lounging about the room. White clouds of smoke arose from his meerschaum, while he patted the silken head of a spaniel which was fawning upon him.

"Where is Philip to-day?" said the artist.

"Visiting the countess," said Loundes.

"He must be loving the charming creature. I wish she would sit to me for this unfinished head of Mary Stuart."

"Who is the man in the foreground, with the sword through his body?"

"David Rizzio, the queen's secretary, who was assassinated by Darnley and others."

"I see now, it is the murder of Rizzio you are painting. I thought you had finished that piece."

"No; I have taken it in hand again, to retouch the queen's head. I was looking at the Countess of Schulerberg at the opera a few nights ago, and she so completely realized my idea of the Scottish beauty's loveliness, as she sat conversing with our friend, that I am putting some touches of her face in my picture. By the way, did you ever know another man like Philip Eustace? He is a puzzle to me."

"In what way do you fail to comprehend him?"

"Well, in the first place, he seems to enjoy almost everything in which you could reasonably suppose a man could find amusement; but with it all he is so just and moderate, that I cannot discover he has any particular hobby. The Countess Theresa, and half the women who

have seen him, are in love with his handsome person; yet he never slights his studies, and finds time to caress poor Sigismund. With his love for horses and dogs, he has real enthusiasm for art; and with all these enjoyments, is as conscientious as a divine."

"He is the best and bravest man I ever saw."

"I fully admit his admirable qualities," said Ludwig, "but that does not enable me to fathom his disposition."

A third person was in the artist's studio, apparently absorbed in the paintings, old pieces of armor, and drapery scattered around. But intently as he surveyed these things, his whole soul was stirred by portions of the conversation to which he had been listening. He was elegantly dressed, and seemed deeply interested in the creations of Ludwig's fancy. He had a look of inward pain, as if some memory of the past, or unsatisfied hope, was aiding intemperance in marring the smooth front of this man of the world. The severity of expression about his thin, colorless lips, and the cold glitter of deeply-set gray eyes, repelled the interest arising in the breast of Ludwig Jägerndorf, who was easily flattered by the appearance of admiration for his works. This stranger was well known to Loundes, who had never liked Frederick Compton when they were together in America. He had traveled out of his intended route, to visit his acquaintances, for whom he expressed unbounded attachment. He said he had come to make the tour of Europe, but had passed, with little delay, from Liverpool to Paris; and there having learned where he could find Philip, had started two days afterward for the German city. He was apparently actuated by strong friendship and desire to be with his former associates, to judge from these movements of

one who had come to visit and survey the wonders of a continent. His small, white hands smoothed his yellow locks, as if satisfied with his inspection of the room; and with an air of indifference to what had been said, he sat down where he could see Ludwig moulding into greater loveliness the face of the radiant and unfortunate queen."

"Loundes," said he, "you and Philip must have a very pleasant and easy time here."

"Yes, that is the case with myself; but Philip manages to keep himself busy."

"How is it he can find so much more to do than you?"

"Monsieur Eustace," said Ludwig, "is getting to be an artist, and then he has to look after so many friends. There is a beautiful young countess who lives in the castle on the hill on the outside of the city; if you will walk to that window in the northern end of the room, you can see its towers and battlements."

"I have just been looking at it," said Compton. "Do you think Philip cares for this countess?"

"Yes; he likes her as would any man with half a soul, seeing she values him so highly."

Charles Loundes somehow did not fancy this discussion of his absent friend by Compton; so, by a series of questions in regard to matters in America, the young gentleman from St. Kilda, who by no means desired to create the impression that he was more than casually interested in the nature of Philip's feelings, was forced to talk on other subjects. If his heart could have been seen, it would have disclosed so much desire for all the particulars in relation to this matter, that one less astute would have immediately returned to a subject as yet so unsatisfactorily understood.

Philip had gone out early in the morning in the direction of Schulemberg castle, and as the countess had frequently requested him to bring Sigismund, he had complied with the earnest entreaties of the dwarf to that effect. So after solemn assurance that he would be on his good behavior, the two had set out on horseback. When Philip reached the castle, there were grave smiles of astonishment among the servants at the uncouth appearance of his attendant, and Sigismund half repented his visit, when he was taken by the hand and led to the saloon where the countess and Baron Waldemar were sitting. At the request of the lady, he took a chair and remained for sometime quietly surveying the high, vaulted ceiling, with its sculptured vines and flowers enclosing glowing frescoes; but the restraint was too much, and having promised not to break his neck from any of the trees, he was soon enjoying the sunshine and freedom of the grounds.

Schulemberg castle had been, in the remote past, one of the largest and most magnificent of feudal residences. Its most ancient portions had been constructed with a massive strength and simplicity which still preserved a majestic charm in the lofty towers and projecting buttresses breaking the continuity of the vast dead-walls. The hill upon which it stood had been once held and fortified by the Romans as a military post, and traces of their works were yet discernible. The central portion of the huge pile had been a splendid palace in the days of Rudolf of Hapsburg, but was ruined in the wars which destroyed the short-lived prosperity of the Winter-King. The mighty houses of Hapsburg and Hohenzollern had both sent brides to grace its stately walls, and the Countess



Theresa could thus trace her descent from the great emperors and kings of the shadowy past. Although the latest male representatives of the line had been engaged in continuous opposition to Napoleon, Schulemberg castle had escaped the ravages of that fearful period in which so much German blood was shed, and which so frequently saw their armies smitten with disastrous defeat before the conquering legions of France.

The form of Baron Waldemar, already bowed with the weight of years, would seem to stoop still lower in grief as he recalled the fearful incidents of such routs as his comrades endured at Jena and Austerlitz ; but the fire would come back to his eyes, and the feeble frame dilate with triumph at the mention of Leipsic and Waterloo. Philip was astonished at the mingled fear and hatred still lingering in the memory of this member of the old noblesse, whose tenure of power had been so fearfully interrupted and jeopardized by him who was yet regarded as a Corsican adventurer.

The day had passed rapidly away in the pleasure the two young people found in each other's company ; and as the shadows from the towers commenced stretching themselves to the east, they came out into the golden sunshine for a ramble among the trees. From one of these Sigismund, on seeing Philip, made a hasty descent, leaving his perch amid the boughs where he had been gazing into a nest of young birds. Philip and the countess passed along the marble balustrade on the edge of the terrace, down a flight of steps between two stone dragons *couchant* upon massive slabs of the same material.

They went slowly on in the mellow evening light, followed by the dwarf ; The old duenna, Madame von Ess-

ling, who had long been the guide and companion of the countess, as she looked on the three figures from her window, was reminded of an old German allegory of Youth and Innocence, pursued by the ill-shapen genius of Malice. Philip and the countess paused in a little shady dell over-hung and darkened by mighty trees. Under the hill-side was a grotto in the silence and gloom of which, beneath the sparkling waters of a fountain, reclined the statue of a beautiful girl. She was timorously looking up, while the water poured over her figure from a shell she held in her uplifted hand.

"The face of the figure," said Philip, "reminds me of a picture I noticed in the castle."

"It represents Undine," said the countess. "There is an old story of her love for a knight of our house, who was the younger of two brothers, and became famous as one of the *Teutsch Ritters*. He was known as Conrad von Miltiz, and survived the great disaster of his brotherhood at Tannenberg, ultimately becoming *hochmeister* of his order. It is said that he found the pretty nymph playing in the waters of this very spring, and they came to love each other very dearly. Whenever Conrad could visit this home of his birth, he would come to this spot and look all day into the eyes of Undine, who sought no higher bliss than to be caressed by the handsome soldier. They met here, and continued in their love for years, until Kurfurst Johanu, the alchemist, happening to be the guest of Cassimer von Schulemberg, the elder brother, by some magical spell banished the beautiful lady of the woods; and Conrad failing to find her erected this grotto with that sweet little statue to commemorate his lost love."

"The expression of her eyes is exceeding tender," said Philip. Ritter Conrad must have been very happy in such looks of love."

If Philip had looked in the face of the fair being at his side, he would have seen it aglow with a love which sculptors have vainly endeavored to portray, in the coldness of their marble images.

"Think you," said she, "that man ever becomes truly happy in the knowledge that he is loved by woman?"

"Most assuredly, to him whose heart is pure and possesses the capacity to appreciate the sources of true happiness, there can be no earthly boon conferring such utter ecstasy as the confession from her he loves, that his affection is returned. Place and station may be grateful to the ambitious, but the memory of the first, full assurance on this subject has ever been acknowledged by good men as the supreme height of earthly felicity."

"I have thought," said the countess, "that this romantic bliss belonged exclusively to the experience of my sex."

"Those who, like yourself," said Philip, "are so full of goodness and beauty, I doubt not, experience higher joy in anything tending to the production of such emotion, than men can feel; for I believe our enjoyment is always deep and complete just as we are innocent and pure."

"Then, Mr. Eustace, you must be very happy," said the countess, "for every one esteems you, even little Sigismund; and if I can trust my own belief and the declarations of those in Germany who know you best, you must be very good."

"I am very happy in your ladyship's good opinion, and

wish I deserved it. Sigismund first fancied me on account of my horses, but I really think he has much gratitude for my getting him out of that burning house in which he came so near being roasted."

"That was so reckless and daring in you; I tremble for your life, whenever I think of it. You are a great hero with the city people since. I hear they call you the American prince. I once thought titles and nobility very essential, and the evening we first met I half regretted that you did not belong to our class, but I have come to regard all these distinctions of rank as human vanity, and you, Mr. Eustace, have taught me this lesson."

"Philip raised the soft hand which was crossed over its mate upon a marble urn, and kissed the rosy fingers in token of his thankfulness. Looking into the clear depths of the beautiful eyes which still rested upon him, he read full confirmation of all she had said. Who could listen to such words under similar circumstances and remain unmoved? Philip Eustace's heart was entirely appreciative of the kindness and charms of the young countess, and he told her with all the simplicity of his nature how deeply he felt. He had no intention of making such a declaration as to lead Theresa to believe she was the sole object of his affections; but she knowing the deliberate moderation of Philip in all things, thought it full of love, for him from whom she did not expect the usual vows of eternal devotion. A light of satisfaction, calm and entire, glowed in her face as they slowly returned to the terrace where Sigismund was impatiently awaiting them. They promised to meet the next evening at the opera-house, and the stalwart figure, with its strange attendant,

passed swiftly through the gathering gloom toward the city in the distance. Up the broad flight of steps between the great stone dragons went the maiden as radiant as an angel to dream of her new-found joy.

Philip was surprised, on his return, to find Frederick Compton in his room awaiting his arrival. He had many questions to ask in relation to the good people of St. Kilda valley, now not seen for nearly two years. Mr. Grey and Percival St. George were well, and Arthur Kean was soon to wed Ida Somerville. This was not unknown to Philip, for he had received a letter from his friend, stating that they had obtained Mr. Somerville's consent to their marriage in the ensuing fall. He had also written with bright hopes of his professional success, for he was fast rising to eminence, both as an advocate and jurist. Philip, also having recently received a long and loving letter from Rosamond, and knowing she would not leave school until midsummer, asked no questions concerning her. Compton had seen her just before leaving America, but said nothing of his visit to the city in which she was living.

Philip had never dignified Fredrick Compton with any jealousy as his rival, although he had long known the chief desire of the young man and his family was to win Rosamond, if possible. In the conscious security of her love, and the oft expressed wishes of her mother, the young heir of the house of Eustace had smiled at the aspirations of his less favored competitor. Compton was not a man to be easily discouraged, and had never yet surrendered the hope of one day making himself the master of Thorndale and Ramilies. Rosamond had frequently assured him that she loved her cousin, and would

someday become his wife, if he desired it; yet such avowals, plain as they were, failed to shake Frederick in his purpose; for he believed his rival cared little for the family arrangements. He supposed from Philip's usual silence on the subject he was at least indifferent, and it was with a thrill of pleasure he heard Ludwig Jägerndorf intimate that his long expected means of success was, in some degree, assuming a promise of realization.

Charles Loundes had too much delicacy of feeling to refer to the subject of Philip's visits to the countess, in the presence of others, and, on his friend's arrival, simply inquired after the health of the countess and Baron Waldemar. This was a keen disappointment to Compton, for he had expected from the friend's love of raillery, and the usual disposition of young men on such occasions, that there would be something of the kind to give him insight into the true state of the case. The gravity of Loundes' inquiry and of Philip's reply completely upset his calculations, so after further conversation, promising to see them again on the morrow, he left for his lodgings.

Philip was too thoughtful to be communicative that evening; so Charles Loundes left him to his solitary meditations, and went in search of the lively young ladies who were singing near by. To most men of his age, Philip's position would have been one of unalloyed pleasure. The countess' love had been too plainly evinced, that day, for him not to perceive it; with all his modesty and self-depreciation. He had never spoken of his engagement with Rosamond to the proud descendant of so many belted earls, simply because he had never dreamed of the possibility of her expecting under any circumstances an offer of marriage from an untitled foreigner.



who, whatever might be the social eminence of his family at home, was after all only a plain citizen of a republic. He did not even then feel satisfied that this beautiful and noble-minded woman, as much as she prized the privilege of following the wishes of her own heart, would disregard the long-reverenced traditions of her family, in accepting his hand, were he disposed to offer it.

Then it occurred to him to ask of himself what was to be the effect of this attachment on her, and in this suggestion he found the pain and difficulty of his position. He did not desire to throw any shadow across the previously sun-lit pathway of beauty and innocence; but it distressed him to think of ending the pleasant and harmless intercourse between them. He very well knew, as long as he continued to treat her with the deference and admiration he could not withhold, and she was convinced of the feelings on his part he had that evening avowed, so long would she entertain every sentiment she then experienced. Whether she had ever thought of him in connection with wedlock he was wholly ignorant; so trusting to her purity and good sense he hoped for the best and looked forward with pleasure to their next meeting.

The next day was the Sabbath, and after attending church, Philip and Ludwig, with the declining sun, again visited the old minister. The artist was soon to depart on his long-desired visit to Rome; for Philip had purchased many of his finest pictures and sent them to his father, thus enabling the friend to accomplish his intention, which was to give finish to a mind already richly stored with the great lessons of the beautiful. This would probably be their last free conference together, and it was

long and full of touching assurances of esteem from both.

Philip had promised to call for Frederick Compton on his way to the opera-house, the evening he expected to see the countess. Sigismund, as usual on such occasions, was with him, and while Compton was perfecting his elaborate toilet, to meet a crowd of strangers, the dwarf amused himself by swinging by his teeth from a table in the corner of the room, greatly to Frederick's horror, who imagined, when he first noticed the proceeding, that the imp had contrived really to hang himself. At last, when these preparations were completed, and they had reached their evening's destination, the performance had already commenced. Philip noticed, as he conducted Compton to a box, that the countess had just arrived; so apologizing for leaving, he went to her side.

"We are both late this evening," said he.

"Yes," said the countess. "I thought at one time, I should be unable to fulfill my promise, as my uncle was indisposed, and I was unwilling to leave him. He, knowing my engagement, suggested I should take Madame von Essling as my escort."

"Permit me to say you are looking unusually well this evening. It must be the excitement of your coming almost unattended which has given your eyes their additional lustre."

"I am happy that they please you," said the countess; and the beautiful orbs rested upon him for a moment with an expression which put to flight half of his good resolutions.

The opera for the evening was Mozart's *Don Juan*, or, as the Italians call it, *Giovanni*, the most wonderful and

comprehensive work of such character yet created for the amusement of mankind. The countess was in that state of delicious contentment which is satisfied with a limited amount of speech; and as Philip had not witnessed a previous production of the musical Shakspeare's chef-d'oeuvre, they were frequently silent: he rapt in the progress of the scenes, and the radiant beauty in silent observation, as the grand and ludicrous, so strangely blended in the great performance, were depicted in the varying expressions of his countenance.

"We seem very attractive to the gentleman who sits opposite," said the countess. "Do you know him?"

"He is an American acquaintance of mine," said Philip, "and was doubtless attracted by your appearance; but he seems now very much engrossed with the stage."

Frederick Compton was manifestly determined to see everything his opera glasses would disclose of what passed between Philip and the countess, for he had been industriously gazing in their direction the whole evening, whenever Philip was not looking toward him; at such times he became apparently absorbed in the proceedings on the stage. The countess, like a true belle, was of course alive to the necessity of seeing who of her acquaintances were present, and had thus several times observed the closeness of Compton's scrutiny.

The opera was finished, and the ladies of the ballet had retired from view, and doffed their tinsel finery. The manager had recovered his temper, and the musicians had ceased to labor at their instruments. The lights were all extinguished, and the hall, a few minutes previously a fairy scene, was now as dark as Erebus. Like other human vanities, the splendor had all vanished into ray-

less darkness, and a trembling mouse crept from under the stage, the sole occupant of a room so shortly before gorgeous enough for Titania's revels. Philip accompanied the countess and Madam von Essling to their home. As they left the carriage they paused to gaze upon the castle glorified in the splendor of a full-orbed moon.

"Schulemberg castle never appeared to me so fair as it does this night," said the countess, leaning upon the arm of him at her side; and then softly added: "For you were not here to view it with me."

Philip's only answer was a silent pressure of the hand he held in his own. He was strangely moved with the weird loveliness of all things around him, and was loth to lose the beauty which seemed born as of some subtle enchantment. He thought of Melrose Abbey:

"When the broken arches are black in night,  
And each shafted oriel glimmers white,  
When the cold light's uncertain shower  
Streams on the ruin'd central tower;  
When buttress and buttress, alternately,  
Seemed framed of ebon and ivory."

## CHAPTER XX.

## PALLIDA MORS.

“WHAT is it that will last?

All things are taken from us, and become  
Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.  
Let us alone. What pleasure can we have  
To war with evil. Is there any peace  
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?  
All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave;  
In silence ripen, fall and cease.”

*The Lotos-Eaters.*

THE summer glided by, until the increasing wealth of vegetation reached its climax of development, and then, with the gradual shortening of the term of each day's light, commenced nature's process of deterioration in the freshness hitherto observable in the witching domain of Flora. In his observation of the changing aspect of the fields, this was always a season of saddened interest to Philip Eustace. Having watched with joy the beautiful progressions ever going on in the summer months in the myriad forms of vegetation, he continued his scrutiny through the autumn. In the spring, he watched the tender shoots and half opened buds conveying prophecies of almost impossible beauty in the coming hour of maturity and fruition. At such a season the very songs of the birds seemed to him redolent of some delicious expectation, all the more charming in the fact of its dim and unascertained character. He had often wondered at this vague and shadowy longing in his own heart, and felt that there must be some law of affinity controlling and connecting all God's creation. He knew that certain

dreamers in philosophy held that all organic life consists but in a series of developments from one and the same inferior source, but no such pantheistic subtleties mingled in his steady and delighted attention to those things which in his heart he was assured had been placed on earth for gratification and instruction.

Frederick Compton made but a short stay with him for whose society he had manifested so much anxiety, in his hurried approach. A look of satisfaction, wholly new to him, was observable, and he went off, to loiter away months of listless inactivity. Ludwig Jägerndorf had been for some time in his new studio at Rome and wrote Philip long letters describing his residence in the old, mouldering palace so typical of the waning glories of the city in which it stood. The Countess of Schulemberg, also, was temporarily absent. As much as her heart yearned to remain, there were still duties which affection for her uncle compelled her to regard, in spite of their conflict with her own inclinations. The brave and time-worn soldier had given the best efforts of his declining years to the furtherance of her fortunes and happiness. Among the few gratifications he had left to himself, in his devotion to his niece, was his annual trip to the watering places, and even in this he was mindful of her, as much as he enjoyed his game at the roulette table and the society of the surviving comrades of old campaigning times.

He considered that her brilliant loveliness needed an airing thinking her young life must grow dull in the quiet and seclusion of the castle. In these views he had been entirely right, and conformable to the desires of the countess until that season; but she knew it would seem



unreasonable to the baron, to appear unwilling to keep up this habit and complied with his wishes, with a show of the utmost cheerfulness. Among people gathered from so many different countries, Theresa of Schulemberg, in the bloom of her radiant youth, lived in the realm of her own thoughts, even while laughing and coquetting with her admiring beaux. Baden-Baden supposed that her triumphs of that season were brilliant enough to satisfy an empress, and the giddy throng went on with its dancing, its gambling, and double intoxication from love and wine; but there was one who shone as the queen of the revel, who in her heart felt and despised the emptiness of all such pageants.

Philip was now profiting to the utmost of his ability by the opportunities yet remaining to him at the university. The arts and Roman jurisprudence were his principal studies, and as Charles Loundes and he would leave the institution in a few months, they both more than ever appreciated the pleasure of their lives for the last two years. The seats under the linden tree in the court yard had not yet been abandoned by the family of Counsellor Strauss, and cheerful repasts were still spread beneath its protecting shade, though the velvety sward around had lost much of its freshness. One evening as the family were seated there, Philip and Loundes came in from a walk and found a telegraphic dispatch, stating that Gov. Eustace lay dangerously ill in Paris, and desired his son to come at once to his bedside.

Philip knew that his father had long suffered from an organic derangement of the valves of the heart, and had been frequently told by him that physicians thought that while by prudence his life might be prolonged to

old age, yet such was the uncertainty of his malady, he was prepared at any moment to die under its effects. He did not wonder that this dreadful uncertainty brought with it but little terror to one who thus continually faced the most direful of all human apprehensions but was filled with admiration that his father could still preserve his genial warmth and humor. To the careless observer, Gov. Eustace seemed gifted with an unfailing supply of pleasant fancies; but Philip well knew under all that charming mirth lay the watchful intelligence which, as a sleepless sentinel, was ever looking for the death which at any time might be close at hand.

As the young student traversed the famous region of the Rhine, though he looked out upon its beauties and saw the tall battlements of ruined castles, yet he was too profoundly depressed for the enjoyment of either art or nature. Grief was an emotion to which he was unaccustomed; for his mother had died when he was so young he failed to appreciate the extent of his loss at the time; and his uncle Stanhope was the dearest friend he had ever mourned since he was old enough to value the worth of those beloved for their own merits and the ties of kindred blood. But few hours elapsed from the reception of the telegram, before the dying father was gladdened in the arrival of the son. Philip had ever been dutiful and was now peculiarly the centre of all those fading hopes so long cherished by him whose lease of mortal life was near its termination. In the stalwart and affectionate brother, Gov. Eustace was assured that Mariana would find abundant love and protection.

The envoy had been an ambitious man, but the taint of selfishness was not in his nature. He had been much

separated from his children, but this grew out of his devotion to their well-being. Had he consulted his feelings he would have kept them with him ; but he knew that his own mother would better supply the place of her who was sleeping beneath the sod of Ellesmere than any one whose services could be secured for money. Another man would have probably supplied his own and his children's wants by the selection of a second wife. It may have been a romantic and ill-advised idea in him, but Ashton Eustace could not forget the being he saw renewed in his daughter, and there was a strong conviction, which he never sought to weaken, that somewhere amid the isles of the blest her tender eyes were looking upon him and awaiting his coming. The thought of giving this love to another, which still was hers, was revolting to his sensitive nature. The subject of his marrying again was the only theme upon which he was not full of pleasant badinage, for he turned with disgust from unions of mere convenience, considering the nuptial tie, when unsanctified by absorbing love, a degrading and brutal relation.

On his arrival, Philip was met at the door of the sick-room by his grandfather who could only grasp his hand in silence, and to the eager inquiry as to the father's condition, Judge Eustace replied that he was still alive. Mrs. Eustace was supporting the head of her son, as Philip entered the room, while Mariana knelt by the bedside holding one of the feeble hands. Gov. Eustace had fallen into a gentle slumber, so Philip, with silent kisses to the two watchers, took his seat and looked at the pale face of the sufferer. The doctor, who was present, had been unremitting in his attentions since this last fatal attack, and sat realizing the futility of his art in the treatment of

organic disorders like that under which his patient was now sinking, in spite of all his efforts to the contrary.

Anguish filled the bosom of the son, as he gazed on the unconscious face of him who was the author of his being, and whose devoted kindness had been so invariably attested through all the period to which his memory extended. He recalled the numberless instances of his father's tender regard, and now that everything indicated he was about to lose him on the verge of their long-anticipated tour of Europe, and from the quiet home-life afterward in St. Kilda valley, arose an agony of grief in his soul. With a strong effort he put back the tears which were welling up, and had recovered some degree of composure, when he observed his father's brow contract as if in pain, followed by his starting up from sleep and gasping for breath. Gov. Eustace appeared to be dying, but his crippled heart still preserved enough vitality to disgorge itself, and, with a look of exhaustion, the envoy fell back with closed eyes in his mother's arms. He was silent for a minute, when he fondly kissed the tear-bedewed cheek above him, and remarked :

"Dear mother, this is a cruel blow to you, already bowed under affliction. How long have I slept?"

"Nearly a half hour, my son."

"It must be time for Philip's arrival."

"You seem to rest more easily," said the doctor, who had led Philip behind the head of the bed during his father's paroxysm. "I expect, sir, your son is close at hand by this time; but pray do not yield to your emotions when you see him."

"I understand the necessity of caution," said the sufferer.

"M. Philip, then you can speak to your father."

Their greeting, with all this precaution, strongly affected both, but in a few moments they were calm enough for the slight conversation allowable under the circumstances. The physician cautioned them against prolonged conferences, and having other duties requiring his attention, took his leave for the morning. For several days the fluctuating tide of life alternately gave promise of recovery, and then by return of the spasmodic action of the heart these newly-formed hopes were dissipated. Gov. Eustace, fearful of injury to Mariana's recovered vision, would not allow her to watch long by his bedside at night, so the task of continuous vigilance was divided between Philip and his grandparents. Late on the third night after his arrival, the son was keeping solitary vigil. Judge Eustace was asleep in an adjoining room, and the watch-worn mother was taking a short respite on a lounge near the bed. For several hours the sick man had slept peacefully, but Philip observed the ominous contraction of the brow, and the next moment the gasping for breath had commenced. The struggle for sometime seemed hopeless, and it awakened Mrs. Eustace, who was fast concluding all was over when Gov. Eustace again spoke.

"These sufferings will soon be past," said he, taking the hands of each, "for a new sensation of relief, and at the same time of further weakness, has come upon me. I am confident I shall not live until daylight."

"Dear Ashton," said his mother, "do not give way to your feelings."

Gov. Eustace told his mother that he felt as calm as if he had never experienced a trouble in his life. He assured her that her own teachings in childhood had guided him

through all the devious windings of his course, and that the death he knew to be near at hand, was thus shorn of terror. Dr. Velpeau had cautioned him against talking, but that was when the physician had hopes of his recovery. Now he was dying, he would not longer forbear what had been previously withheld through respect for the opinions of his medical adviser.

"I have so much to say to you, Philip, that I fear my strength will be unequal to the task. You have been so dutiful all your days, and have given me so much comfort, that it is now my only source of satisfaction and content in this dispensation of Providence. I should be troubled for Mariana, but I know that in you she will have a protector in whose kindness and forethought I have all confidence. I leave her to your charge, my son, when age shall have removed the loving supervision of my own parents, and I know that I need say nothing of your conduct toward them. They have been the authors of your own excellence, and I am confident, while they live, you will continue to heed and reverence their wishes. I had promised myself much comfort in your society during the remainder of my life, for my resignation of the post I now hold was forwarded to Washington a month ago; but it has pleased God I should die in the harness which has so long galled me. It has pleased Him to destroy my anticipations, and I uncomplainingly submit to His decree. If you, my son, and Rosamond love each other, as I hope you do, always recollect that my last expressed wish was for your union. I have only now, dear Philip, to give you my parting blessing, and pray if you shall live to have a son of your own, he may be of as much comfort and pride as you have ever been to me."



Philip, at his father's request, summoned Judge Eustace and Mariana, and from his calmness they thought him mistaken in the nearness of approaching dissolution. After a half hour spent in loving assurances, having taken leave of all, he fell into quiet slumber, and as the faint gleam of morn shone through the closed windows, the watchful mother noticed that breathing had ceased. Upon examination they found that the orator and statesman had closed his mortal career, and was fast asleep in death.

The gloom that settled on the foreign home of the family, previously so happy, was too deep to desire observation; so, with as little ostentation as possible, in view of the public importance of the position recently filled by the distinguished dead, the body was removed by the stricken father to the quiet of the family burial place at Ellesmere.

On the evening previous to Philip's departure from Paris, he was alone in one of the saloons of the large silent house, wondering at the fortitude displayed by his grandmother under her present loss, when she had so nearly perished in her grief for his uncle Stanhope. He well knew if there was any difference in her love for her two sons, it was in favor of her first-born; yet the disposition which had been so full of sunshine previous to the soldier's death seemed almost hopelessly clouded subsequently, but now after a passionate flood of tears she manifested a serenity in striking contrast to the tremulous, unspoken despair evident in every lineament of her husband. The tenderness of the wife locked up the mother's grief in her own heart, and found comfort in her efforts to bring alleviation to the bruised heart of the

suffering father. He had now surrendered to the good of the land he had so faithfully served both of the sons whose own worth and reverence for himself had been so dear to his declining age. The wise, undemonstrative man was in an agony of desolation unknown to more elastic and imaginative dispositions, and his wife and grandchildren found that he needed all their loving sympathy in his dire extremity.

Philip returned to Germany with a heavy heart and his sad face told the story of his loss. Charles Loundes had a double cause for joining in his melancholy. He was grieved for the sake of the friend, and felt that Europe was shorn of attraction in the departure of Mariana Eustace from its limits. Usually hope is an important element in the passion of love, being the fuel which continually adds to the pictures of expected joy, and with its destruction in most breasts, the adored object becomes a dim remembrance of the past. Petrarch loved his Laura, and Dante his Beatrice, long after the stimulus of this emotion had passed away, and the emotions of the great Florentine appeared to have deepened with the disappearance of his mistress from the land of the living. Charles Loundes had much of this tendency in his nature. He still cherished a hope, however faint, that there would be a change in Mariana's disposition, and that she would mingle more of earthly emotion in the purity of her regard for him. He felt certain she was not indifferent to his happiness, and this assurance was to him a source of the most delicious dreams of his life.

With the falling leaves, returned to the halls of her fathers the brilliant Countess of Schulemberg. The gay life she had been recently leading had necessarily induced

many reflections as to the nature and probable result of her still fondly cherished regard for Philip Eustace, and there was a modification of her disposition toward him. Her admiration was in nowise decreased, but in the throng of men and women among whom she had been latterly moving, were many like herself, belonging to a titled aristocracy, devoted to those ideas which sustain the long-established gradations of society. The solitude of her life among her dependants in the old castle had created, with the dawn of great emotions, a feeling of independence and disregard for her own caste. Amid the close comparisons which always force themselves upon the mind in resorts where persons of mixed claims to the world's respect jostle each other as they do at watering places, the countess' disposition to disregard her own station was weakened. She had seen no one among the noblemen to whom she was willing to give more than a fleeting thought; but as she recalled the warmth of many of their protestations of devotion, she could but remember, with some pique, that Philip had been but chary in those avowals which are such delicious incense to every pretty woman. Blushes of dissatisfaction with herself would sometimes mantle her face when alone, and it occurred to her that perhaps Philip had thought her too demonstrative toward him; so with fresh convictions of the duty she owed her rank as the Countess of Schulemberg and to herself as a beautiful, all-conquering belle, she returned to her home. Having been several days without seeing Philip, she was at a loss to account for his failing to visit her, when one morning the Baron Waldemar, who had been to the city, remarked:

"I have seen our friend, Mr. Eustace, to day, and found

him suffering from indisposition and affliction at the recent loss of his father."

"I am very sorry for him," said the countess. "It is very strange that an envoy's death should not have been announced in the papers."

"It doubtless was, but when did we think of papers at Baden-Baden. He says he will soon leave us to commence his travels."

"Did he promise to see us before he leaves?"

"Yes, so soon as his health permits."

Philip had been sick for several days, and had not left his room when the baron went to visit for him. There were mutual feelings of respect between the two, and though at times the embodiment of the exclusive pride of birth in Europe was slightly uneasy at the evident interest manifested by his niece toward the citizen stranger from America, it was attributed to grateful remembrance of services rendered at their first interview.

He recognized in Philip Eustace a brave and conscientious man, and toward such he was ever kindly appreciative, and in this way reposed much confidence in the young representative of democratic sentiment, to the growth of which he was thoroughly opposed.

Philip, in the first full appreciation of his loss in the death of his father, had felt very sorely the extent of his privation; but that higher trust which had so often lifted him above the tainting influences of success now became a support and consolation in the hour of his bereavement. Gov. Eustace's death had not been unexpected, and he had heard from the lips of him who was now gone frequent premonitions of the stealthy enemy ever ready for the fatal attack. Weeks had stolen by and the cruel

freshness of the gap in his heart was healed over by the blessed soothing which God in his mercy has granted to the effects of time in the direst calamities. The loving father was still fresh in his remembrance, but it was with that softened recollection which in well ordered dispositions occasions little suffering, as the mind recalls the image of the cherished and the lost.

His innocent pleasures were now as sweet as before, and his satisfaction, consequent upon a sense of duty discharged at the close of the day, was as full as ever. He was alone, one evening, when a gentle rap at the door was heard, and in the deepening twilight Sigismund came quietly into the room. The dwarf had understood he was about to lose the company of Philip and his horses, and, for the first time in his life, the half-witted creature exhibited concern at what yet lacked days of its accomplishment. He had seemed, hitherto, wholly to fail of appreciation, when told by his mother that at some day he would suffer for misdeeds in life. He seemed powerless to grasp any joy or sorrow of the future, and never anticipated the morrow's pleasures. Philip was much astonished that Sigismund should manifest feeling at his early departure, and was touched by the mute sorrow which was apparent in the large, strange eyes.

The subject of his final interview with the Countess of Schulemberg was much pondered. He was not certain that any explanations would be necessary. If she regarded their intercourse in the light he hoped, all would be well. He could say farewell, having assured her of his admiration and esteem, and his departure would, perhaps, be marked with no sadder consequence than her shedding a few bitter tears. Then he reflected what he should do

in the event of her saying something calling for a full confession of his disposition toward her. In that case he resolved she should know all the story of his love for Rosamond, the wishes of his family, and his own plighted faith. Then if blame should be attached to his not making this avowal earlier, he would tell of his unwillingness to obtrude his own individual concerns uncalled for upon her notice. He hoped, with these reasons for his conduct, he could take his leave and still be remembered with no bitterness.

He regretted that Charles Loundes had not told the countess the story of his love for his cousin; but he had never directly asked his friend to do so, and once, when he had intimated such a thing, Charles had opposed it, saying Philip should not thus make a gratuitous exposure of his affairs, which might be considered unnecessary and impertinent under the circumstances. Philip, of course, said nothing to his companion conveying the impression that he thought the countess would be distressed at his departure, and Loundes never considered that possible with a lady of fashion. He held that with belles, who have experience and tact, it was legitimate to flirt to any extent short of a positive engagement to marry, and with Philip he knew such a thing was impossible.

Thoughtful of his demeanor in this interview, which he felt was to be their last, Philip had accepted Baron Waldemar's invitation to dine at the castle. The countess had formed many resolutions as to her conduct toward him; but as soon as she saw the traces of grief and recent illness, from which he was still imperfectly recovered, grew half-repentant as she met his frank gaze. She greeted him with expressions of tender sympathy, and



they were soon discussing the intended route of his travels. He was to send his baggage by railway to Paris, and, with Charles Loundes, to pass on horse-back down the Rhine into Holland, as he desired to send his horses to America from some of the Dutch seaports. In the evening the countess and he made an excursion over the road she had gone the afternoon of their first interview. Theresa, in her black velvet riding habit, and the long sable plume drooping over her golden hair, was never more lovely; and Philip could but gaze at the beautiful figure aglow with health and grace. She was very quiet and thoughtful, evidently thinking of his approaching departure, a subject he was disposed to evade in his conversation.

"I hear," said he, "that your stay at Baden-Baden was unusually pleasant this season."

"Yes," said she, "I feel some pleasure in the little rivalries which spring up at such places between persons of my age and sex. I know it is a small thing, but one cannot help being pleased with victory on such occasions."

"I believe any species of emulation is attractive to both sexes, and think it quite as reasonable that a lady should enjoy the honor of the largest attendance, as for men, who have already money enough, to waste the night on the chance of winning more at roulette."

"I am called a belle," said the countess, "and am honest enough to confess I find pleasure in the knowledge that I possess qualities which usually attract attention. I know this is vanity, but what is human life but vanity? You men frequently wear yourselves down with long speeches, but is not the orator's

charm found in the consciousness that so many are hanging upon his words?"

"Yes, there are many men who make speeches with no higher motive, but in such case I have never known one to rise to heights entitling him to the grand appellation of orator. Demosthenes, periling his life in denunciation of the Macedonian's designs upon his country; Cicero, disregarding the danger of Catiline's resentment and exposing conspiracy; or Edmund Burke, fired with the knowledge that Hastings had waded to riches through the tears and blood of oppressed millions, were the occasions when great natures, in the glory of integrity, became superior to the petty vanity of hearing themselves speak."

"I expect you will be an orator yourself, if you can defend them so eloquently to so poor an audience as myself."

"No; my father assured, me, as I valued my peace of mind, I should avoid public life. There will be hundreds of human beings dependant on my sense of justice and care for their happiness, and as they are my hereditary subjects, I shall strive to do my utmost for their comfort."

"If the world were composed of such men as you, I should be in love with your American system of slavery, which, in that event, would afford the weak and ignorant so much protecting kindness."

"You are very kind, lady Theresa, but I fear you over-estimate my worth. Wherever I shall bear rule in life, I shall consider it a high duty to be thoughtful of those having a right to expect attention from me."

"That is what I know," said the countess, "and I wish you had been born the sovereign prince of this duchy."

"In that event," said Philip, "the ruler would have soon been subjected by some of his subjects."

"You would need have but little fear on that score. I think you have managed to remain your own master, in spite of the glamour you sometimes say resides in my glance."

"I am sure I have been long ago overcome in its splendor."

"Let us understand each other before we part, it may be, forever," said the countess. "Do not speak to me in language of mere gallantry, when I am sorrowing in the thought I shall no more see you after this evening."

"I am speaking to you, dear lady, in all the sincerity of my heart, which beats as warmly towards you as the circumstances attending us could possibly justify."

"You made me very happy at Undine's grotto," said the countess, "for I then thought you loved me, but I have concluded that you are only my good friend."

"I have been troubled very often," said Philip, "lest I might be thought too bold, lady Theresa, in daring to be considered even your friend, and I have not mentioned things which perhaps ought to have been said, for fear you might deem them unnecessarily obtruded on your consideration. I shall never cease to love you as long as I live," and Philip went on telling her of his higher love and plighted faith to his cousin, who relied upon his honor in the fulfillment of their engagement. The beautiful head, with its black plumes and lustrous hair shining in the light of the setting sun, drooped very low as the recital continued, and when he had finished she was bowed and silent still.

"Oh! speak to me," said Philip, "and say you have not ceased to regard me, for I now know this avowal should have been earlier made."

"While I was in the gay world of Baden-Baden," said the countess, with a low, sad voice, "I thought I had found pride enough to sustain me under this confession; which somehow I feared you would at last make. I often had the foreboding that you would tell me you loved another, yet I have lacked the fortitude to ask you directly if my dim dread was well founded. I suspected, from the reserve of your manner, you were thus fettered, while I have believed that you cared for me, and have no doubt of it now; but I almost wish you had left me to my fate the evening we first met."

"Lady Theresa," said Philip, "you are planting thorns in my heart. I shall never forgive myself for having brought you this unhappiness. Oh! that I should have been so weak not to have told you all before."

"No," said she, and the fair face was lifted until her gaze rested full upon him, "I am glad you have not done so, for this great joy I have known would have been otherwise never experienced. The thought of marriage has not been connected with you, for I well knew I would not relish a home in America, and it was too much to have expected you to surrender your ties and kindred. I have recognised in you the true nobility of nature, and have not sought to curb the joy of my heart. I shall remember you with no bitterness, for you did not seek my love, and what I have given you has been the result of my unsolicited bounty. It may sound strange to you, to hear me, a woman, making these confessions, and to

any one but you, I think I should die before my heart should be thus exposed."

"You make me very happy in this last statement," said Philip. "I am sincerely glad I have known one of the truest and most beautiful of God's creatures, and have had the good fortune to attract her esteem."

"I shall teach myself," said the countess, "to remember you as my dear brother, and I know your happy cousin, if she could see my heart now that I fully understand her claims upon you, would have no objection to the love I still bear you, which I promise to cherish while I have life. I have never been anxious to enter that domain which seems so full of charms to young women. I have despaired of making myself happier, and am unwilling to cloud my existence by assuming obligations for which I feel no inclination; so when you are married, if you will bring your bride to Schulenberg castle, I promise you I will not feel jealous of her happiness."

With many such assurances, rode on the two who were, an hour ago, so much like lovers in appearance, but were now linked in that almost as holy relation of friends. The lengthening shadows of twilight fell around them, and the clear autumn moon had stolen up into the heavens, as they passed the great ruins of the northern wing of the castle. As it was his last visit, the countess would not consent to Philip's departure until the queen of the tides was far advanced on her starlighted journey. They went out for a last look at the grand battlements now silvered in all their broken lines with all-hallowing light. The night was cloudless; but in the beautiful upturned face at Philip's shoulder, was a serenity as deep and undisturbed as that which fell upon it from the in-

finite depths above. He gazed upon the mournful beauty of the lifeless ruin, and turned from the contemplation of its majestic stillness to look for the last time upon eyes in whose light he had known so much happiness. In their liquid depths he saw there was sorrow, but no cloud of despair. They still rested fondly upon him, but the old look of passionate entreaty for the avowal of his love was gone forever.

Philip's heart was too full to speak his good-bye; so he bowed his head and kissed the pure brow, and the next minute the rapid footfalls of Hamlet were swiftly bearing him away. On through the lights and shadows of the stately approach, glided the lone horseman. On the marble platform still lingered the queenly form, between the stone dragons guarding the portal. They had witnessed many arrivals and departures, but never in all their history had they seen a great joy so sweetly surrendered as the golden-haired maiden, in the strength of her goodness, went slowly up the broad steps. Oh! wondrous power of human love, and more divine gift of unselfish wisdom! Oh! fathomless mystery of changing life, what man has the capacity to grasp the heights and depths of your mighty significance! Who in the midst of crowned joy, listens for the footsteps of coming Nemesis, or sees the promise of Paradise in the very bosom of woe? Strange miracles of compensation await us at every turn. Hidden in supremest satisfaction, are the germs of future despair; and from rayless depths a feeble spark of hope is nourished until it grows into a flame illuminating the ages of unending bliss.



## CHAPTER XXI.

## ROSAMOND'S SORROW.

AND weeping then she made her moan,  
"The night comes on that knows not morn,  
When shall I cease to be all alone,  
To live forgotten, and love forlorn."

—*Mariana in the South.*

MORE than four years have elapsed since Rosamond Courtenay, then a girl of fourteen summers, made her first appearance. This interval of time is no inconsiderable portion of the term usually allotted to human existence, and, in the season of youth, is long enough for marked changes in the feelings and appearance of both sexes. In the life of a female, it is a season of such wondrous transformations that it often becomes difficult to realize the changes we behold in the full-grown woman. When Rosamond met Philip at the door as he came up to Thorndale cottage after the fox chase, he saw before him a tall, angular girl, striking in the contour of the head and face; but with all the charms of dark, brown eyes, she could not be considered, even by his indulgent eyes, as beautiful as rosy-cheeked Ida Somerville.

The thoughtful boy had often sighed for this want of beauty in her he had always been taught to regard as his future bride. He saw she was even less pretty than Mae Glancy, and was far inferior to the perfection of form and feature observable in Mariana: but there was some indefinable charm which made her very different from others. She seemed to live in an atmosphere wholly removed from that in which they existed. The dark eyes would

light up with a splendor born of her own sweet fancies, and there was a low, passionate fervor in her tones which imparted fascination to her wild stories, when her cousins sat spell-bound as her audience.

Rosamond had now finished her school-days, and had been at home for several months. She had recently received a letter from Philip, who had left Europe for the East. His letters often expressed a desire to return to America, but he was also eager to visit the cradles of human history before his final departure from the old world. He had frequently spoken of the Countess of Schulemberg's kindness to him, and the admiration with which he regarded her was not hidden. Rosamond was sometimes a little piqued in reading these fervid praises; but, having unbounded trust in the honor and loyalty of her betrothed, gave herself no uneasiness on the subject of his fidelity.

Ellesmere had again become the home of the family, so sadly returning from their long stay abroad. Judge Eustace was busy on the farms needing his attention. During his absence his agents had discharged their duties as well as could have been expected; but who has been so happy as to delegate his cares and still find everything executed as if he had been present? Large and varied interests now became a great alleviation to the sorrowful heart of the childless old man. The people of St. Kilda valley testified much sympathy for him in his sorrow, and it was affecting to see their grief when they first learned that the man who had so long been their idol had become but a shadow of the past. They had obeyed, to the letter, his last passionate appeals against political views he believed dangerous to their peace, and in many

a rude home on the mountain sides, bitter tears stole into the eyes of stern men as they recalled the genial smile and pleasant words of him who, with all his reputation and success, bore so much love for his early friends. Life's fitful fever was over; but of the throng who had been so lavish of their favors, how many would continue to cherish his memory? Alas for the stability of the structure for which thou laborest, O public man!

If life itself is a fleeting exhalation, what shall be said of that volatile incense of popular favor for which so much toil and care are undergone? Is there a dream that the applause of to-day will outlive the morrow? "So long?" says Hamlet. "Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. O Heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year."

When the breath of spring came upon the awakening fields in the misty, dream-like glow of the life-giving warmth, two forms could be frequently seen at the grave of the dead statesman. Rosamond and Mariana were planting flowers and watering them with their tears. Both in their hearts called him father. To one unacquainted with them, had he first seen the calm and passionless beauty of her who had been for years shrouded in darkness, he would have been ready to conclude earth contained no lovelier being; but turning to the taller stature of her companion, he would have seen another, in whose clear perfection all other forms were dwarfed and eclipsed in attractiveness. To say that Rosamond Courtenay was beautiful, seemed but a feeble commencement of a portraiture in the completion of which the power of mere words became utterly tame. Her radiant and super-

lative loveliness of form and feature instantly riveted the gaze of all beholders. Mariana had often seen the vast range of delineation of female beauty in the Louvre. She had stood in almost breathless admiration before the madonnas and angels of the great artists of the past, but when, after her return from Europe, she beheld her cousin, she seemed spell-bound, and could but murmur, "O Rosamond, if Philip could only see you!"

Mariana recalled from the period preceding her blindness the image of a little girl who was shy and plain, and while loving in her disposition, evidently more at home with an old romance than even with the admiring attentions of Philip and herself, unless they were listening to some story of hers which realized to the young dreamer more vividly the wealth of her fervid imaginings. She saw in the Rosamond before her a greater transformation than was ever wrought by the archest enchanter; a blooming woman, fairer than her own mirror reflected in the mysteries of toilet, and clothed with such watchful consideration for others that the charm of physical perfection soon became secondary to the magic of her manner.

During the last year of her stay, Rosamond had seen much gaiety in the city in which she was educated. The commodore, in whose family she lived, having returned from the command of the squadron on the African coast, his daughters, previously secluded by their mother, at once went forward into the round of pleasures upon which young ladies usually enter. There was too much politeness among those who visited the house for the display of any marked preference, at first, for either of the three maidens; but Rosamond's beauty was so unrivalled

she was recognized as the attraction which had converted a family, but little visited before, into leaders of fashion. If the good lady who had acted so much like a mother to Rosamond, had been liable to the usual weakness of those who see their daughters eclipsed in the superior charms of another, the heiress of Thorndale's stay might have been embittered by exhibitions of jealousy, but she had become too dear to the whole family for any such feeling, and it never occurred to their minds that any one could hope to behold unmoved the splendor of the beauty they had seen developed among themselves. Rosamond's engagement and romantic devotion to her cousin were not unknown, and, therefore, they looked for no interference with any of their own expectations. Nothing in the range of the usual incidents of life more severely tries the affection of woman than the knowledge that one is surpassed by another in attractiveness.

“Men hate because in act or strife  
They cross each other's path ;  
Short is the space for jealousy,  
And fierce the hour of wrath :  
But woman's hate runs deeper far,  
Though shallow at the spring ;  
Right seldom is it that they forget  
The shaft that galled their wing.  
A fairer face, a higher place,  
More worship, more applause,  
Will make a woman loathe her friend,  
Without a deadlier cause.”

In Rosamond Courtney, Mrs. Leighton and her daughters saw an entire absence of a desire to win the love of gallants surrounding her. She was ever kind and considerate, but no token of the usual coquetries of a pretty woman was discernible in the simple sweetness of the queenly maiden. She accepted the incense ever arising

around her in society with such meek and deprecating remonstrance, they could not in their hearts find an excuse for envy. God and her own nature had clothed her with glorious attractiveness, and it was the result of no exertion of her own. The vanity sometimes allowable in young belles was wholly wanting in her earnest and graceful demeanor.

William Compton, the father of Frederick, was considered by his neighbors a happy man. His long-cherished desire for public station had been gratified in his election, more than a year before, to the House of Representatives in Congress. Pepin, after his defeat at the St. Kilda races by Philip's horse, Tempest, had a career of brilliant success over different race-courses, and though Mr. Compton was known to gamble habitually no one thought he lost much money at cards. He was supposed to be much too astute for that. Some of his acquaintances feared he was injuring his health by strong drink, but no one ever saw him under the influence of liquor, when not in such goodly companionship that his own departure from sobriety seemed rather the effect of social feeling than any confirmed weakness. He would sometimes confess he did not think it an unpardonable sin for a man to be in such condition when many of his friends were in a similar state.

Mr. Compton had become the oracle of the valley, and now that his former competitor was dead and his father disabled by age from attention to public affairs, the long desired leadership had been obtained. No man in all the St. Kilda region was more consulted and looked up to, than Mr. Compton. Many parents would have been troubled at the traces of dissipation in Frederick, who,



though to the eyes of the uninitiated, a thoroughly respectable young man, was yet not entirely indebted to study and attention to business for his bloodless face, and meagre figure. He had recently returned from Europe, on hearing that Thorndale cottage was again cheered by the presence of Rosamond. To marry this heiress, was now the object of his otherwise purposeless life. To all things else he manifested an indifference strange in one so young. He did not positively dislike the rival who had baffled and outstripped him in the contest his own vanity had suggested, if his own words could be trusted. He was commonly profuse in his praise of the noble character ascribed to him whose unselfish kindness was too well known to be openly assailed ; but in his heart the young schemer would have rejoiced if the wild Bedouin of the desert had closed the career of the antagonist upholding the hopes of continued ascendancy in the house of Eustace.

According to the latest accounts in the possession of these two men who were consulting together concerning him, Philip was among the Arabs indulging his fondness for horses, and surveying, on their native plains, the steeds long celebrated all over the world. They were unable to ascertain when he was expected in America, and this seemed to trouble them as they were deeply interested in his movements. Mr. Compton was restlessly walking to and fro on the plush of a Turkey carpet in the gaudy pattern of which he appeared to have become fascinated, for his look had been several minutes bent on the floor. He was revolving some subject engaging the attention of every faculty, and, pausing before his son, who was reclining on a sofa, he remarked :

"Frederick, I shall be a ruined man in less than six months unless you can marry Rosamond Courtenay. My liabilities now due and those rapidly maturing will reach ninety thousand dollars. I cannot renew my notes in bank unless I can pay at least twenty thousand dollars; and if it were to save my life I would be unable to meet that claim which Col. Ridgely holds against me. With the large sums belonging to Rosamond you could easily extricate me from this dilemma to which my own folly has reduced me."

"What do you call your folly, father?"

"Why the madness of risking the money I have lost on that horse in the great match just decided, and the double-dyed simplicity of giving thousands to a senator and a professional gambler who, I am now convinced, united to fleece me in Washington last winter."

"I have not before heard of this latter misfortune. To what extent did you suffer?"

"At least thirty thousand dollars. I had great success at first, and was hoping I should realize enough to pay my debts, but was swindled out of the last farthing I could raise."

"Could not the farm in the South be sold?"

"No; I have a considerable amount to pay on that yet; and the man from whom I purchased has a lien upon both land and negroes, and movements of that sort would be certain to precipitate my creditors upon me. I thought from what you wrote me from Paris, Philip Eustace would marry that German countess. How is it you now have doubts?"

"When that letter was written," said Frederick, "I had visited the city in which is the university he was at-

tending. I there saw and heard enough from Eustace himself and his friends to convince me he was greatly interested in this young woman. I looked at them as they sat together in an opera house, and saw that she loved him too deeply even to conceal it there. I have never known anything to divert Philip from his purpose, and I certainly counted upon their marriage; seeing she was an heiress and the uncontrolled mistress of her person. I even visited Schulemberg castle, and bribed a servant to communicate to me at Paris everything he should observe indicating the true *status* of affairs between the countess and him. I grew uneasy when she went to Baden-Baden, and I repaired thither to observe her. She was surrounded by admiring nobles, but I saw her dissatisfaction in all the adulation her beauty excited. I knew she was thinking of Eustace, but when she went home, I soon heard that Philip seldom visited her, and that she seemed troubled about something, the nature of which was unknown. Finally my faithful spy reported that he saw them part in front of the castle, and though they were so tenderly attached that he kissed her brow; yet they spoke words in his hearing which indicated the love-making was all over. She was very sad after his departure, but not a line has ever passed between them through the post; and I am convinced, though they really loved each other, the affair has had to yield to the accursed good faith which this man persists in keeping with Rosamond."

"Why have you not used this love passage of young Eustace with the German lady to prejudice Miss Courtenay against him? Have you tried that yet?" and the

eyes of the father sparkled with the thought that flashed upon his mind.

"No," said Frederick, arising from his recumbent position, "I have not thought it prudent to take a step which would be sure to awaken furious resentment in this son of the giants. I can assure you any one may well pause before he creates in Philip Eustace's mind the belief that his honor has been assailed. I never saw a man whom I should not prefer as my opponent in such circumstances. If necessary he would suffer ten deaths, or beat me into mince-meat, if he caught me tampering with his name."

"Well, if you are afraid of him, I suppose I need not say anything more of what I think can be safely effected."

"I am not afraid of Eustace or any one else; but I am unwilling to place myself in the power of a man who values his life as nothing to his good name, and would be certain to blazon my shame to the world if he detected me in using unfair means against him with Rosamond. Let me hear what you have to propose, it may be I will approve your suggestion, after all."

"You say you do not dare to take any but fair advantage of young Eustace in this matter. That remark conveys a slur on myself; but I suppose I need not quarrel with you, when we are discussing a plan for my relief, even if you do indirectly insinuate I would have you act dishonestly."

"Father, we know each other," said the young man, with an ill-concealed sneer. "Go on, if you please, and let me hear what you will propose to weaken the attachment between these young people every one else is so anxious to see united."

"I agree with you," said Mr. Compton, "that this affair must be delicately managed. The young lady is too intelligent and her cousin too dangerous, to be interfered with in any weak and bungling manner. But you say you know that Philip Eustace loved this young German girl, and she reciprocated his affection. Now it is nothing but fair that Rosamond Courtenay, the affianced bride of the gay deceiver, should be informed of his untruth to herself. Moralists are agreed that the essence of a falsehood consists in the deception practiced. If we satisfy the heiress of Thorndale that Philip loves a woman in Europe, it does not involve a necessary violation of the truth. If you could manage to convince her mind on this subject, I think the mere instrument of that conviction ought not to be such a matter of scruple that a man should suffer his conscience to be hurt thereat; provided, always, he manages with enough tact to keep himself out of an ugly difficulty with the rival, who would of course be furious at the disturbance in his affairs."

"Father, if you please, cease talking like a Jesuit, and let me hear, in so many words, how you would accomplish this thing. I would almost be willing to accept the torture of the damned, if it would bring Rosamond Courtenay to my arms."

"Well," said Mr. Compton, "suppose you obtain an opportunity for uninterrupted conversation with the young lady. As you have not recently appeared in the character of her lover; assume that of a friend. Appear unwilling to say anything to disturb her, but intimate that you have information which should, by all means, be in her possession. Speak of the sacred nature of a double friendship, in which duty is divided between two

persons. Suggest that she is in danger of incurring unhappiness through life by ignorance of facts in your keeping; yet such is your affection for a friend, you can scarcely bring yourself to the disclosures you half believe it your duty to make. If she exhibit any desire for the information, exact a solemn pledge that, under no circumstances, are the revelations to be repeated; and then tell her how you saw Philip Eustace and this German woman billing and cooing. If you have a specimen of his hand-writing, I could produce you a letter which would work like a charm in the matter."

"What! commit a forgery?" said Frederick, and his cavernous gray eyes grew luminous with excitement.

"There you are again making your disparaging inuendoes, my son. Do you think me such a fool as to think of committing an offence for which I might become infamous? By no means commit a forgery! Write a letter, but sign no name to it. Read only a portion of its contents, and intimate that the remainder is of such a nature she should not see it. You need not say at all it was written by Philip; let that inference be drawn from the subject matter and chirography. Follow these directions, and I am very much mistaken if both our desires are not accomplished."

The summer was at its height of heat and gaiety. Rosamond had received a letter from the daughters of Commodore Leighton, and with Percival St. George as their escort, Mrs. Courtenay had accepted an invitation to meet them at the seaside. Mariana accompanied them, and, with oft-expressed wishes for the presence of him who was now wandering, they knew not where, they took up their abode under the shadow of a great fortress.



The commodore and his family were there, with many other friends Rosamond had known before leaving their circle. The beauty of the two heiresses from St. Kilda soon made them centers of attention, but the adulation of admirers was not the music to which they loved to listen. There was indeed one who could have awakened rapturous bliss by a few words in the ears of Rosamond, but he was far beyond the ocean rolling full in view. With Rosamond and Mariana, Percival, still retaining many of his youthful attractions, would go forth to listen to the murmur of the restless waves, and enjoy himself more than he had for years past in the presence of these lustrous beauties who were so full of tender appreciation of his infirmities. They saw with regret that the ruthless hand of time was scattering a little silver in his dark brown hair, and about the sad eyes were furrows which had been planted by the touch of sorrow; but his presence there betokened much alleviation from grief. If St. George was not so handsome, he was far happier than at any time since his early loss.

"I am very glad," said he, "that Philip is forearmed against disaster in his attachment for you, Rosamond. If he could see you now, I would not fear all the beauties of the world bringing him to such trouble as I have known. The men of our family seem able to love but one woman, and I know of none who have entered into a second marriage; where their hearts are once given, it is for life."

"Such were the sentiments of my dear father, cousin Percy," said Mariana. "He never gave me another mother after he had lost my own."

"I am sure," said Rosamond, "that mother proves the same trait in the females. She has married but once."

"Yes," said Percival, "I fear some of us are too indifferent to this relation, which, when blest with the love that often hallows wedded joy, is the highest bliss derivable from human affinities. Mariana, I think you are utterly careless about, if not averse, to the thought of marriage."

"I really never thought seriously on the subject but once," said she. "My dear friend, Charles Loundes, (whom you do not know, Rosamond), I believed really loved me, and his entreaties for my promise to become his wife so disturbed me that I was forced to ask myself if it was my duty to make the pledge he desired. I did not feel, under the circumstances, I should add to the happiness of either by so doing. I love him for his devotion to Philip, but my feelings never recognized the necessity of his presence, and I think I was right in not acceding to his request."

"Of course you were, St. Cecilia!" said Percival. "Who ever knew you to be wrong?"

"Cousin Percival," said Rosamond, "there goes my friend, Mr. Hastings, an acquaintance of mine when at school. I am sorry he is going to leave the country, for he has a charming family, and they are fond of me. He is an author too, you know."

"Yes," said Percival, "I have read some of his productions; he is very genial and pleasant in his fancies."

"You must know him personally," said Rosamond.

The season at the watering place was nearly over, and in a few days the visitors from St. Kilda expected to leave for their homes. Just previous to their departure they

were astonished by the arrival of Frederick Compton and his sister, Edith. Rosamond observed a change in his demeanor toward herself. For years in the past he had never failed to embrace opportunities to tell her of his love. The last time she saw him, before his departure for Europe, he had, indeed, said but little on the subject, and in his visits previous to her leaving Thorndale for the sea-side, he had but once referred to his love. She congratulated herself on the pleasant change from a despairing lover to a good friend ; and was consequently more than usually kind in her demeanor toward him. The beautiful victim was wholly unsuspecting of the toils into which the heartless and selfish man was leading her. The party was promenading on the parapet of the fortification. The military friends of the ladies had shown them the flight of several shells fired from a huge columbiad. They wondered at the ease with which a few cannoneers traversed the great piece on its circular carriage, and were still more at a loss to understand how men could be brought to submit patiently for hours to bombardment from such frightful projectiles. At the request of Compton, Rosamond walked with him to the next piece, also mounted *en barbette*, and the two sat down on the carriage.

"I do wish Philip would come home," said he, "for I should be rejoiced to see his face once more. I am afraid he is having such a happy time among those pretty countesses his anxiety to return is not as great as it should be."

"I am confident," said Rosamond, "instead of his being in the midst of pleasant society he is at this very

moment among the descendants of Ishmael, on the desert."

"Oh! he has returned to Schulemberg castle long before this. Of course he will not be letting those at home know all his movements. Did you ever hear of the Countess Theresa?"

"Certainly; Philip has written me glowing accounts of her beauty and kindness to him. They were excellent friends during his stay in Germany."

Compton looked up and smiled in a manner peculiar to himself. Rosamond noticed it, and it told her as plainly as so many words, he pitied her want of understanding. She had never relished the idea of the countess being so fond of Philip, and she was instantly anxious for an explanation of the silence with which her last remarks were treated.

"You must excuse me," said Frederick, "I cannot be saying anything about the way we young men behave when our fathers and sweethearts are not in sight. Philip is my friend, and I in am honor-bound to keep my knowledge to myself."

"I am sure Philip would have no objection to my knowing the truth; whatever it may be."

"Oh! but you must recollect my former folly, when I dared to have a hope in connection with yourself! Now if Philip Eustace, good as he is, were to hear I had been telling you of any of his love matters, he would never forgive me and always believe I acted from sinister motives."

"I know very well he has done nothing at which I should be distressed."

"I am your friend as well as Philip's, but I know you

will believe me when I declare my greater regard is for yourself. Then you are a woman, and I have long felt it was my duty to guard you from possible unhappiness, by warning you in time. I have thought my motives would be misconstrued, and even now I fear you are distrusting me. If I tell you anything it must be with the understanding that it is to be mentioned to no other person."

"Go on, Frederick," said Rosamond, "I promise you I will not even breathe it to Philip."

"Before I say anything more," said Frederick, "I must insist that you ought not to hold Philip to the same rules of devotion lovers are usually expected to observe. You must recollect his engagement to you is a family affair. He has been taught to regard you as his love, but the heart cannot be controlled in this matter. I have every reason to believe he tries to be faithful to you. He is the most sincere and dutiful son I ever knew, and as he is acquainted with his grandfather's and father's wishes, for his union with yourself, of course he will submit to their desires.

These artful words of praise sank into Rosamond's heart like the sound of shovelled earth on the ears of listening friends as the last sad rite is performed for the dead. He was praising Philip so much, that she was completely devoid of suspicion, and her noble head drooped with the first dull throbbings of a great sorrow.

"Go on with the facts you promised me, Frederick, and spare me, if you can, these cruel observations which, though you may intend them kindly, sink like daggers into my heart."

"You must not take these things, which you know as

well as I do, so much to heart," said Compton, and his bitter eyes danced with joy as he saw the grief he had caused. "You must accept facts in the way of the world; for family-made matches were never supposed to carry much love with them. Parties to such affairs of convenience look not to each other, but elsewhere, for affection. I have seen enough of European life to know this is almost always the case. Philip clearly recognizes this sensible view of his position in the world. He has always been engaged to you, but this did not prevent his making love to Lily Seaton while we were at college. Poor girl! she loved him too."

Here was another cruel stab, for Rosamond remembered the visit of Miss Seaton to herself, the young lady's manifest interest in everything relating to Philip, and she had a strong suspicion of the truth of Frederick's concluding remark.

"And then," continued Compton, "how could he be expected to remain insensible to the evident love of the beautiful countess who, unasked, gave him the heart which even dukes were unable to win? I saw her in the glory of her triumph at Baden-Baden where she remained unmoved amid all the adoration of her titled gallants. But you should have seen the dreamy languor of her love-lit eyes when Philip was at her side."

"Have you any reason to believe that Philip returned her love?" said the low voice of Rosamond, and her eyes eagerly questioned his face as if this were her last hope.

"I never heard Philip say as much, but his friends, the closest and dearest, distinctly declared it in so many words in my presence. I will show you a portion of a letter I received while in Paris. I know it is a gross



breach of the confidence the writer reposed in me, but you may read it, and see what I have told you is true."

He held the paper folded over in such a way that she could read only a part. A few sentences sufficed, and the blood fled from her face.

"It is enough," she murmured. "You have told and shown me enough. Oh! Frederick, if you had only killed me before you destroyed my hopes in life. I wish I could die and be at rest, and release Philip from his vows. Frederick, I have a sinful wish to throw myself into the waves of the sea out there. Think you it would be unpardonable?"

The soft, dark eyes gazed with such a look of wild longing upon the gray caps of the breakers, that the wretch who had occasioned her terrible despair, was frightened at his own work, and with passionate words besought her to be reasonable.

"What a fool I have been to talk to you in such a way. I thought you would view the matter as any one else, and not go frantic like some tragedy queen about the little flirtation of a young man who is, after all, so much better than any of us. But remember, you have promised to say nothing of what has passed between us."

"Yes, I remember," said Rosamond, still looking out on the sea. "Your words shall die with me, Frederick. Oh, I can surely not be burdened long!"

It was nearly dark when they left their seats ;

"And like a dying lady, lean and pale,  
Who totters forth, wrapt in a gauzy veil,  
Out of her chamber, led by the insane  
And feeble wanderings of her fading brain  
The moon arose."

The party went to the hotel, and Rosamond at once retired to her room, excusing herself on the plea of sickness, which Mrs. Courtenay and Mariana feared was serious when they saw the pallor of her face. They returned to St. Kilda valley, but the spirit of the beautiful heiress of Thorndale was darkened in a manner unaccountable to her friends. In her warm, imaginative disposition she had been all her life building up fancy structures of future bliss in which Philip was so largely associated that now she had come to distrust his love, existence became a blank, and she seemed sinking daily to deeper depths of gloom.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## A NEW GODDESS IN THE PANTHEON.

"I LOVE thee not the less: from thee  
By Juno's smile I turn not—no, no, no—  
While the great waters are at ebb and flow.  
I have a triple soul! O fond pretence—  
For both, for both my love is so immense,  
I feel my heart is cut in twain for them."

*Endymion.*

MORE than a year had elapsed since Philip Eustace and Charles Loundes started on their pilgrimage. They passed through France and Spain, and at Gibraltar took berths on one of the steamers of the over-land route from England to India, and thus reached Egypt and the Holy Land. They had gone as far into the desert as Tadmor and returning to the haunts of civilization, traversed the cities of the Levantine coast. Greece had been the latest field of exploration, and, then after a long chapter of moving accidents, they were safely arrived in the Eternal City.

This had been a laborious expedition to Philip. He had undertaken it with a determination to enjoy himself as much as he could; but study of the monuments of the past was his chief object. In the shadow of the Pyramids he realized the folly of human vanity; and amid the scenes of hallowed Israel, found the moonlight still placid on Olivet and the summer winds gentle in Gethsemane as in the days of the Saviour. Athens, with crumbling marbles was the most mournful picture of all; for in this chosen haunt of deathless genius men had accomplished all that is attainable by uninspired wisdom.

After all his wanderings, he had come to the grandest of all cities. Shorn of her olden precedence, Rome of the present day has not, without reason been called eternal. Philip had so much to muse upon in the story of its long-waning glories that he determined upon a month's stay, and soon found Ludwig Jägerndorf busy as ever at his easel. The enthusiasm of the artist had deepened since his friend had last seen him, and his stay in Rome was a period of passionate enjoyment. With a devotion remarkable even among artists, he had been giving his time, when not at work with his colors, to the study of the relics of Italian genius. There had been much to transfer to the subtle realm of his own fancy amid the well-preserved beauties of art in his own native city; but here creative faculty had been so lavish in its accomplishment that things prized in other lands were left to perish unnoticed. Mutilated torsoes, and the *dissecta membra* of antiques worthy of immortal care, were scattered around and destined, ere long, to follow many another precious remnant to the lime-kiln.

Ludwig was overjoyed to meet Philip, for he had known of his departure from Germany, but for a year past had heard nothing of his movements. This reunion brought no less happiness to the heart of the American, for he had but few acquaintances in the city. The minister-resident from the United States had gone on a visit to Naples, not intending to return for several days, and thus Philip fortunately found a friend to direct him in his explorations. He had not forgotten the location of Ludwig's studio, described in the artist's letters, but he at first feared he had returned to his home, and was therefore delighted when he had passed down the Corso

and diverged into Via della Ripetta, to find on a tablet the name of him he was so eager to meet. On the walls of the studio was abundant evidence of enthusiasm and patient work. Rough sketches and completed pictures were scattered in endless confusion; some, exposed to view, having received their last touches; others, being unfinished, were reversed. Here was a sure and pleasant retreat for Philip whenever he should tire in his explorations and feel the need of a place filling that craving of the human heart which is ever unsatisfied until there is some home-like asylum for refuge among strangers. Ludwig readily surrendered his time, to act as guide for his American friend, in surveying the wreck of that proud metropolis which is yet an object well worthy of all admiration.

Philip had purchased, while among the Arabs, two horses so remarkable for their beauty he had been at great pains to have them shipped to Malta, and by means of a courier, sent to his agent on the island, received them at Rome. He and Loundes had taken them out one evening for an airing on the Pincian Hill, when they met the American minister who had just returned from Naples. Mr. Maitland had been known to them in America, and more than once his two young countrymen had met him at the house of Gov. Eustace in Paris. The three were conversing together, when a horseman riding an animal of singular power and elegance approached the group. He was accosted by the American envoy and introduced as Lord Vernon, the English ambassador at the Papal court.

"Mr. Eustace," said he, "were you related to the late envoy to Paris?"

"He was my father, sir."

"I met him frequently," said his lordship, "and regretted to hear of his death. I have several times this evening observed those fine animals you and Mr. Loundes are riding. They must be genuine barbs, or I am mistaken."

"They are, sir," said Philip, "I purchased them in the desert from an Arab sheik."

"You have won a prize," said Lord Vernon, "richly rewarding you for all the trouble such a journey must have occasioned. Gentlemen, how long will you remain in the city?"

"For several weeks," said Philip.

"I am glad to hear it," said Lord Vernon, "and, as I am fond of horses, and have a portion of my English stud with me, I will have your horses cared for in my stable, if you desire it. You will find Italian grooming sadly out joint."

"I am a thousand times obliged to your lordship," said Philip, "for I have been sorely troubled on that very score."

Lord Vernon, having invited the three to dine with him on the morrow, bade them good evening and rode off amid the gay costumes and equipages which gave life and animation to this haunt of modern pleasure resting upon the bosom of ancient decay. The Americans having accepted the invitation, Mr. Maitland assured Philip he had found a friend in the British ambassador, who carried his fondness for horses and field sports to such a pitch, that he highly regarded men sharing such feelings.

It was in the early days of delicious Italian spring; and while the iron heart of winter was yet unbroken in



northern Germany and England, here, in the closing hours of February, many spots in the Eternal City exhibited the slowly-accepted influences of coming rejuvenation among the trees and flowers. Philip and Jägerndorf, on their way to the Castle of St. Angelo, beyond the Tiber, found themselves in front of that best-preserved and most impressive of all the relics of the imperial past—the huge, rotund and time-blackened Pantheon. The two so full of the pleasure born of devotion to study of the beautiful, paused to gaze upon the massive temple which, in the grand idea of its first dedication, seems to have contained a prophecy of its enduring adaptation to all the exigencies of the world's changing creeds.

"Let us go in," said Ludwig, "here is the tomb of Raphael."

"A fit mausoleum," said Philip, "for him whose mingled tenderness and strength must make his name dearer to you modern artists than any of the old masters."

They were surveying the vast dome, exchanging recollections of the great deeds and changes it had witnessed and survived. Philip was wondering how there could be such an air of majestic simplicity amid so many things taudry in its minor accessories, when he observed, under the circular aperture in the far-off roof, a party which had just entered. The group consisted of a man and three females; one, from her manner, he supposed to be the wife, and the two others daughters. Philip and Jägerndorf, as they passed them simultaneously paused to look upon one of the young ladies. She was gazing up silently at the sky through the opening above, and the magic of her wondrous beauty instantly enchanted both. The lines of her face and figure were ideal in their per-

fection; but sorrow hallowed and exalted attractions they had never seen equaled in the human countenance. Philip observed a scarcely perceptible movement of her lips, which he thought were breathing some sweet prayer to Him whose all-seeing eye was typified in the aperture through which her half-uttered yearnings arose. It occurred to him he had surely met her before, and he was striving to recall where it could have been, when her eyes rested upon him with joyous surprise, as if in recognition; but the next instant their expression had changed into that cold indifference with which great beauties reward the admiration of strangers. Philip felt chagrined at his earnestness, fearing he would be considered rude, but could not rid himself of the impression of their previous acquaintance. As they were reaching the entrance, he glanced over his shoulder, and the dark, lustrous eyes still followed his movements.

"The expression of the taller of those young ladies reminds me of Guido's Beatrice Cenci," said Ludwig. "It is even more beautifully sad, and I would give the world for the opportunity of painting her."

"Titian," said Philip, "would have prized such a privilege. She is most divinely lovely."

"Even fairer than the Countess of Schulemberg," said Ludwig.

"Even so," said Philip. "The countess is very attractive, but not so beautiful as this goddess of the Pantheon. It occurs to me I have seen her somewhere before."

"I have beheld such faces and figures in my dreams," said Ludwig, "but never in my waking moments. Such perfection does not exist in two women at the same time, and it is sad to think we may never meet her again."

With many such remarks about the girl they had seen in the heathen temple, which had been for twelve centuries full of christian shrines, they went to the Castle of St. Angelo. Mr. Maitland and his two countrymen, according to their promise, proceeded to the British embassy. Lord Vernon had introduced much English comfort into the dreary palace he inhabited, and his manner was charming to the pleasant company that had gathered before the arrival of the Americans. He seemed waiting for some one else, and soon a Mr. Hastings and his family were announced. Philip felt a thrill of unaccountable pleasure as he met the glance of the lady who had so attracted his attention that morning in the Pantheon. He noticed that a portion of the shadow had passed from her brow, and in the short conversation before dinner he learned that Mr. Hastings had been recently a British consul in the United States.

Philip sat next to Mrs. Hastings at the table, while Mr. Maitland occupied the opposite seat, with their eldest daughter, who had been introduced as Miss Venetia Hastings. The conversation first turned upon the recent visit of the two young men to the desert, but Mrs. Hastings and Philip soon became deeply engaged in a discussion of her stay in America. To him, who had been so long an exile from his native land, this was a delightful theme; and he was remarking how the home of his childhood, with its dear faces, overbalanced all the attractions he found in Europe, when he happened to glance at Miss Hastings, and the same tender look was in her eyes that filled them when they first rested upon him in the Pantheon. She was silent at the time, but turned to Mr. Maitland with some remark connected with his visit to

Naples. There was such surpassing grace in her manner Philip could not forbear observation, and when the ladies arose to leave the table he thought he had never been in such presence. There were several very attractive faces and forms among them, but they seemed dwarfed in the queenly stature and movements of fair Venetia. He felt relieved when the gentlemen returned to the drawing rooms and took his seat at her side. Hours glided away as he sat conversing with her, and when Mr. Hastings, previous to his departure, saying his long stay in America caused the citizens of that land to seem personal friends, invited Philip to visit him often during his stay in Rome, he who was slow in forming attachments gladly promised he would do so. His last thought before sleeping, that night, was of the sweet tones of Venetia's voice, adding her own request to that of the ex-consul.

The next morning the two Americans were in Ludwig's studio. The artist was at work, finishing a superb picture of Iphigenia in Aulis. The daughter of Agamemnon stood adorned for the horrible oblation, and stern confederate kings, awaiting the costly sacrifice, filled the middle ground. The victim, in the bloom of her youth, seemed almost resigned to the necessity of her fate; but in the pensive face was knowledge of her impending departure from the warmth and light dancing upon the blue Ægean waves. White-robed priests and clouds of incense filled up the remainder of the scene. Jägerndorf was full of his subject; but this did not prevent interchange of ideas with his friends.

"So," said he, "you met our Pantheon divinity at Lord Vernon's?"

"Yes," said Philip, "and she lost none of her attributes on closer scrutiny."

"She is the most superb woman I ever met, so far as external appearance and grace of manner extend," said Loundes. "I was almost dying to speak with her, but she was evidently so absorbed with Philip, I forbore to disturb them. How is it, Don Giovanni, that you manage to interest these ladies at first sight? I could see even at the dinner table, you had attracted her attention, and while you were talking to Mrs. Hastings, there was, at times, on her brow a light beautiful enough to have streamed out of Paradise."

"You are in love with Miss Hastings," said Philip, "and imagine these pretty things you so happily describe. I found fair Venetia kind, but very grave and lady-like in her manner. I have never seen a young woman who more impressed me with the evident absence of all coquetry which you seem to imply in your remarks."

"Not at all," said Loundes, "I saw nothing indicating such a thing; but she somehow seemed strangely interested in your society, and there were passing glimpses of a great joy in her heart, which I am certain has known some deep sorrow in its history."

"I noticed," said Jägerndorf, "in the Pantheon the same expression, and it was such sublimated grief that I fancied she must owe a portion of her beauty to its presence. I am trying to give my Iphigenia a trace of the same feeling; but my poor memory has lost much of the original charm which moved me so yesterday. Philip, the last evening we were together in the dear old Fatherland, you were telling me of a cousin you loved at

home. Are you still determined to marry her on your return?"

"Most assuredly;" said Philip, "whatever may be the pleasure I find with others, I have never yet faltered in my allegiance to Rosamond. She has not written to me for some months now, and as I shall go to America so soon, in my last letter I intimated I would soon follow."

"Philip," said Loundes, "I hope you will not be so much like an old maid here, as you were in Germany. You never made half enough love to the countess, and I think ought to have forfeited her esteem for the spiritless manner in which you received the undisguised admiration of a princess. If it had been myself, I should have exhausted my eloquence long before the first season was over at the opera-house."

"Charles," said Philip, "do not jest. The Countess Theresa and myself were friends; but how could I pretend to feelings I never possessed? It would be a subject of bitter regret that any levity of mine had created a false hope in the heart of a man, and much more in that of a woman."

"You are entirely too matter of fact in such affairs," said Loundes. "If the world were to follow your example, we should have no more flirtations, and the girls would become very insipid things. It is folly in them to believe all we tell them, and they generally know very well how far to trust us."

"I find my love and my flirtations," said Ludwig, "in the creations of my own hands and brain; but when I was almost a man I was also attracted by pretty eyes. They are now to me only subservient to my art. If they suggest anything I have not before delineated, they make



me happy ; but they are generally so common-place that only when I see some rare perfection like this peerless Venetia's do I stop for a second glance."

Lord Vernon manifested continued interest in Philip's beautiful Arabians, and one evening they made an excursion into the country, to enable the Englishman to test their habits under the saddle. They were both of large size for their breed, and but for the sheik's cupidity would have yet remained the pride of a desert tribe. The horsemen took their way through the gate of San Sebastiani along the world-famous Via Appia. This noble highway which had been constructed two thousand years before suggested to Philip a throng of stirring memories. Through the malarious and now deserted Campagna, along this very road, what mighty hosts had marched in triumph or fled in terrified retreat! Here went Pompey in his flight from Rome, and in his rear followed the imperious and conquering Cæsar. Its granite blocks had echoed with the returning tread of Scylla's veterans and with the flying feet of those bearing intelligence of the fatal disaster at Cannæ.

"What conflux issuing forth, or entering in,  
Praetors, proconsuls to their provinces  
Hasting, or on return, in robes of state ;  
Lictors and rods, the ensigns of their power,  
Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings ;  
Or embassies from regions far remote  
In various habits on the Appian road."

As they were returning to the city they were overtaken by the carriage of Mr. Hastings, and were passing along slowly together when Lord Vernon remarked :

"Miss Hastings, do you not admire these horses of Mr. Eustace?"

"They are very beautiful," said Venetia. "What are their names, Mr. Eustace?"

"I call the one I am riding Selim, the other Rosamond."

Miss Hastings turned her face from him as he finished the sentence, and Philip did not perceive her altered expression. Then looking up, she said :

"Will you stroll with me to-morrow on the Pincian?"

"I shall be very happy to do so?"

The next day Philip was too much engrossed with the beauty of Venetia to linger in the studio of Jägerndorf, and went early to the house of Mr. Hastings. There was a warmth in his invitations which strongly contrasted with the usual polite indifference of strangers, which was very pleasing to the weary young traveller. Indeed he noticed a freedom from restraint in the conduct of those he met in Rome, entirely different from the society in which he had mingled elsewhere. There seemed to be a general consent that people should live in a way that seemed best to themselves, without that troublesome espionage too many in other places exercise in their neighbors' affairs. Even Lord Vernon, representing the most reserved people in the world, had from the first shown a kindness and frank disregard of mere conventionalities grateful to Philip, who had in the last year seen innumerable faces, but was all the while impressed with the fact that his existence to them was a subject of utter disregard. The Englishman was doubtless more interested in the horses Philip had obtained with so much trouble than with himself, but this did not appear in the respectful attentions he bestowed upon the two young men.

Edward Hastings was a man of culture and attainments. His life had been spent in literary industry, and he had attained some celebrity as an author. To further his desire for a stay of considerable extent, his friends in power had accredited him as consul to one of the southern cities of the United States, and he was now able to live in elegant ease on the income received from the sale of his books. He found a more congenial home beneath the glorious light and azure skies of Italy than in the clouds and humidity of England, and thus lived at Rome.

"Mr. Eustace," said he, "as you have been in the old world for three years, and have latterly seen so many ruins, I suppose Rome is less striking to you than to myself who have so long lived amid the prosperous and expanding states of your country. I saw nothing of decay there, but everything bore the impress of earnest utility and recent creation. I made scarcely any stay in England, hurrying here for the benefit of Mrs. Hastings' health, and you may imagine how grand and gloomy to me the Eternal City appears."

"Rome is very mournful to me also," said Philip, "but I do not experience the tender regret for her fate which I felt as I stood amid the ruins of the Acropolis. The very gradeur and duration of Roman rule should have been enough to satisfy the claims almost of a world, much less those of a city."

Philip and the divine Venetia went on their stroll to the Pincian. If the city was saddening in its aspects elsewhere, here were beautiful verdure and shade, and the grounds were full of gay people. The fountains threw up their jets of water; and above all, was the incompar-

able Italian sky. The colors of the picturesque costumes were more brilliant than one could imagine the same material could possibly appear seen in a different climate. The scene, with its lawns, marble basins, and avenues bordered with busts of those who have made Italy the admiration of all the world, was so fair and full of animation, they could but feel happy. Philip, as much as he enjoyed such things, as he glanced at the thoughtful face at his side, confessed in his heart that after all here was the highest effort nature had yet shown him of all her gifts. The richness of the dark mourning Venetia wore heightened the effect of her calm and noble presence, and her companion observed a gradual disappearance of the cloud he had seen on her brow when he first beheld her in the Pantheon.

"These clustering trees and beautiful flowers," said she, "are so refreshing to me, I feel as if coming from under the shadow of death into a new-born immortality. This great mouldering city with all its fame and remaining beauty impresses me with its look of voiceless grief. It seems to me as if it were really what Lord Byron called it, 'the Niobe of nations;' yet these trees, and plants, and the green sward, are as fresh as those gladdening our first parents before their sin in Paradise."

"You must be fond of nature," said Philip, "and I am sure there ought to be a sympathy between yourself and all other beautiful things; for I am persuaded there is some general law of affinity linking like unto like. I am not astonished that you should prefer the eternal freshness of God's creations among things inanimate to the crumbling traces of human genius and ambition."

"Do not understand me," said she, "as undervaluing

art. I love the old Pantheon where we first met, and I feel inexpressibly moved, Protestant as I am, whenever I visit St. Peters. I love to enter some of these many time-worn basilicas when the choir chants its evening hymn to the Virgin: I listen to the tender music and see the glorified light coming through the great windows; I lift up my own heart in prayer, and it seems then I am nearer heaven than if I had not received the beautiful influences coming to my soul so thickly at such an hour."

"I fear you will be so captivated with these striking accessories which the Roman church throws around her worship, we shall lose you from our faith. I can very well understand your feelings; and the danger is not great if you are watchful enough to separate your emotions evoked in the merely earthly music and architectural effects from the spirit and claims of the religion itself."

"Oh do not think I can ever worship a saint or imagine a wafer the body of our Savior; but there is such a balm to the troubled spirit in many of the Catholic forms as I am away here from our church I think it no sin to forget the differences which divide me from the theology of this people, who, after all, worship the same God with myself. If you will come often and lead my poor thoughts into the right channel, I am confident my occasional prayers at vespers will not mislead my heart."

Philip looked into the dark eyes raised so trustingly to his own, and thought he had seen them in all the sweet dreams of his life.

"That would be the most delightful task I ever assumed; but how could the teacher hope to resist the im-

pressions of such a pupil? I fear I should soon surrender the control of my heart in efforts to guard your mind from the approach of error."

"I pray you, do not mock me with gallant speeches. I have felt so lonely before I met you, O so lonely!"

The meek head bent over, and the bright beams of the Italian evening rested upon it. Philip felt for the first time in his life that here was a being in whose presence existence would become one long study of the holy and beautiful.

"I have become very weak," said Venetia, "full of emotions beyond my control; and, Mr. Eustace, I have felt a calmness in your presence that is very pleasant. I have hoped we would become good friends."

"I would be in despair," said Philip, "if I thought you could regard me as in any way indifferent to your welfare. I am impressed, whenever I look in your eyes, that I have seen you before, for they are to me like some dimly remembered dream of the past. I not only enjoy your presence, but there steals upon me a sense of delicious bliss. I fear I am doing wrong in this very joy I experience, for duty should control us through life, and mere happiness should be subordinated to its control."

"I can assure you there can be no harm in our joy. God never intended us to be unhappy, unless we make ourselves so. Yes, we can," said she, with a thoughtful pause. "The only great sorrow I ever knew came to me out of the bosom of innocent bliss; but that grief may have been the child of misapprehension. I am hoping for a joy which shall be more lasting, and in its sunshine I shall be all the happier that a fleeting cloud intervened between me and the source of my illumination."



She looked up with a countenance which the divinity of hope was surrounding with an aureola of its own effulgence, and Philip thought of his duty to Rosamond as he felt love deep and uncontrollable for the saintly beauty at his side. The realization brought a pang to his heart which pictured itself on his face as he turned sorrowfully away. When his glance again rested upon her, Venetia was looking across the Borghese gardens upon the mysterious and sullen outline of the Egyptian obelisk. She was regarding, with all that touching sadness which had so moved him in the Pantheon, the strange relic of an age so vast that Abraham may have seen it on the Nile. He felt that he was in a painful dilemma, for if he continued these conferences, he would become more hopelessly fascinated by her who so freely opened her heart to his inspection. He was conscious that her delicacy of perception had instantly taken cognizance of his momentary throe of self-reproach, for he saw a return of grief to her face; so with a resolution to restrain such thoughts while in her presence, he remarked :

“ I would almost give my life to lift this shadow which I see on your brow. I do not seek to know this grief to which you have referred, but if you will rely upon one who cares too much for your happiness to add to his own, whatever I can do consistent with my duty to you and myself, shall not be withheld. I have sorrowed in the loss of a dear father and the former blindness of my sister, and know what it is to be burdened with grief; but you have hope that the clouds which have rested upon you will soon disappear. I beseech you to disperse them all, and trust in that superintending care which has promised to bring good out of all things.”

"I am so grateful to you for that remark," said she. "The suggestion of an evil which my soul dreads worse than death obscured my vision for a moment. Now I am willing to risk all to Him who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," if you will only promise to often give me such good council in the future."

"My stay in Rome is necessarily brief," said Philip, with a sigh. "I must return to America; but in the meanwhile, whatever I can say or do to add to your pleasure shall not be withheld."

They returned in the twilight through the Piazza del Popolo, passing under the black shadow of the overhanging obelisk. They were just leaving the Corso for the Via del Babuino, when Philip observed a man who was passing them start as if in astonishment. He looked back, and the figure had stopped and was gazing after them. As they slowly proceeded on, Philip several times caught glimpses of the man stealthily hanging upon their tracks as if observing their motions. The moon was beginning to gild the domes of St. Peters and the Pantheon, and they paused to look on the beautiful scene, now so full of light that the archangel on the summit of the Castle of St. Angelo was almost distinguishable. Philip having seen Venetia home, walked rapidly back to encounter his mysterious pursuer, but he had glided off in the shadows and all trace of him was lost.

Day by day Philip realized more fully to himself that he was in love with the beautiful being who, if he could trust her own words, was so unaccountably attached to himself. One evening when alone with Mr. Hastings, having been talking of America and his approaching return, he told him of his engagement to Rosamond. He

was fearful the interest Venetia evinced in him might lead her into unhappy hopes, but this disclosure occasioned no diminution of the kindness previously shown him, and Philip felt half ashamed at what he supposed the suggestions of his own vanity. He remembered his experience with the Countess of Schulemberg, and while it gave him a false confidence in his own power of self-control, yet it caused him to recognize the possibility of Venetia's love.

For a month he surrendered himself to the delicious joy of her presence. Together they had explored the old palaces of the Doria, Borghese, Corsini; and were one day examining pictures in the Colonna when Philip, who had been for some time half-convinced that Venetia was loving him too well for her own happiness, resolved on his departure for America. She had been as lovely and bright that day as the sunshine of Italy; and so convinced was Philip that he must leave Rome if he ever expected to be happy with Rosamond as his wife, he told Venetia of his intention. Tears came into her eyes and the old Pantheon shadow settled on her brow; but there was evident determination in the drawn lines about her mouth, as if she were preparing her heart for a great sacrifice. Philip's resolution was much shaken as her slender hand trembled in his grasp, and he would have given the world to have told her the love in his heart; but, at all events, his plighted faith must be kept. Deferring his departure would be only increasing his and her torture; so, with steady voice and a glance which sought to convey only a brother's kindness, he walked away.

Philip could not resist his desire of seeing her once more that evening, and waited in the street, near the

church at which she usually attended vespers until he saw her approach. He stood in the shadow, so she was unconscious of his presence when she passed, and he saw she was in deep sorrow. The beautiful head which rose so queenly whenever a gleam of joy entered her soul, drooped as if in despair, and following her was a form instantly recognized by Philip as the man who had so persistently pursued them on the evening of their first stroll on the Pincian. The strange figure followed Venetia into the building, and his face was so concealed by a slouched hat and other disguises, Philip's suspicions were aroused that in some way this person must have been the cause of her sorrow. The possibility of his haunting her as a mysterious persecutor awoke the indignation of a heart ready to face death in behalf of those much less beloved, and he kept his post of observation until the sorrowing maiden came out of the church, followed by her strange attendant.

Philip could not resist the impression that his duty required him to keep Venetia in sight until she reached home, and fathom, if possible, this secret surveillance of one she had never mentioned to him. It was growing dark, and after passing some distance he could perceive that the pursuer was rapidly approaching her. Philip heard him speak, and the next instant he had seized her. She made an effort to scream, but the hand of the villain was on her mouth. The profaning touch was speedily removed, for a strong arm doubly nerved by love and rage struck the aggressor to the earth. As he fell a pistol was fired by a confederate from behind, the ball from which grazed Philip's temple. He turned upon his new assailant, but he immediately fled, and the man on the

ground in the meanwhile drawing a revolver discharged one of its balls into the shoulder of him who had thus baffled his purposes. The assassin was stricken to the ground by a blow dealt by a policeman. His wounded antagonist turned his attention to Venetia, who was bewildered by the violence of the scene. Philip stated the circumstances to the policeman who, for a wonder in Rome, was prompt enough to be of service, and, giving his own and Mr. Hastings's address, went with his fair charge toward her home.

Venetia was so stunned she did not discover at first that Philip, who was trying to soothe her agitation, was wounded; but when they had nearly reached Mr. Hastings' house, she became aware of it by the dripping of blood from his clothing. With a great effort she mastered her agony of apprehension, when entering the door he became so faint he would have fallen but for assistance. A surgeon was soon procured, who insisted that the wounded man should stir as little as possible. Philip was anxious to return to his lodgings, but Mr. Hastings would not consent to this. He said it was his duty and pleasure to take care of one who had protected his adopted daughter. To these solicitations the fair Venetia added such sweet entreaties that the sufferer, who could not think of being so near her without pleasure, was forced to consent. Charles Loundes and Ludwig Jägerndorf having been sent for, were soon at his bedside to aid the fairer nurses. The patient the next day became delirious and in the wanderings of his mind, was constantly talking of his double love for Venetia and Rosamond. The grief-stricken maiden was tireless in her attentions, and often as the two friends sat watching the beautiful

figure, hovering over him they loved, strange gleams of joy brightened her face, as some murmur of the pallid lips breathed her name in accents of affection. Mr. Hastings surveyed, with the eye of a philosopher, this rare devotion Philip seemed to inspire in all who approached him, and it recalled to his mind George Herbert's declaration :

“ More servants wait on man  
Than he'll take notice of. In every path,  
He treads down that which doth befriend him  
When sickness makes him pale and wan.  
Oh mighty love ! Man is one world, and hath  
Another to attend him.”



## CHAPTER XXIII.

## LIGHT IN THE COLISEUM.

<sup>a</sup> If after every tempest come such calms,  
 May the winds blow 'till they have waken'd death!  
 And let the laboring bark climb hills of seas  
 Olympus-high; and duck again as low  
 As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,  
 'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,  
 My soul hath a content so absolute,  
 That not another comfort like to this  
 Succeeds in unknown fate."

—*Othello*.

ITALIAN SPRING was each day calling from the bondage of its silken sheath some new miracle of beauty in the luxuriant foliage. The opening buds gradually became more gorgeous, and with this fulness of restored perfection in the flowers, returned the first faint glow of coming health to the pallid face of Philip Eustace. Having safely passed through the crisis of his danger, with his natural endowments of strength and health, it was seen there was no longer a necessity for his confinement to the sick-room. The gentle watcher, in whose defence he had received his hurt, had never manifested a look of weariness in all her vigils. After conferences with the surgeon and Charles Loundes, concerning herself and Philip, he, who had been so long his dear friend and fellow-wanderer yielded precedence in the direction of affairs, as if she possessed superior claims. The artist and he would sit quietly for hours at a time, and gaze awe-stricken on the beautiful maiden, the light on whose brow had become as that of an angel. Ludwig had studied this sorrow chastening the antique elegance of her out-

lines until in his studio was now a picture far advanced towards completion, preserving the expression which had so fascinated him in the Pantheon.

To Philip's two friends Venetia became half divine, deepening and entirely exceeding their previous conceptions of the sacred purity and tenderness of a true woman's love. Loundes had known the rare perfections of Mariana, but in his recollection of her there was nothing to parallel this self-forgetfulness and devotion which seemed suspending the frailty of human nature. He almost realized the old fables of immortal beauty descending from Olympic courts to watch over and sustain suffering heroes. Mariana was pure as the driven snow, but in Venetia every movement and expression was indicative of a love which had converted the woman into an angelic guardian of the object of her attachment. Mariana had never exhibited capacity for a sentiment on the continuance of which her own existence depended. In no earthly source were the fountains of enjoyment to her who had walked so long in blindness, but it was plain to all that the very life of Venetia was involved in that of Philip, and she seemed to have no thought but of him. There were no visits to the churches at vespers for prayers; from her heart was rising a continual incense of supplication for the life and happiness of him who

"Lay like one in trance,  
That hears his burial talked of by his friends,  
And cannot speak, nor move, nor make one sign,  
But lies and dreads his doom."

The delicate perception of Jägerndorf read the secret of her calmness in the upturned face, and felt that he was

in an atmosphere to which all his previous conceptions were gross and earthly.

Philip's reason was too weak to resist the emotions of his heart whenever he saw Venetia at his bedside; and with low, feeble tones told the story of his love for her. As he looked into her tender eyes, resting so unfalteringly upon his own, he read more of her heart than her own maidenly confessions conveyed. To his mind sometimes half reproachfully stole up the image of his cousin as he had seen her in their last interview, but that period seemed to belong to a life long gone by. The Rosamond he had loved was in some strange way lost and confounded in this superb Venetia, who had broken down all his strong resolutions, and drew from him, in spite of all his struggles to the contrary, the long withheld story of his over-mastering devotion to herself. There was a dim conviction in his mind that Providence was in some mysterious way sanctioning this love from which he had at first shrunk as contrary to his duty. He now had no thought of what should be the result of all this present happiness; it was so full and complete it seemed to him its very recollection would compensate for years of subsequent sorrow. He wondered if he could ever again grow unhappy under any circumstances with the knowledge of such devotion having been lavished upon him. Venetia's family knew of his engagement to Rosamond, yet they made no objection to the tie which was in their very eyes, day by day, growing stronger between himself and their adopted daughter. This was all mystery to Philip, and in his weakness he turned from anything so difficult to grasp, as wearisome and hopeless of solution. He accepted the present as he found it, and surrendered him-

self to the delicious interchange of those nameless endearments which hallow and sweeten the glamour of youthful attachments. Barren have been the joys of life to those who, in the golden memories of that vanished era, fail to recall some such visions of bliss.

Lord Vernon and Mr. Maitland were very kind to Philip in his days of suffering. They had exerted themselves to discover the names of his assailants. One had escaped, but he who fired the pistol-shot which wounded him, though confined to a dungeon since that night, had obstinately withheld his name. Mr. Maitland, from what he could learn, supposed the prisoner to be an American. The Papal system of criminal procedure was so secret that few disclosures were made by the authorities, in relation to the case, and these were obtained with difficulty. An officer connected with the courts, having taken the depositions of Philip and Venetia, was kind enough to procure for the injured man a sight of the pistol with which he had been shot.

On pleasant evenings Lord Vernon frequently sent a carriage in which Philip and his fair companion basked in the loveliness of the skies and found fresh delight in the face of now fully-attired nature. Philip in his illness had lost the bronze imparted by long travel and exposure, and his pale cheeks and flowing brown hair caused him to resemble some of the old pictures in the city.

Ludwig Jägerndorf was gratified in the wish expressed for the opportunity of painting Venetia's portrait. One day as he was at work on this engagement, Philip, having heard Charles Loundes refer to a beautiful *Cenone* which had made its appearance in the studio since his illness,

asked Ludwig to show him the work. The artist put down his pallet and brushes, and brought from the other end of the room a full-length picture which had been turned to the wall in their previous visits. Philip was astounded to behold a complete reproduction of Venetia as they saw her in the Pantheon.

"This," said Jägerndorf to the maiden, "is CEnone after the desertion of Paris. Can you imagine who suggested my subject?"

"Yes," said she, "it much resembles myself; but I surely never looked so sad as that white-robed figure."

"Ludwig," said Philip, "I must by all means possess it."

"I have intended it as a present for you," said Jägerndorf, "as a memento of your kindness to Sigismund and myself."

"You have more than repaid me," said Philip, "long ago, in your own kindness; and I shall never be able to tell you how much I prize this picture. It is almost as beautiful as the new goddess of the Pantheon."

"He will spoil me with vanity," said Venetia, "if he speaks in this way, Mr. Ludwig."

"There can be but little harm," said Ludwig, "in your hearing such speeches when every eye that beholds you is eloquent with the same sentiment."

"How can you, Ludwig," said Philip, "with so much appreciation of the beautiful, have hitherto failed in paying that last and supreme homage to its claims implied in the term love? You are attracted by the loveliness of nature, but how have you failed of that higher affinity between two hearts? The calm of your life may be less disturbed, but the very monotony of your sensations

must, at last, pall in their want of fruition. Repose and immunity from the usual disturbances of life are low pleasures—at best but little surpassing the unreasoning content of well-fed animals. We find in the precarious tenure of human love those higher joys the more prized in the very knowledge they can be so easily lost. The bird which has never known the pleasures of a pinion may be quiet in the cage,

“And what may count itself as blest,  
The heart that never plighted troth;”

but after all we owe our happiness to a conformity with natural laws, and they point to the necessity of man's looking to his other self for the bestowment of content.”

“You are doubtless happier,” said Ludwig, “than I have ever been at any time in my life; but not having found one upon whom to lavish my affection with the prospect of its return, art has come to me in its stead; and I find pleasure in toil, which so increases with years, my dearest hope is to be undisturbed. It gives me joy to see you happy, but I should fear to risk my own frail bark on such an untried sea as the whole subject would be to me.”

“Ah! M. Ludwig,” said Venetia, “I fear you are a hardened old bachelor, but I know you can love your friends very dearly. You were as tender as any woman to our patient in his illness.”

Several weeks had passed away since Philip felt any inconvenience from his wounds. The surgeon and his friends remonstrated whenever he proposed starting homeward, insisting he was not yet sufficiently restored



for the long journey across Europe and the Atlantic ocean. His mirror exhibited a face so thin and wan, he was forced to agree with their advice and his own inclinations to remain longer in the presence of Venetia. Now he found himself so much restored, he removed to his own lodgings, and conscience was beginning to whisper the wrong of longer delay in his departure. If he had analysed his feelings, he would have been puzzled to account for the madness of deferring a separation all along recognized as inevitable and not remote; but still, with a feeling that was unreasonable to himself, he lingered for a few days longer. Life beyond that time had but little promise. He still remembered Rosamond with kindness, and he never thought of blaming her for the the painful position to which his own weakness and the force of circumstances had reduced him.

Much of his time was spent in the company of her who became dearer as the hour of parting approached. The last time he had seen Venetia, on referring to his determination, he was surprised that she manifested so little of the old grief which once clouded her brow whenever he spoke of their separation. More than two weeks ago, he had sent his horses, by way of Paris, to the sea-coast, to be ready to go with him to America; when one evening he was alone, and was surprised to receive a letter which had been lying for months uncalled-for in the French capital. He recognized his grandfather's handwriting on the envelope, and was afraid of sad news from home, as he hastened to break the seal. It began with a statement of the good health blessing the family at Ellesmere, and the anxiety with which they awaited his arrival for he had written he would be at home about

that time. Philip felt conscience-stricken as he read, "I have something painful to relate in relation to your cousin Rosamond, in whom, until recently, we were all so proud and happy. She left school, the most lovely and attractive young woman it has been my good fortune to see in all my life. We were charmed as much by the sweetness of her disposition as by the perfection of her beauty, and I often reflected, as I looked upon her, what joy would be yours in such a wife. She was devoted to you, and I was astonished that, having seen you so little in the last four years, she should cherish such romantic attachment. Surrounded by many admirers, who would have eagerly linked their fortune to hers, she seemed above all the weaknesses incident to pretty women, and was as true to you as if already your wife. She went with her mother and Mariana, under the charge of Percival, to the seaside, radiant and happy, and a month afterwards she returned in sorrow so profound and mysterious, we are yet wholly unsatisfied as to its origin. I am assured by her mother and Mariana that it grew out of no unhappy attachment contracted there. She steadily refused to account for the depression destroying her life, until her mother discovered, from language uttered in her sleep, her belief that you were forgetful of her, in the love of another. Percival says there was a long conversation between herself and Frederick Compton, on the evening she first exhibited symptoms of melancholy, and I have since learned that, on one occasion, when his father was intoxicated, at St. Kilda, he declared to some gentlemen that he was satisfied you were about to be married to the German countess of whom you have so often spoken. Although I know the falsehood of this story, I am

satisfied young Compton has used it to destroy the happiness, if not the reason, of our beautiful Rosamond. We know you too well to think you could so far forget your plighted honor in this way.

"Percival, at the request of Rosamond and her mother, has accompanied them to Europe, where, I hope, travel and change of scene will remove this corroding grief from the heart of the young sufferer. As soon as this letter reaches you, I desire you to find them, and remove this impression from the mind of this dear girl, whose unusual devotion to yourself has occasioned her distress. If I believed you capable of deserting her for any other woman, I should be shamed in all my nature, that my grandson, in whom I have rested the hopes of my childless age, was so lost to his own honor as to think of such a thing as these false and malicious men have ascribed to you. Were you capable of such a thing, it would dishonor our name, and bring my own gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. Forgive my warmth on this horrible and impossible subject. I am not, dear Philip, for a moment shaken in my trust of your good sense and claims to the name of gentleman. In all my long experience, you have been so far the most faultless youth I have known, and I am confident you will continue in this career of truth and self-respect. In that trust I commit you to the keeping of God; praying him to bless you, and while life lasts.

Your grandfather,

PHILIP EUSTACE, SR."

It would be difficult to imagine the feeling of thorough humiliation Philip experienced in reading this letter. He felt that he was not only amenable to the censures of his

grandfather, but the energy and good sense of the epistle recalled his own faculties which had been eclipsed and benumbed of their former vigor by passion and sickness. He considered himself the slave of an ignoble thralldom, and remembered with shame that when he was two years younger he had resisted all the fascinations of Theresa of Schulemberg. Now to fall a helpless slave into a romantic attachment for one of whose parentage he was ignorant, profoundly humbled him. He was dismayed at the prospect of his return to Ellesmere; for how could he face his grandfather with a knowledge of such weakness in himself?

Then, too, the fair brow of Rosamond, which he had dimly seen that night when they had ratified the vows of their childhood, stole up in his memory. He thought of all the suffering the sensitive and imaginative girl had undergone on his account, and now its first intelligence reaches him in the midst of a passion to which his love for the German countess was only child's play. He was stung to the heart, and horrified to think his position would soon become known to the world, thus exposing him to the contempt of all good men. He felt the throb of a wound deeper than that lately inflicted by the assassin, and, for the first time in his life, wished his existence ended.

He went out into the soft Italian air and mingled with the throng on the Corso; soon wearying of that, he passed on amid the mouldering old city now less mournful in its aspect than his own face. The glances of men who perceived his trouble only increased his uneasiness, and he paused not until he reached the bridge of St. Angelo. The yellow water of the Tiber went on its course to the

sea, disregarding his sorrow as it had that of countless other men who, in the ages since Romulus, had lived and come to grief in the great city. As he stood pensively gazing into the water, heartily wishing himself asleep beneath its waves, one of Goethe's songs stole up to his remembrance:

“Heart, my heart, O what hath changed thee?  
What doth weigh on thee so sore?  
What hath from myself estranged thee,  
That I scarcely know thee more?  
Gone is all which once seemed dearest,  
Gone the care which once was nearest,  
Gone thy toils and tranquil bliss,  
Ah! how couldst thou come to this?”

He looked around upon the relics of the past, and returning passed by the Fountain of Trevi. In the midst of a ruined temple of the far-off heathen age he sat on a fallen column, which, in its massive and enduring strength, seemed almost as intact as when fresh from the hands of those cunning artisans who had been resting from their labors so long. Philip, in the presence of this voiceless and neglected representative of a forgotten splendor, felt rebuked that he, who was the architect of his own trouble, should thus, like a child, shrink from what he had brought upon himself; so, with the hour of sunset, he returned to his lodgings in a calmer state of mind, but fully resolved that the morrow should witness his departure from Rome. He was busy in his preparations when Loundes and Jägerndorf came in from a stroll. Noticing the gravity of Philip's countenance, Ludwig asked:

“What are you doing with your trunks?”

“Preparing to take leave of you, Ludwig. I have this evening received a letter from home which makes me

ashamed of loitering longer here, so I shall bid you adieu to-morrow."

He made no further explanations, and the artist was grieved to see the determination first announced adhered to as Philip and his servant continued to pack the trunks. Ludwig sorrowfully took his leave to prepare the pictures belonging to his friend for his departure.

"Philip," said Loundes, "we have promised to meet our friends in the Coliseum to-night. Have you forgotten our agreement?"

"No. I shall be ready in time, but you are not preparing to start in the morning. Are you unwilling to go then?"

"Not if you are still intent upon it when we return to-night."

Philip was galled at this last remark, considering it a reflection on the thralldom of which he was now heartily ashamed. He made no reply, for he felt that his friend was reasonable in this lowered estimation in which he was held. Sorrow and shame but no resentment throbbed in his heart as he silently continued his labors. When these were finished, they went on their way to the vast amphitheatre to which, in the morning, Philip was expecting to go as light-hearted as any man among the multitudes formerly there celebrating their bloody saturnalia. As he walked silently by the side of his friend, in his heart was a gloom, deep as ever clouded the brow or dimmed the eyes of doomed gladiator repairing thither to amuse a remorseless populace with the sight of his dying agonies.

The moonlight fell gloriously on all objects, hallowing, with silvery radiance, hundreds around which cluster



a world of memories. In its soothing influence Philip's burdened heart recurred with anguish to the thought that, on this night, he should look on the beauty of Venetia for the last time. As they approached the colossal ruin, in whose vast area huge armies could be seated, the tender mournfulness of Byron's description recurred to a mind then filled with darker despair than ever haunted the mind of the noble poet :

“The trees which grew along the broken arches  
Waved dark in the blue midnight, from afar  
The watch-dog bay'd beyond the Tiber; and  
More near from out the Cæsar's palace came  
The owl's long cry, and interruptedly,  
Of distant sentinels the fitful song  
Begun and died upon the gentle wind.”

As they entered the shadow of the great walls, they heard the voice of Venetia, singing an English ballad, and Philip knew from the sadness of the song she was hurt at his delay in coming. Carriages, at the entrance, showed that they were not to expect silence in contemplating a scene so full of majestic stillness, and sounds of laughter from the enclosure itself, in his present mood, jarred on his ears. The arches rose tier over tier between him and the moon, and he tried to realize the wondrous beauty it had inspired in other imaginations; but there was either too much light or, possibly, his heart was unstrung to the enjoyment of anything. Here, in the world's greatest charnel-house the nations once sent to their conquerors, wild beasts, strong-limbed gladiators, and unresisting christians, that imperial Rome might see them die on this very area. From the central point, where the earth had received such seas of blood, now

arose the tall, black cross emblematic of a faith once so persecuted there.

After some pleasant raillery on their late arrival, the party, which the Americans had joined, settled themselves amid fallen columns, and chatted on, merrily as people should, who visit places so long dedicated to amusement. At Philip's request Venetia accompanied him around the shrines, for what he felt to be his last conference with her.

"I am very glad you have come," said she. "I feared you were ill, and I should not see you to-night."

"I have been very busy this evening," said he, "in the most sorrowful labor of my life. I have been preparing to take leave of you and Rome in the morning."

"Why this haste, dear Philip, have you ceased to love me?"

"Alas no! I love you better than my own life, which I have been half tempted, this evening, to throw away in the Tiber."

"Oh! Philip, you are not talking like yourself. How can you, who have sustained me in my great trouble, and whose noble trust in God restored my soul to joy, thus madly contemplate the most unreasonable and sinful of all human transgressions?"

"Venetia, I am in a cloud so black I have no hope for the future. In my love for you I have lost my self-reverence, and, Oh! God, that I should say it, I know not how to meet the face of my grandfather."

The strong man paused, shaken with a mighty convulsion, and Venetia realized his torture.

"Oh! Philip, my life, my dearest of all hopes, tell me this trouble, and I will be willing to die, if I do not make

it all clear. You shall see your grandfather as proudly as you ever met him if you will only trust me. Remember the abyss from which you have lifted me, and let me know all this grief."

"It is too late, Venetia. The day of hope has passed forever from my reach, and life, once full of promise, has become an utter wreck. I am stranded on a barren shore from which there is but one escape, and in that, I agree with you, is such sin I dare not think of it. Let us go to the cross in the centre of the arena and I will tell you all."

They went to the spot indicated, and seated themselves. The moonlight was streaming full upon Venetia, and Philip gazed sorrowfully into eyes in whose tender loveliness a worse man would have felt half-absolved from the most atrocious blood-guiltiness.

"Venetia," said he, "you are all the more beautiful now that I feel we are talking together for the last time."

"Your beauty is your beauty, and I sin  
In speaking, yet oh grant my worship of it  
Words, as we grant grief tears."

"I wish I had died when that unknown wretch wounded me. I should have left the world in all my integrity; but now, to my shame and grief, I have the knowledge that what I must say to you will seem reproachful."

"I promise you, Philip, I will not feel hurt at anything you say. I have much to urge in extenuation of my conduct, and you shall have my story when you have finished."

"I am the only male heir," said Philip, "of a family of

large wealth, and my grandfather, who reared me, has lavished upon me, since my earliest recollection, a love so tender and such wise counsel I have been favored with all the benefits my heart could desire. I have a dear cousin, named Rosamond Courtenay, and our friends have told us from early childhood we should some day be married. I have ever loved her, and when we were little children we exchanged vows afterward ratified on the eve of my departure for Europe. I left my native country, having gone to Germany, and was there but a short time when by chance I rescued a young countess from probable death. There amid strangers in a foreign land she gave me such kindness and love I should be brutal to forget it. I loved her for the nobleness of her heart; but we parted only as friends. I told her the story of my love for Rosamond, and kept my honor as a gentleman, with no regrets to poison my future happiness. I went forth into the world on my travels, and after wandering in different climes I came here, and by accident saw you in the Pantheon. I was at once irresistibly attracted, and soon resolved to fly from a presence that promised to unfit me for the love of my cousin. The desire to see you again that evening detained me at the church near which I was wounded, and through your dear guardianship robbed of my manhood. I had hitherto maintained the silence duty suggested, but in my weakness you learned all the secret of my love. I have been unable to recover from the glamour your beauty and goodness has thrown around me until this day. A letter which I received from my grandfather has recalled my faculties to a proper appreciation of my course. Some one has convinced Rosamond that I

love the countess of Schulemberg, and the belief has crushed the heart of my dear cousin. She is in Europe with her friends, seeking to regain her former peace. My grandfather has written me to go at once in search of her and refute the slander which has caused her grief. But, Venetia, how can I approach her pure presence with a lie on my lips. I was never other than the friend of Theresa of Schulemberg, but you are dearer to me than my existence; and thus, when called upon to save myself from dishonor by denying one imputed breach of my plighted word, I am self-convicted of yielding to my love for you. Oh! Venetia, to what straits has your beauty brought me, and what shall I say to my dear sorrowing cousin to raise her drooping head? My grandfather declares if he thought me capable of deserting her, and thus dishonoring my name, it would bring his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."

"My stay in Rome," continued Philip, "has almost realized the old Greek idea of destiny; for while I have struggled to do what I felt was my duty, accident and irrepressible heart proclivities have overruled and baffled me. I told Mr. Hastings of my engagement, that he might know my duty and help me perform it. How have you aided me in this matter, Venetia? Your adopted father must have told you my situation; why then did you not drive me from your presence when you saw the fatal infatuation which was stealing my reason and honor? What hope have you left me in the world, and how can I become the husband of my cousin, having left my heart with you in Rome? How can I meet the wisdom and innocence of those at home? Venetia Hastings, I call heaven to witness, with all my love for you, I would a

hundred deaths had come ere I saw your fatal beauty. You have made me happy in disregard of my duty, and destroyed my self-respect as a man. I doubt not you have been kind in intention, but you now know the ruin you have wrought. I know not how to say farewell, but I leave you forever this night, and may a diviner pity than I shall find bless you through life. If it were right, I could lie down at your feet, in this blood-stained arena, and be happy forever; but I must sin in this love no longer. I shall start in the morning to look for Rosamond to tell her all."

"Where will you find Rosamond, Philip?" said she, detaining him as he arose to leave. "My heart's dear love, I am your Rosamond;" and with a flood of happy tears the beautiful maiden, no longer Venetia Hastings, but the peerless heiress of Thorndale, wept upon his bosom. All disguises were now ended, and the burden lifted from Philip's heart. As she looked in the dark eyes so tenderly regarding her, she felt astonished that there should have ever floated a cloud of doubt into her atmosphere of love, now seemingly as clear as the star-gemmed Italian heavens. Over the mute and bloody arena in the shadow of the black cross, sat the lovers. From this same spot, in ages long ago dead and lost in the eternity that lies behind us, what voiceless agonies had arisen toward the sources of infinite pity! Here the gladiator had felt his eyes swim in death, and heard the shouts of brutal applause grow faint in the throes of dissolution. Up into those same quiet heavens had gone the last faith-illuminated glance of unresisting and yet triumphant martyrs. Here, in the hidden mystery of Him whose eyes had seen all this holocaust of woe, were these



two beings in the fullness of their youth, basking in the joy born of the most tender and innocent of all human emotions. The two were for some time silent, for Philip was too happy to heed the voices of visitors around them. Rosamond had promised to explain the mystery he was so anxious to unravel.

“Our good friend, Mr. Loundes,” said she, “has told me that the Countess of Schulemberg sometimes called you Don Giovanni. You need not wonder then that my affections, when almost a child, should have clung so closely to you. I have been in dream-land a large portion of my life, and all my fancies have taken you and your plighted love as their source of happiness. Instead of the wild old romances I was so fond of rehearsing to you and Mariana, my visions early rested upon you, and my joy in you when I should come to live in your smiles. In those days I was pained whenever I approached a mirror, and thought surely Philip cannot love me as I would have him, unless I grow more winsome. I prayed heaven to send me beauty for your sake, and as the years went by in which I could only see you in my dreams, I watched the changes in my appearance, and saw with a great joy God was answering my prayer. My own eyes and the words of those who loved me too dearly for flattery, assured me I was no longer plain. I felt confident that when you saw me, and knew how dearly I loved you, there would be no regret for the vows we had so often exchanged.

“Dear Philip,” continued Rosamond, “God has punished me for this vain confidence. I became convinced, in a way I am not at liberty to explain, that you repented of our engagement, and had given your heart to the

Countess of Schulemberg. I was too weak and faint-hearted to see through the falsehood, and the conviction that you had ceased to love me shattered my hopes. I was so sinful I longed and prayed for death. Knowing your high sense of honor, and fearing you would carry out our engagement, even though you loved another, I felt the possibility of my becoming a burden on your life. I was fast going to the grave I so earnestly desired, when mother learned the secret of my grief. I did not break my promise to say nothing of what had been told me, but I was so heavy-laden in my sorrow, I talked of you in my dreams.

“Through her came a gleam of hopeful distrust of the statements which had been weighing upon me as a fearful certainty. I determined I would come to Europe and see you under another name, and if possible win your love. It occurred to me you might not be loving another, and still, in your dutiful regard for the wishes of the family, be willing to fulfill our engagement. I was determined to become your bride on no such grounds. You must love me for myself and no other reason. Oh! Philip, I am so thankful I came to this determination. I am now fully assured of your disposition toward me. I came to Rome, for I knew you had not been here, and you had written me you would be certain to do so. Mr. Hastings had been a dear friend of mine in America, so I told him all my story and plans, and he eagerly seconded them. He adopted me as his daughter, and I had been here but two weeks when we went to look at the Pantheon. I did not perceive you at first, and was silently praying for our meeting, when I felt a strong conviction of your presence, and, looking around, saw you. Oh

the joy of that moment! I felt that heaven had answered my prayer; but, from the eagerness of your glance, fearing you had some suspicion of my identity, I looked coldly upon you to destroy this impression. I saw, at the embassy, that you did not recognize me, and regarded this second meeting by accident as ominous of joy.

"I need not tell you now, dear Philip, that much of Mr. Hastings' kindness and my own conduct, which must have seemed strange to you at times, has been prompted by my desire to obtain a full confession of the love I sometimes saw in your manner, but which you so resolutely forbore to speak. I was in despair at your going away, for I had really ascertained nothing but what you had told Mr. Hastings; so when in your delirium you spoke of a double affection mysteriously divided between Venetia and Rosamond I was made happy in full assurance. I desired the surgeon to let me tell you all, but he said it might destroy your life in the excitement it would create. I was afraid your friends would think me indelicate in my claims to watch over you when another was in possession of your troth; so, on the promise of keeping my secret, I told them I was Rosamond Courtenay. Since your recovery I have been eagerly waiting for an opportunity, but your silence concerning Rosamond has puzzled me to tell you. I was a little hurt, dear Philip, for fear you had almost forgotten the little girl who so loved you in your regard for Venetia. You have now shown me your truth and nobility, and I thank heaven for all we have suffered—it has only strengthened our love."

"How long," said Philip, "would you have left me in

this cruel uncertainty had I not determined to leave you?"

"This very meeting was planned by myself that I might here tell you all. To this end I have written to my mother and cousin Percival, who have been staying with Count Orsini at Lake Como. They reached the city this evening and are here."

They crossed the arena to one of the shrines where they found Percival St. George and Mrs. Courtenay. When the greetings were over the master of Vacluse remarked,

"Philip I must congratulate you on this scenic denouement of the prettiest melodrama in actual life I have ever had the good fortune to observe. You and Rosamond have kept me holding my breath for months past."

"Well Philip," said Charles Loundes,

"Can these things be,  
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,  
Without our special wonder?"

"What say you now; shall we leave Rome in the morning?"

"No," said Philip, "I have found the fair Rosamond for whom I was to search. Charley I owe you something for the pains you have taken to keep me in the dark, and I will get Mariana to pay off my debt when we reach Ellesmere."

"Cousin Venetia," said Percival, "we are all too happy to think of retiring sooner than the *moon*. I brought your harp in the carriage, and you must help us to celebrate your happiness to-night. Though we are not at the capitol, and have no bays ready for your coronation,

we can easily imagine you another Corinne if you will sing us that pretty fantasy addressed to Philip."

Rosamond stood by the instrument, in the full glow of the moonlight, and in her flowing draperies seemed some noble priestess of extinct creeds revered in past ages. She looked up to the great arches high above her, and in a voice so full and rich all merriment was hushed into silence, sang this

MIDNIGHT FANTASY.

"The stars of heaven are gleaming"  
On sleeping land and sea,  
With all their bright rays teeming  
With joy for you and me.  
Oh love! they seem, with each sweet beam,  
To kiss the happy sea;  
Their loving eyes look from the skies  
Of deep infinity.

"The stars of heaven are gleaming:"  
Dear one I wake for thee;  
Thou art near when I am dreaming  
With thought and fancy free.  
From this sweet home, to thee they roam,  
Oh bear me gentle river  
Unto his side—I am his bride  
Forever and forever.

"The stars of heaven are gleaming"  
Upon the distant lake;  
The swan has hushed her screaming  
Until the birds shall wake;  
The shadows deep now softly sleep  
Upon the moveless tide;  
Its crystal waves in stilly caves,  
The sportive Naiads hide.

"The stars of heaven are gleaming"  
Amid the bowery glade;  
A nightingale is seeming  
From Paradise estrayed;  
How wild and free her melody,  
Oh love! this summer night  
Would that my lay could bear to thee  
Such story of delight.

"The stars of heaven are gleaming:"

No sorrow of the day  
Comes to me softly dreaming  
Of my lover far away.  
O'er hazy lea, and languid sea  
From shining realms above  
With softer gleam, upon such dream,  
Look down O star of love!

"The stars of heaven are gleaming,"

In the castle's ruined hall  
The moon beams soft are streaming,  
Splendor through the creviced wall  
The long light breaks, in snowy flakes,  
Upon the marble stair;  
While starbeams sweet, with silent feet  
Are swiftly dancing there,

"The stars of heaven are gleaming"

'Long battlements on high  
Where banners once were streaming,  
And shrilled the battle-cry;  
In ceaseless glee, could we but see  
The fairy armies go  
Above the moat, they gayly float  
To music soft and low.

"The stars of heaven are gleaming,"

They glow with softer light,  
The sad moon too is seeming  
To faint with fleeing Night,  
To me they seem, some fading dream,  
As golden morn comes on,  
The breezes wake, upon the lake:  
Another day is born.

"The stars of heaven are gleaming"

Oh Love within thine eyes;  
I know a light is beaming,  
Whose death my soul denies,  
It e'er shall glow, as round us flow  
The full, joy-brimming years;  
I trust in thee, and Him we see  
Alike through smiles and tears.

"The stars of heaven are gleaming,"

The dew-washed willows weep  
Mists from each gorge are streaming  
Where babbling runlets creep  
Oh! look, oh! see how splendidly  
Flames all the orient sky.  
As star by star in realms afar  
Fade slowly all, and die.



The moon hung very low on the horizon before the party left the Coliseum. Philip had gone there with a heavy heart, but left it serene and contented as any of all the countless hosts entering and departing in the last eighteen centuries. As he rode away in the carriage by Rosamond's side, his glance lingered upon the vast arches now more beautiful in the softened light of the sinking moon. Earth had no promise of greater joy.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE WEDDING BELLS.

"THAT their exceeding mirth may not be told:  
Suffice it here by signs to understand  
The usual joys at knitting of love's band,  
Thrice happy man the knight himself did hold,  
Possessed of his lady's heart and hand;  
And ever, when his eye did her behold,  
His heart did seem to melt in pleasures manifold."

*—The Faery Queen.*

ELLESMERE, in all its long history of alternate joy and grief, had never witnessed an occasion of such unalloyed satisfaction as had been visible throughout the day in every face belonging to the large establishment. The gloom which had come upon the stately homestead after its double loss by death and the departure of the family had disappeared on the return of the wanderers. On the previous evening the rooms at Thorndale cottage were filled with friends to witness the bridals of Philip Eustace and Rosamond Courtenay, and there was momentary expectation of the arrival of the wedding party. It was a general holiday among all the negroes of the family, and they were showing by their uproarious hilarity how much they sympathized with this return of joy to the "white folks in the great house."

They had come by hundreds, not only from Grafton and Blenheim, but Thorndale, Vacluse and Ramillies were nearly deserted, to allow them an opportunity of participating in the feast of barbecued pigs and roasted oxen. Fiddles and banjos were freshly strung for the night's revel, and on every side were indications of

boundless satisfaction among the joyous slaves. Thompson still maintained his authority with no perceptible diminution of his huge stature. In so large a gathering, where many were consulting him as the oracle in whose response all their ignorance could be enlightened, he assumed an importance equal to the occasion, and with unfailing good humor answered a thousand questions.

"Unk. Thomson," said one, "how long 'fore all dem folks down at Thorndale gwine to git here?"

"Well, Tony, to de best o' my information it will be 'twix sunset and dark."

"I've hearn say," said another, "ole master has done and gin up everything to Mass Phil; and all us niggers down at Grafton belongs to him now."

"That's true as gospel, Luke," said Thompson, "ole master tole me no longer dan las' week dat he and Miss Henretta Courtenay was gwine to make over everything to Mass Phil."

"Mass Percy tole us," said one from Vaocluse, "dat he wanted everybody Mr. Earl could spare from tendin' to de horses an' mules to come here to Mas. Phil's weddin'. He said if nothin' happened Mass Phil was some o' dese days boun' to be de master o' Vaocluse an' we colored folks over dare."

Judge Eustace was opposed to any bridal tour on the part of the newly-wedded pair. He thought they had travelled enough, and they tully agreed with him. This was the second night of a series of dinner parties and evening entertainments in honor of the young people in whose joy so many participated. Even Percival St. George determined to disturb the solitude of his house with the merriment of this festive occasion. Mr. Somer-

ville and Col. Ridgely had also issued invitations, and with all these merry-makings St. Kilda valley was half mad with excitement.

At nightfall, as Thompson had predicted, came the long retinue of carriages from Thorndale. Every room in the house was lighted-up for the numerous guests participating in the family joy. Friends had come from distant homes to mingle in the gaieties, and boundless satisfaction palpitated in every heart. Mrs. Eustace who had drooped so much for the loss of Stanhope having found the death of her remaining son had so shattered the father that he needed all her native sunshine, concealed her sorrows, and in the love she bore her grandson not only participated in his enjoyment but transferred much of her happiness to her very quiet and dignified husband. Judge Eustace had not shown so much satisfaction even at the wedding of his son Ashton as now in this union so long an object of his solicitude, and at one time so jeopardised by the falsehood of Frederick Compton.

Philip, after his recovery, had examined the pistol with which he was shot, and on its silver mounting he found engraved the small initial letters F. C. The officer who took his deposition had made this discovery, and showed them to Philip, asking him if he had an acquaintance to whose name they applied. The truth flashed upon his mind, and on his return to America, having learned that young Compton had followed Rosamond to Europe, he was convinced of his villainy and complicity in the attempt to murder. He never communicated this information to Rosamond, knowing it would occasion her distress to think she had been even partially the cause of

the life-long imprisonment to which the baffled abductor and assassin was sentenced by the Roman tribunals. He was unwilling to let the world know that any one, who had ever hoped for the hand of his bride, had fallen so low; so the fate of the mad and guilty man was a sealed mystery to those among whom he was reared. The elder Compton, in spite of all his schemes, had been deprived of the greater portion of his property, and with a small remnant dishonestly fled from the country. The handsome residence and farm at Gatesley were now offered for sale by those who had attached them, and not one of the family remained in St. Kilda valley.

At Ellesmere were gathered many of those who have largely occupied the earlier pages of this narrative. Arthur Kean and his wife, formerly Ida Somerville, were talking with Philip and Rosamond. The lawyer had already secured position at the bar, and by diligence and probity was surely and steadily approaching the highest honors of his profession. Mr. Grey was there, the most cheerful and animated spirit of them all. In his sacred functions he had knit the holy tie between the lovers, and the good man seemed almost as much delighted in this happy event as the bridegroom himself. He still devoted his life to the humble flock long ago selected as his spiritual charge, and with unfaltering zeal had so far persevered in what he believed his special duty toward them. At times unlooked for apostacies, as had been exemplified in Isham, were repeated by others, and thus brought sorrow to the heart of the faithful shepherd; but he was too well satisfied with the good effected to abandon them as incorrigible.

Percival St. George had slowly outlived the great sor-

row which had blighted his youth, and had become in many respects as other men. While much of his time was still spent in the solitude of Vaocluse, it grew out of no disgust with the usual enjoyments of men. He did not seek promiscuous communion, but by no means shunned the usual interchange of neighborly courtesies. His interest in Rosamond had overcome much of his aversion to mingling with strangers. In his efforts to console her in the midst of her gloom consequent upon their visit to the sea-side, he had largely palliated the sting of his own long treasured grief. He now mingled with the gay throng with all his former grace of manner. Alfred Ridgely and his affianced bride, Mae Glancy, were also present. Honest Roger Earl was there, too, to share in the festivities of the family he had so long and faithfully served. Philip happened to be passing, found him alone, and at his request Roger entered the blaze of fashion and loveliness. He approached Rosamond and congratulated the bride, who was, according to his statement, even more beautiful than Leonora Orsini's portrait in the closed room at Vaocluse.

It would be difficult for persons who have dwelt in other portions of the world to realize the joy and freedom from restraint pervading this large assembly. All thought it their duty to make themselves as pleasant as possible, rightfully considering gravity and sour visages as much out of place on such occasions as a death's-head at a revel. The loveliness of the bride had never before shone so transcendently above all competition. She accepted the duties incident to her central and supreme importance in the throng with such charming grace, that even Philip was surprised at her vivacity. The story of



her love and suffering being known to those present, it elicited an admiration and fervor of regard which her delicate perception recognized in those who half forgot her dazzling beauty in the superior merits of pure and passionate devotion. Philip's rescue of Sigismund from the burning house in Germany, with his previous feats of daring, made him a modern Guy of Warwick to the people of St. Kilda valley. No theme could be dearer to Rosamond than praise of him; and she was gratified on every side, not only by the spoken truth, but the very expression of mute, eloquent eyes unable to conceal the pleasure of beholding his stalwart figure. Judge Eustace with all his placidity of manner, could not conceal his satisfaction at this boundless esteem manifested for the grandson, in whose character and attainments he had ever been so absorbed.

Philip and Rosamond were all in all to each other, but had too much appreciation of the pervading sympathy surrounding them to fail in a proper recognition and return of the kindness. The young wife could now follow the promptings of her heart without danger of forming false hopes in the breasts of her male friends. She had never known the usual weakness of pretty women in their love of admiration and had frequently blamed herself for declarations which in spite of her prudence fell from the lips of those who had the pleasure of her radiant presence.

Charles Loundes and she were standing a little removed from the gay party, and she saw from the thoughtful brow that something was engrossing his soul.

"You are looking," said she, "as if but half participating in the spirit of this closing scene of what cousin

Percy calls our melodrama. Will you tell me, who as Philip's wife am in duty bound to love you, how I can put to flight that shadow from your brow?"

"Yes, Rosamond," said Loundes, "make Mariana love me with half of your devotion to Philip, and I promise you my face shall be a picture of happiness the remainder of my life. I have endeavored to control my love for her, for I see in spite of all her kindness she does not appreciate it. I have resolved to make one last effort to-night, and ask her once more to become my wife."

"I should be very happy, dear Charles," said Rosamond, "if you and Mariana would love each other. I have not failed in telling her how much Philip and I prefer you to any one else as her husband, but I dare not encourage you to hope. I think Mariana will never marry. She lives in a sphere above our usual human reach. Beyond her love for kindred and friends I do not believe she has at all experienced the pleasure and pain which so early visited me in my devotion to Philip."

"Rosamond," said Philip, approaching them, "the colored people have requested me to take you to the scene of their festivities. They wish to see the bride."

"Of course," said she, "we must comply with their wishes."

"Now here's a young master and mistiss worth seeing," said Thompson, who was waiting for them at the door. "Mass Phil. our folks has axed me to invite you and Miss Rosamond to please give us one look at you. We all thinks it's good for sore eyes to git sight o' anything nice as young mistiss. I was tellen' dem how I seed her las' night at Thorndale, a lookin' so much like de blessed

angels; an' dey all wants to see her in dem bride's clothes she's got on now."

"Uncle Thompson," said Rosamond, "I am very much gratified in your good opinion. Has Philip told you how often we spoke of you when we were across the seas among all those strange people in Europe?"

"Yes, mistiss, Mass Phil. has told me all 'bout it, and the heap of nice things you and he fetched for me and Nancy made us de proudest niggers in de valley."

They had by this time reached the banquet hall of the negroes, which was filled to repletion. The dancing had been suspended on information of Philip's and Rosamond's approach, and they came forward to pay their respects to the young master and mistress in whose known kindness they had ample earnest of future good treatment.

"Mass Philip," said one, "I want you to fix up de house an' you an' Miss Rosamond stay some down at Blenheim."

"What you talkin' 'bout, Jack?" said another, "of course dey are gwine to stay all dare spare time down at Thorndale."

"We shall visit you all frequently," said Philip. "Uncle Thompson has enough horses to carry us around the world."

"An' de best horses on de yeth," said Thompson. "Miss Rosamond I wants to show dem to you. Mass Percy keeps Hildebrand here, and Tempest is jes as good as he was de day you seed him beat dat outlandish horse o' Mr. Compton's. Den dares dem two fine fellers we calls Hamlet and Exile, and if I was gwine to die de next minit I couldn't tell which I likes best, dem or Selim and

Rosamond what Mass Phil. fetched home wid him. Mistis I'm afeard for you to ride dat young mare yit. Blanche is sure-footed enough for any ridin' you'll do, so I want you to give her an airin' sometimes, for Miss Mariana don't take to my horses much no how. Mass Phil. is sorter tired o' old Sultan, but he's as good as ever. He aint a day older dan Gray Friar he gin to Mr. Kean; an' he rides him to dis day."

"I hope to ride Black Sultan many times more, Uncle Thompson," said Philip, "but I should hate to give him such a day of it as when we followed the dogs from Satan's Nose to below the stone bridge."

"Mass Phil.," said Thompson, "Kitty showed me dat same varmint when I was over dare yistirday, an' he looks pint-blank like he did 'fore a dog's mouth ever siled him. I should be feard o' hurtin' Sultan myself; but some ole horses can stand a heap o' hard ridin'. Dare was old Marlboro good most to de day o' his death, an' it takes a horse as is a horse to carry me. I've bin ridin' one o' dem lumberin' coach horses dat I counts mighty near next to nothing 'cept tis to pull a carriage full o' ladies. Mass Phil. I hope you aint gwine to give up de country to de foxes now you's married?"

"Oh no, we shall stir them up often," said Philip, "and you will find it as hard a matter to follow Hamlet and Selim as you ever did Black Sultan if you take a coach-horse into the fields."

"Well master," said Thompson, "I am gittin' so ole an' heavy I carry too much weight for dem thorough-breds. I am glad you like de young dogs, for now Sweetlips an' Ringwood is both dead, I was afeard you'd think my trainin' won't good when you was gone."

Philip assured him he was in every way satisfied with his attention, and with the bride returned to the drawing rooms. The negroes were dazzled in the splendor of the gentle beauty, for she seemed to them a being almost deserving their worship. The fiddles and banjos recommenced, and soon the clatter of resounding feet told of fresh life and mettle in the sable dancers. What a careless, half-reasoning race were those contented slaves of St. Kilda valley? with no thought for the morrow, they passed through life as if care had no part in their organization.

As the night wore on Charles Loundes determined more strongly on renewing the suit, in which he had such slight hope of success. Mariana never seemed so beautiful to him as on this occasion. He had not on his return from Europe been pressing in his solicitations, for he had spent the larger portion of his time since that event at home with his mother, and he had but recently returned to witness the marriage of his friend. He well knew that in case Mariana accepted him her family would have no objection to their marriage. His talents and good character, together with the high position and wealth of his lineage, made him worthy of any woman's choice. To all these recommendations was added his long friendship for Philip. They had been for years together in strange lands, and were now loth to be separated. He had no doubt of the esteem in which he was held by the object of his devotion, but her strange immunity from usual faults seemed to have rendered her superior to any necessity of communion with others in hours of depression. Mariana was entirely removed from any such ills as grief and melancholy, and knew

nothing of those dim and unaccountable hours of dejection often incident to her own sex. Her only distress was an occasional suggestion of her own heart that she was not sufficiently absorbed in her devotion to heaven. No earthly pleasure or care obstructed her view of the celestial courts, and there centered the sources of her cloudless serenity. The organ she still so much used was under her touch the utterance of some beautiful prayer. She had confessed this one evening to Rosamond when no one but themselves was present.

"Mariana," said Rosamond, "what is passing through your soul when you are making that wild and solemn music?"

"Rosamond," said she, "I can scarcely tell you how I feel when alone with my organ. It has become the voice of my soul, and I come here to forget the world. I can then express things my tongue is powerless to utter. I know God can understand all my longings, whether they assume the form of words or ascend in this other incense of worship."

Rosamond, with all her devotion, could not rise to the comprehension of this complete abstraction of a soul surrounded by so much to bind it earthward. She was too much absorbed in Philip to understand how a world, so gloriously beautiful to her, should become of such small moment to a lovely young woman like Mariana. She had once tired of life, and longed for oblivion and rest; but she now shuddered at herself for entertaining such sinful disregard of her duty. Mariana's blindness had not been without its lessons. She had come to the light again, but was unwilling to forego one atom of former consolation. Had she been of the opposite sex, and lived



in such an age, she would have realized the beautiful character of Sir Galahad :

“A maiden knight—to me is given  
Such hope, I know not fear ;  
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven  
That often meet me here.  
I muse on joy that will not cease,  
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,  
Pure lilies of eternal peace,  
Whose odors haunt my dreams.”

Charles Loundes and Mariana were standing in the opened bay-window of the central drawing room. The moonlight fell upon their faces, and the happy voices of the katydids were busy in their night-music.

“Philip and Rosamond,” said Charles, “are so happy I almost envy them. A singular succession of happy incidents have combined to render him contented with his lot. Everybody seems to love him, and when I first met Rosamond as Venetia Hastings, I was confident she could not remain indifferent to him. Think you this Don Giovanui, as we sometimes call him, could have won your love had you not been his sister ?”

“Oh, yes,” said Mariana, “I should have loved him for his noble nature, just as I regard you, dear friend, because you are true and good. I am easily won by those I admire, and wonder why you should ask me if I should not esteem Philip as every one else does.”

“I do not refer to friendship, Mariana,” said Loundes. “One can have many friends, and esteem them all. I mean that greater and more absorbing devotion which has been separated from mere good-will and well defined in the term—love.”

“I understand you,” said Mariana, “but, at the same

time, I fail to appreciate your meaning. I can easily realize how I might become attached to one for other reasons than admiration of his goodness, but I could never see why Rosamond should have been troubled when she thought Philip was loving another. I am sure the Countess of Schulemberg was worthy of his regard."

"Oh! Mariana," said Loundes, "if you were fully aware of the despair I feel in hearing that declaration amid all this joy; I know in your heart you would pity my suffering. I met your brother when I had been just shot down and preserved, almost by a miracle, from death. I was in the midst of a wild, unthinking course of vice and folly; but learning lessons of wisdom from him, became another being. Great as was the change, there has been and still is abundant room for improvement; but when I first met you, I was impressed with the idea that you were fore-ordained to the work of my further regeneration and disenthralment from the empire of evil. I accepted, with all joy, this promise of my own rash heart. I was confident I should find peace and happiness in your presence, could I but call you mine. For more than a year I kept these fond hopes locked in the recesses of my breast, and it was not until we were nearing the close of our voyage to Europe that I told you of my love. From your kindness, I hoped I was not indifferent to you, and in that trust found my happiness; but you destroyed much of hope even then. I consoled myself in the fact of your youth and affliction; trusting that when you had grown to full womanhood and the free use of your dear, darkened eyes, I might yet find my joy. That expectation has never forsaken me since; and, whatever I seem to others, you have been present in all my thoughts. As

I studied to make myself worthy of you, your image followed me through all the mouldering cities of the East; and I have brought this love, still fresh and ever increasing, again to your notice. Can you fail to appreciate the value of such an offering? Can this devotion of my heart not stir some answering throe in yours? In the name of your goodness and pity for all things else, do not overlook this necessity I feel for your love."

"Alas! my dear friend," said Mariana, "how unhappy you make me in speaking thus. I have not hidden my love for you, and after all my assurances you seem dissatisfied. You have been almost as dear to me as Philip, and with him you have been ever in my prayers; how then can you think me indifferent to what you call your necessity for my love?"

The moonlight was streaming through the window upon the two, and the lover, with bowed head, was fast surrendering those hopes which had hitherto, with doubtful effulgence, illumined his dim glimpses of the future. Sore and bitter was the task in thus uprooting from his heart a trust he had considered so feeble. He remained silent for a minute, as he felt that the golden gateway of bliss was being closed upon him forever.

"Mariana," said he, "if I loved you less, I might be capable of persuading you that with these sentiments of sisterly regard you have expressed for me, there was still affection enough to warrant our marriage. I shall urge no such plea. While I believe your esteem is greater than that which leads to most marriages, I cannot think of degrading the holiest and sweetest of ties to such a level. In this relation there should be some such devotion as seen in Philip and Rosamond. I have been too

long in sight of the Aidenne of their joy, not to have caught some of the roseate hues streaming through the open portals. I dare not, with all the love I bear you, ask you to become my wife without feeling some of the importunate necessity I experience for your presence. In reaching this determination, my sensations are those of some despairing seaman perishing amid the sea with the isles of the blest in full view, but, alas, forever unattainable!"

"You will some day smile as you remember this fervor, dear friend," said Mariana, "and when you shall marry a fair girl who can appreciate these feelings which seem so strange to me, you will rejoice that I have not consented to assume duties for which I have no inclination."

"I shall never marry," said he, "until I can teach my heart to regard you as nothing dearer than a friend. When I shall have accomplished this I shall look around me in the world for some one in whose love I can expect repose and happiness. To accomplish this task of self mastery I shall not, like a coward, fly from your presence, for it will ever be one of my dearest pleasures to behold you in your goodness and beauty. I feel no trace of resentment that you have not loved me as I desired, for it has been no fault of yours. You have lived too close to heaven not to have lost much of earth, and you are too exalted for me to disturb your serenity by sympathy with my poor joys and griefs. My greatest consolation is the thought of the slight possibility of another winning the prize which I feel is beyond my reach."

"You may rest safely assured in that trust," said Mariana. "If I have refused to marry you, so long dear to my thoughts, there is small prospect of change in my

determination. You possess all the qualities which I have seen engaging the affections of other girls around me, and, if after endeavoring to realize similar feelings toward you, I have failed in this, the season of our youth, I am confident my disposition will remain unaltered in riper years. I have long examined my heart to see if I was so disposed toward you as to justify me in becoming your wife. While there was pleasure in the contemplation, I was all along convinced I possessed but little of the attachment which would fit me for your bride. So we will be the dearest of friends. I am very glad to hear you have purchased Mr. Compton's place, and as you will live near us I know I shall love your mother."

"She has consented to come to the Valley of St. Kilda as her future home," said Loundes, "and will be doubtless very fond of one she has hoped to call daughter. But that is all past now; help me to bury these dead hopes out of our sight, and if in coming years these fond dreams which have followed me to so little purpose shall steal up unbidden, you shall only see them in the passing glance. I expect they will sometimes revisit me in the pale glimpses of the moon, but they shall come and go as silently as ghosts, and like those flitting shadows of the night shall fly before the sunlight of my reason and determination."

"Bravely and manfully spoken, dear Charles," said she. "Persevere in such resolution and we will both be happy in our love as friends."

They left the moonlit seclusion of the window, and mingled in the flowing happiness of the merry dancers. The quiet stars looked down with the same aspect of eternal and changeless beauty they wore on the evening

of their creation. What difference could it make in the universe, whether joy or woe filled the haunts of men? What was even the sum of all life in one planet to the countless worlds thronging the vast spaces of infinity?

“These our actors  
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and  
Are melted into air, into thin air,  
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherits shall dissolve ;  
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind : We are such stuff  
As dreams are made of, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.”

THE END.



